

THE DARK MIRROR

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By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "The False Faces,"
"The Lone Wolf," Etc.
Illustrated by Irwin Myers

THE PICTURE

Synopsis.—Vaguely conscious of a double personality, but without any idea of its meaning, the heroine, Maria, makes her accustomed way into the street of Strangely Place in the underworld of New York. Maria joins her. Greatly in love and turning the fine qualities which she really possesses, Maria seeks to turn her from the path of inevitable destruction. She promises to marry her. At Maria's cafe, gathering place of criminals, Leonardo meets her partner, "Red" Capshaw, and his associate, and is accused of betraying a fellow criminal to the police. She bravely defends herself. Police want to take the room and two are killed by Capshaw. Leonardo and the rest escape. In her studio, Priscilla, a talented artist, awakes from troubled sleep with a distinct feeling of having her life linked with Leonardo's. Priscilla has painted a picture of herself in fancy dress—a gown which has a strange effect on her. Unusually and fearful that her mind is affected, Priscilla calls for her aid a dear friend, Dr. Philip Fodick, who has been a friend of her father's. He is puzzled to find that her story of the police fight is confirmed by the newspapers.

CHAPTER THREE

The Haunted Woman.

I. CATECHISM.

There was an interlude of which she retained no memory more than a confused impression of a time of stress and conflict, of struggling with all her might to hold fast to reason, sustained throughout, it may be saved, by a sense of Philip's sympathy and strength.

A crisis was reached and passed, growing more calm—or rather more numb than calm—Priscilla found herself in a roomy armchair with a serious-faced Philip Fodick seated squarely in front of her, holding her two hands in a grasp so compelling that it narrowly escaped being painful, and talking steadily in even, persuasive accents, infinitely soothing and heartening.

"There!" He was alert to the first indication of returning self-control. "You're better already. You've got it. 'Have I been silly, Philip?' She essayed an apologetic smile, disengaging her hand to make inoperative dab at her hair. 'Hysterical!'"

"Not a bit. You're not that sort. You had a shock, enough to stagger anybody, but you've reacted famously, and now all you need do is sit tight and consider this thing coolly and sensibly."

"But how can I? Look and gesture were once more distracted. 'Why, I don't even know whether I'm myself or where I am—'"

"You do; you know you're right here, in your own studio—'"

"How can I be sure? I thought I was, last night, but it seems I wasn't—I was, heaven knows how far away, in that dreadful place, when that happened—'not here at all!'"

"Rubbish; you were here asleep, here where you woke up. You merely dreamed you were elsewhere—merely that psychic phenomenon remains to be seen. There's an explanation, a perfectly simple and natural one, for everything, and it can be got at if only we go after it in the right way. Which is precisely what we're going to do, you and I."

"Words and manner carried a measure of conviction. 'Thank you, Philip,' she said. 'I'm trying to believe, but you don't know how hard it is.'"

"That's where you're wrong; I do know! I understand perfectly. On the other hand, I know there's nothing unnatural in nature, there can't be; and therefore we can't fail to solve this problem except through your lack of faith in me. If you'll trust me, help me all you can, be absolutely frank—'"

Philip produced a pocketbook, found a fair page, and at its top penned the notation: "Priscilla Maine—age, twenty-one."
"Where were you born?"
"Here—in New York. At least I presume when he died, five years ago, leaving you his sole heir, a handful of millions. Your mother died when you were born, if my memory serves."
"Yes."
"Her name?"
"I don't know."
"Priscilla's brows lifted. 'Didn't your father tell you?'"
"Never." The girl's eyes clouded. "He always seemed so distressed when my mother was mentioned, I learned not to ask questions."
"Odd. Must have been something uncommon to make him avoid the subject with his own child. Ever strike you that way?"
"Sometimes." Priscilla hesitated, looking down at a forefinger which traced a pattern on the arm of the chair. "I'm afraid I never bothered about my mother much."
"That's human enough. Still, somebody must know . . . Your Aunt Esther?"
"I'm afraid not. She isn't really my aunt, you know."
"Distant cousin, I believe? Did she ever mention your mother?"
"Only once, and then only to say she understood father's married life wasn't a happy one."
"Didn't she say why?"
"She didn't know."
"Somebody must," Fodick repeated testily. "Well, there's our first question mark. Now—"

"Philip—you don't think—possibly—the reason the marriage was unhappy was because of anything—like mental trouble on my mother's side?"
"No," Fodick declared with just the right degree of pained forbearance. "Do try to cure yourself of that notion, 'Cilla. It's ridiculous; there's nothing wrong with your mind any more than with mine. Let's see—'"

his pen hung poised—"you had the happiest of childhoods—that I know—and the usual education; and thus—"

"It brings everything back so clearly," the girl mused; "it gives me the strangest feeling of unreality, makes me wonder which is which; which is living woman, which the shadow . . ."

The voice behind him trailed off into a pensive murmur. He made a movement of exasperation and, simultaneously becoming conscious of the strange feeling of unreality, he stepped to the window and looked out at the street. The girl was there, but other Priscilla Maine, not the Priscilla you and I know; she's Leonardo's.

"Good Lord!" Philip looked grave. "Were you thinking of her while painting?"
"No—not consciously, not that I remember."
"And yet, without your knowledge, you must have been . . ."

He moved nearer the picture to examine it more closely.
"It brings everything back so clearly," the girl mused; "it gives me the strangest feeling of unreality, makes me wonder which is which; which is living woman, which the shadow . . ."

"I was thinking about the painting, wondering if, perhaps, I'd done something extraordinary and weird, painted my own soul into the figure on the canvas—you know—so that it really lived and was me while I was merely a shell of flesh and blood . . . and suddenly it seemed to me my fancy had come true, that I was really there on the canvas looking into the room here, seeing myself, I mean seeing Priscilla Maine, and wondering about her and about you, as if I were never known either of us, as if I were a stranger in my own studio . . ."

"Do you understand, Philip? It must sound so wild and silly . . . What was it, Philip? What made me feel that way?"
"Auto-hypnosis—a mild phase—superinduced by excitement and fretting. Nothing to worry about. And still I understand, Philip? It must sound so wild and silly . . . What was it, Philip? What made me feel that way?"

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"I can't say yes, 'Cilla. I shouldn't be at all surprised if it turned out that the portrait was wholly to blame for last night's experience, I mean for the peculiar content and trend of your dream."
She was frankly puzzled and said so.

"The power of suggestion it has exerted on your thoughts," he explained. "Till yesterday you never expressed it even to yourself; but subconscious, I haven't any doubt, the thought has always been at work, that it wasn't yourself you were painting but the heroine of your dream story, another woman of a different life with an independent spirit and mentality. And then—of course, all this is sheer guesswork—there are associations inherent in the concept of gipsy girl and a gipsyish existence, romantic, adventurous, full of dangers, twists and turns and thrills; such thoughts may well have dictated the character and course of the dream, though you were never actively aware of thinking them."

"It is serious; it's life or death!"
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Delighted, as always when some one she liked showed interest in the work she loved so well, the girl forgot her preoccupation in a twinkling and, jumping up, gaily linked Philip's arm about her neck and crossed to the tall canvas beside the pier glass.

"There!" she laughed—"did you know Priscilla Maine could be like that?"
Impressed by his first glance, Philip merely uttered a thoughtful "Hm!" and in silence studied the portrait with an intelligent appreciation not unmixed with wonder.

Priscilla released his arm and stepped back, pleased by this mute tribute, pleased as well to have her own overnight impression confirmed, experiencing that rare, warm glow of gratification which only an artist knows when he looks upon his handiwork and finds it good.

Well drawn and modeled, daintily yet sensitively painted with an unerring sense of color and values, the girl in gipsy dress was amazingly spirited and convincing. There was arresting challenge in that impudently tossed head with its laughing mouth of scarlet and dark eyes agleam with charming insolence under lowered lashes.

"Well done," said Philip simply. "I'm so glad you like it, Philip. Harshness—the name a dealer known to both—wants to show it in his galleries."
"I like it immensely, only . . . I can't get over an odd notion that it isn't you. The likeness is extraordinary—I remember well the night you wore that costume—and yet, somehow . . ."

"You see it, too?" Philip turned to her with a sharp glance. She laughed consecutively. "I didn't myself till last night, after I'd waked up. Then with the dream fresh and real in my thoughts, I saw I'd painted not myself, but that other girl. The girl you see there isn't Priscilla Maine, not the Priscilla you and I know; she's Leonardo's."
"Good Lord!" Philip looked grave. "Were you thinking of her while painting?"

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INCREASE SHOWN IN FIBER CROPS

Due Largely to Cutting Off of Supply From Russia and Other Foreign Countries.

HEMP AND FLAX PREDOMINATE

Considerable Impetus Given to Hemp Growing by Introduction of Machine Methods—Wisconsin Leads All Other States.

Fiber crops in the United States show an increase this year, due largely to the growing realization of the American manufacturers of the cutting off of supply from Russia and other foreign countries, and the development of fiber-growing methods in this country.

Hemp and flax are the principal fiber crops in the United States. Of the former, 14,000 acres were grown this year, with an average yield of 700 pounds of fiber to the acre, divided about evenly between long fiber crops on an average of 20 cents a pound, and tow, which now averages 10 cents a pound. This would bring an average value of the crop to \$105 per acre, or \$1,470,000.

Flax acreage has increased from 5,000 acres in 1919 to 6,000 acres in 1920. The yield is estimated at from 300 to 400 pounds of fiber per acre, worth 75 cents a pound. The flax crop is thus worth about \$1,800,000.

Hemp growing has received considerable impetus since the United States Department of Agriculture undertook the work of breeding new strains and securing modern machine methods of handling, about ten years ago. This shows an interesting geographical shift in hemp-growing territory. Kentucky, which formerly led, now stands lowest among the recognized hemp-producing states, while the lead has gone to northern states, Wisconsin supplying about half the total acreage. Next come Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and California.

Kentucky's decline in relative position is due largely to the predominance of tobacco as a commercial crop, and partly to the fact that states coming newly into the hemp-raising industry have immediately adopted modern methods for large-scale production, while growers in a locality that has always produced one crop only. At Hoopston, Ill., the difference, measured in tons, ranged from 0.01 to 1.5 tons in favor of the seed selected both for high germination and freedom from disease.

The selection was based on the absence of discoloration in the kernels and cobs as indicating soundness. Disease is indicated by brown discoloration at the butts of the ears and at the kernel tips and by decay in the cobs.

Animals Convert Noxious Plants into Wool and Mutton and Aid Fertility to Soil.

"Did you ever stop to consider what a band of sheep, worth as a weed exterminator" asks a California department of agriculture expert. "In the first place the band is worth as much in the destruction of weeds as a man with a team and cultivator or weeder through the season."

"Secondly, there is a big difference in cultivating weeds out or mowing them and shepherding them off. Cultivating or mowing is an expensive method for which you get nothing but a little added humus to the soil, whereas sheep turn your weeds into marketable products at good prices, to do nothing of added fertilizer in the form of sheep manure deposited on the fields."

"It has been remarked that the small band of sheep adds \$1,000 to the average appearance of the ranch in five years' time, from the standpoint of weedless fields. However, in the long run it is more than that, for it is an actual source of steady income."

Here are some of the losses to American farmers in the United States in one year by plant diseases which might have been prevented if known control measures had been immediately applied: Wheat, 122,000,000 bushels; oats, 50,000,000 bushels; corn, 80,000,000 bushels; potatoes, 50,000,000 bushels; sweet potatoes, 40,000,000 bushels (two-fifths of the total crop); tomatoes, 188,000 tons; cotton, 850,000 bales; peaches, 5,000,000 bushels; apples, 15,000,000 bushels. The figures were compiled for the year 1919 by the plant disease survey of the bureau of plant industry, United States Department of Agriculture.

Flax growing appears to be on the increase, due to the cutting off of the European product. The principal flax region in Wisconsin, eastern Michigan, the Willamette valley of Oregon, and northern Minnesota.

It is well to touch up the wood parts of all the machinery with a little paint, and it will not hurt to paint the steel parts. If there is any place of steel you do not wish to rust, as the moldboard of your favorite plow, rub it with tallow or axle grease in which there is no salt.

Feed Hens Meat Scraps. Hens given meat scraps, fish or milk products and the ration will respond in egg production at the third month, say the poultry experts at Iowa state college.

Wintering Insect Pests. A great many of the farmer's most troublesome insect enemies pass the winter under rubbish and in the soil where a rank growth of vegetation is left standing.

DISEASE-FREE SEED CORN YIELDS BETTER

Series of Tests Carried Out by Plant Specialists.

Increase of 10 to 30 Per Cent Obtained Over Kernels Infected by Harmful Organisms—How Infection Is Indicated.

Seed corn that gave 100 per cent germination but showed infection by harmful organisms was matched against corn that showed no infection in a series of tests carried out by plant specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Indiana experiment station. The disease-free seed gave an increased yield of ten to thirty per cent above its competitor.

Further results of the test seemed to prove that when corn was planted thickly in hill or drill row it was more susceptible to disease than when better space was given it. In a similar test at Bloomington, Ill., the disease-free seed gave an increase of 23 per cent over the other corn, which was selected for high germination.

Scout Lewis Adam Vincent of Oakland, Cal., is the lucky winner of the first prize in the national-wide contest conducted by the national board of fire underwriters among the members of the Boy Scouts of America for essays on the subject of Fire Prevention. Scout Vincent received a solid gold medal and also a complete camping outfit consisting of 49 articles. He is also the first prize winner in the eighth district, the country having been divided into that many districts by the scout organization.

The other district winners are Henry F. Howe, Cohasset, Mass.; Dudley F. Snowman, Southington, Conn.; Robert N. Young, Philadelphia; Wendell Ayres, Upland, Ind.; Cecil C. Hunnicutt, Gilmer, Neb.; Clifford R. House, Jr. of Covington, Ky., and William Blake, Fox Lake, Wis. The board of judges reduced the better essays to 16 in number for the final decision. Each of the judges then indicated his preference by marking the essays that he considered best in the order of his first and succeeding choices. In order to insure fairness the entries were marked for identification by number only, the judges not knowing who had written the compositions. Scout Vincent received a total of 15 points and his nearest competitors were Henry F. Howe with 12 points;

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Good Results Are Secured. Deep study and deep plowing show their results in the work accomplished.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

WIN SCOUT ESSAY PRIZES

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Parents' Caprice. It is no wonder that during infancy and early childhood life's lessons are so difficult for the small beginner when the laws which govern them must seem to him just or unjust, consistent or inconsistent, according to the knowledge or the caprice of the adult administering them.

Helps the Circulation. One of the largest New York hotels supplies each of its guests, who average 2,000 a day, with a free copy of a morning newspaper.

Among the Heights. He—Yes, I certainly like good food, and always look forward to the next meal. She—Why don't you talk of higher things once in a while? He—But my dear, what is higher than food? Excuse Not Valid. Mrs. Beat—Tell the gentleman I'm not receiving today. New Maid—But he ain't deliverin', mum; he's collectin'—Dubuque American Tribune.

CANADA BIG WINNER

Captures Many Prizes at Leading American Fairs.

Remarkable Showing Made at International Live Stock Show at Chicago—Carried Off Sweepstakes for All Wheat.

Something that lends emphasis to, and affords definite proof of, the aridity of the soil and climate of western Canada, is shown by the numerous exhibits made by both the government and individual farmers and stock raisers of that country, at many of the leading state and county fairs in the United States this season. Particularly is this the case with regard to exhibits made at the International Live Stock Show recently held at Chicago.

First and foremost to the average farmer will appeal the fact that Canada carried off the sweepstakes for all wheat, and that out of a total of twenty-five prizes, Canada took twenty, in oats the Grand Championship was won by a farmer living in the Province of Alberta, Canada also was awarded the championship for Durum wheat, while for Flint Corn out of a total of ten prizes, Canada took first, second, third, sixth and seventh.

Not only in grains did Canada prove her right to rank as a first-class agricultural country, but she carried off many prizes for cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, a partial list of which follows: Cattle, Canada was awarded the championship for Grade Short-horns; also in the College Special class Canada gained first, fourth and sixth prizes.

Horses, Grand Championship for Clydesdale stallion, also Grand Championship for American bred mare, as well as first for three-year-old Clydesdale stallion, first for one-year-old Clydesdale stallion, and second for the aged class.

In the Belgian class, Canada obtained first and reserve breed championship Belgians, as well as second for Aged stallion.

Sheep, Canada obtained Championship for block, male and female, in addition to first prize in all group prizes.

Hogs, in the Yorkshire class Canada was very prominent, taking the Championship for pen of Yorkshires, and championship for best single barrow, as well as over twenty first, second and third prizes in other classes of Yorkshires.

With regard to the live stock shown it must be borne in mind that these have not been fed on corn, on which the average western farmer places his reliance, but on the wonderful oats and barley grown in western Canada, supplemented by the native grasses, of which a most artistic display was made by our neighbors to the north.

Canada has conclusively proved that not only can she take prizes for the grain she raises, but can also take prizes with the animals to which these grains have been fed, and this in open competition with the world.—Advertisement.

Practice and Theory. "Tubus was a crank about the simple life." "Naturally; he is now in a home for the feeble-minded."

She TOOK HYPO-COD Lady Said She Coughed Night and Day—Could Not Sleep Good.

"I surely was in a rundown condition and had such a terrible cough I couldn't sleep nights. I would wake up coughing and it was cough, cough, about all the time. I had grown nervous, too, and when in church, or at a show that cough would annoy me terribly, so on the advice of a friend I started taking Earle's Hypo-Cod. It is wonderful medicine. I haven't finished the first bottle yet, but already I can see a grand improvement. It helped me like everything and I sleep well now and an getting rid of the nervousness, too. At a show the other night I even had to cough once, which is certainly remarkable after suffering for as long as I have," declared one of the thousands of grateful endorser of Hypo-Cod. Mrs. V. M. Blackburn, 338 W. Fourth St., Dayton, O.

Drop in at the drug store tonight and ask your druggist about Hypo-Cod which has received the endorsement of thousands. Read the formula on the bottle. Look for name Earle Chemical Co., which is assurance of quality. Druggists, chemists and experts assert it is a most powerful tonic, yet with its great strength you will be surprised at the pleasant taste. Take home a bottle tonight and see what an ideal tonic it is.

Earle's Hypo-Cod is sold here by all druggists and the leading druggists in all nearby towns.—Adv.

Nor can you tell from the size of a man how far he can jump from the frying pan into the fire.

A CLEAR SKIN

Women do not have to patronize the beauty parlor—for if their skin is disfigured with pimples and blotches, and their blood is in disorder they should obtain at the drug store that wonderful blood tonic and alterative of Dr. Piere's which has been placed before the public over 50 years ago. Since that time many thousands of men and women have testified to its wonderful blood cleansing effect. This is what one woman says:

"When I was a girl I suffered greatly. I became weak and nervous, in fact, all run-down in health. I also had a breaking-out all over my body. I could not get anything to do me any good until mother began giving me Doctor Piere's Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription. They proved to be just what I needed as I have never had any more womanly trouble, and was also cured of the breaking-out on my body." MRS. GEO. FLEISHER, 107 Cornus St.

"Doc, I'm sick of coming to you with this bill." "Stick!" I'll gladly prescribe."

A torpid liver prevents proper food assimilation. Tone up your liver with Wright's Golden Vegetable Pills. They act gently.

Filiver-Jitney Nuptials. "The wedding was a filiver." "You mean that it was a tin one?"—Buffalo Express.

Let Your Christmas Gifts be He-Mi-La Chocolates

This is Shoe Insurance \$5.00 CASH and a New pair of Shoes will be given to the wearer who finds PAPER in the heels, counters, in soles or outsoles of any shoes made by us, bearing this trade-mark

"It Takes Leather to Stand Weather"

See your neighborhood dealer and insist on the Friedman-Shoebuy "All-Weather" Trade-Mark. It means real shoe economy.

Unprofitable Reading. Reading a book through that bore you is profitless occupation. If there is anything in it that ought to be remembered, you forget it.

WARNING Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years, and proved safe by millions.—Say "Bayer!"

Helps the Circulation. One of the largest New York hotels supplies each of its guests, who average 2,000 a day, with a free copy of a morning newspaper.

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