

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

COPYRIGHT 1914 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

He was pointing again, but in a very different direction now. As her anxious eye sought the place he indicated, her face flushed crimson with evanescent joy. Just where the open ground of the gully melted again into the forest, the figure of a man could be seen moving very quickly. In another moment it had disappeared amid the foliage.

"Straight for the station," announced Mr. Sloan; and, taking out his watch, added quickly: "the train is not due for 15 minutes. He'll catch it."

"The train south?"

"Yes, and the train north. They pass here."

Mr. Black turned a startled eye upon the guide. But Reuther's face was still alight. She felt very happy. Their journey had not been for naught. He would have six hours' start of his pursuers; he would be that much sooner in Shelby; he would hear the accusation against him and refute it before she saw him again.

But Mr. Black's thoughts were less pleasing than hers. He had never had more than a passing hope of Oliver's innocence, and now he had none at all. The young man had fled, not in response to his father's telegram, but under the impulse of his own fears. They would not find him in Shelby when they returned. They might never find him anywhere again. A pretty story to carry back to the judge.

As he dwelt upon this thought his reflections grew more and more gloomy, and he had little to say till he reached the turn where the two men still awaited them.

In the encounter which followed no attempt was made by either party to disguise the nature of the business which thus had brought them together. The man whom Mr. Black took to be a Shelby detective nodded as they met and remarked, with a quick glance at Reuther:

"So you've come without him! I'm sorry for that. I was in hopes that I might be spared the long ride up the mountain."

Mr. Black limited his answer to one of his sour smiles.

"Whose horse is this?" came in peremptory demand from the other man, with a nod toward the animal which could now be seen idly grazing by the wayside. "And how came it on the road alone?"

"We can only give you these facts," rejoined the lawyer. "It came from Tempest lodge. It started out ahead of us with the gentleman we had gone to visit on its back. We did not pass the gentleman on the road, and if he has not passed you he must have left the road somewhere on foot. He did not go back to the lodge."

"Mr. Black—"

"I am telling you the absolute truth. Make what you will of it. His father desires him home, and sent a message. This message this young lady undertook to deliver, and she did deliver it, with the consequences I have mentioned. If you doubt me take your ride. It is not an easy one, and the only man remaining at the lodge is deaf as a post."

"Mr. Black has told the whole story," averred the guide.

They looked at Reuther.

"I have nothing to add," said she. "I have been terrified lest the gentleman you wish to see was thrown from the horse's back over the precipice. But perhaps he found some way of getting down on foot. He is a very strong and daring man."

"The tree!" ejaculated the detective's companion. He was from a neighboring locality and remembered this one natural ladder up the side of the gully.

"Yes, the tree," acknowledged Mr. Sloan. "That, or a fall. Let us hope it was not a fall."

As he ceased a long screech from an approaching locomotive woke up the echoes of the forest. It was answered by another from the opposite direction. Both trains were on time. The relief felt by Reuther could not be concealed. The detective noticed it.

"I'm wasting time here," said he. "Excuse me, Mr. Black, if I push on ahead of you. If we don't meet at the station, we shall meet in Shelby."

Mr. Black's mouth twisted grimly. He had no doubt of the latter fact.

Next minute they were all cantering in the one direction, the detective very much in the advance.

"Let me go with you to the station," entreated Reuther, as Mr. Black held

up his arms to lift her from her horse at the door of the hotel.

But his refusal was peremptory. "I'll be back in just five minutes," said he. And without waiting for a second pleading look, he lifted her gently off and carried her in.

When he returned, as he did in the time specified, he had but one word for her.

"Gone," said he.

"Thank God!" she murmured with a smile.

Not having a smile to add to hers, the lawyer withdrew.

Oliver was gone—but gone north.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Curtain Lifted.

It was dark when Mr. Black came into Shelby, and darker still when he rang the bell of Judge Ostrander's house. But it was not late, and his agitation had but few minutes in which to grow, before the gate swung wide and he felt her hand in his.

She was expecting him. There was no necessity for preliminaries, and he could ask at once for the judge and whether he was strong enough to bear disappointment.

Deborah's answer was disconcerting. "I've not seen him. He admits nobody. When I enter the library, he retreats to his bedroom. I have not even been allowed to hand him his letters. I put them on his tray when I carry in his meals."

"I am afraid he never will hear from Oliver. The boy gave us the slip in the most remarkable manner. I will tell you when we get inside."

When she had heard him through, she looked about the room they were in, with a lingering, abstracted gaze

at the portrait of Oliver's mother which hung on the wall.

He was pointing again, but in a different direction now.

he hardly understood till he saw it fall with an indescribable aspect of sorrow upon a picture which had lately been found and rehung upon the wall. It was a portrait of Oliver's mother.

"I am disappointed," she murmured in bitter reflection to herself. "I did not expect Oliver to clear himself, but I did expect him to face his accusers if only for his father's sake. What am I to say now to the judge?"

"Nothing tonight. In the morning we will talk the whole subject over. I must first explain myself to Andrews, and, if possible, learn his intentions; then I shall know better what to advise."

"Did the officer you met on your return from Tempest lodge follow you to Shelby?"

"I have not seen him."

"That is bad. He followed Oliver."

"It was to be expected."

"Oliver is in Canada?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Which means—"

"Delay, then extradition. It's that fellow Flannagan who has brought this upon us. The wretch knows something which forbids us to hope."

"Alas, yes." And a silence followed, during which such entire stillness rested upon the house that a similar thought rose in both minds. Could it

be that under this same roof, and only separated from them by a partition, there brooded another human being helplessly awaiting a message which would never come, and listening, but how vainly, for the step and voice for which he hungered, though they were the prelude to further shame and the signal for coming punishment.

So strong was this thought in both their minds, that the shadow deepened upon both faces, as though a presence had passed between them; and when Mr. Black rose, as he very soon did, it was with an evident dread of leaving her alone with this thought.

They were lingering yet in the hall, the good night faltering on their lips, when suddenly their eyes flashed together in mutual question, and Deborah bent her ear toward the street.

An automobile was slowing up—stopping—stopping before the gates! Deborah turned and looked at Mr. Black. Then the bell rang. Never had it sounded so shrill and penetrating. Never had it rung quite such a summons through this desolate house. Recoiling, she made a motion of entreaty.

"Go," she whispered. "Open! I cannot."

Quickly he obeyed. She heard him pass out and down the walk, and through the first gate. Then there came a silence, followed by the opening of the second gate. Then, a sound like smothered greetings, followed by quickly advancing steps and a voice she knew:

"How is my father? Is he well? I cannot enter till I know."

It was Oliver!—come from some distant station, or from some other line which he had believed unwatched. Tumultuous as her thoughts were, she dared not indulge in them for a moment, or give way to gratitude or any other emotion. There were words to be said—words which must be uttered on the instant and with as much imperiousness as his own.

Throwing the door wide, she called down the steps:

"Yes, he is well. Come in, Mr. Ostrander, and you, too, Mr. Black. Instructions have been given me by the judge, which I must deliver at once. He expects you, Oliver," she went on, as the two men stepped in. "He bade me say to you immediately upon your entrance that much as he would like to be on hand to greet you, he cannot see you tonight. For tonight at least, and up to a certain hour tomorrow, you are to keep your own counsel. When certain persons whose names he has given me can be gotten together in this house, he will join you, giving you your first meeting in the presence of others. Afterwards he will see you alone. If these plans distress you—if you find the delay hard, I am to say that it is even harder for him that it can be for you. But circumstances compel him to act thus, and he expects you to understand and be patient."

Young Ostrander bowed.

"I have no doubt of the facts," he assured her, with an unsuccessful effort to keep his trouble out of his voice. "But as my father allows me some explanation, I shall be very glad to hear what has happened here to occasion my imperative recall."

Mr. Black glanced at Deborah, who was slipping away. When they found themselves alone together, Oliver's manner altered.

"One moment," said he, before Mr. Black could speak. "I should like to ask you first of all, if Miss Scoville is better. When I left you both so suddenly at Tempest Lodge, she was not well."

"She is quite recovered, Mr. Ostrander."

Involuntarily their glances met in a question which perhaps neither desired to have answered. Then Oliver remarked quite simply:

"My haste seemed warranted by my father's message. Five minutes—one minute even is of great importance when you have but fifteen in which to catch a train."

"And by such a route!"

"You know my route." A short laugh escaped him. "I feared delay—possibly the interference—but why discuss these unimportant matters! But your reason for these hasty summons—that is what I am ready now to hear." And he sat down, but in such a way as to throw his face very much into the shadow.

This was a welcome circumstance to the lawyer. His task promised to be hard enough at the best. Black night had not offered too dark a screen between him and the man thus suddenly called upon to face suspicious the very shadow of which is enough to destroy a life. The hardy lawyer shrunk from uttering the words which would make the gulf imaginatively opening between them a real, if impassable one. Something about the young man appealed to him—something apart from his relationship to the judge—something inherent in himself. Perhaps it was the misery he betrayed. Perhaps it was the memory of Reuther's faith in him and how that faith must suffer when she saw him next. Instantaneous reflections, but epoch making in a mind like his. Alanson Black had never hesitated before in

the face of any duty, and it robbed him of confidence. But he gave no proof of this in voice or manner, as pacing the floor in alternate approach and retreat, he finally addressed the motionless figure he could no longer ignore.

"You want to know what has happened here? If you mean lately, I shall have to explain that anything which has lately occurred to distress your father or make your presence here desirable has its birth in events which date back to days when this was your home and the bond between yourself and father the usual and natural one."

Silence in that shadowy corner! But this the speaker had expected, and must have expected even if Oliver had shown the least intention of speaking.

"A man was killed here in the old days—pardon me if I am too abrupt—and another man was executed for this crime. You were a boy—but you must remember."

He paused. One must breathe between the blows he inflicts, even if one is a lawyer.

"That was twelve years ago. Not so long a time as has elapsed since you met a waif of the streets and chastised him for some petty annoyance. But both events, the great and the little, have been well remembered here in Shelby; and when Mrs. Scoville came amongst us a month or so ago, with her late but substantial proofs of her husband's innocence in the matter of Etheridge's death, there came to her aid a man, who not only remembered the beating he had received as a child, but certain facts which led him to denounce by name, the party destined to bear at this late day the onus of the crime heretofore ascribed to Scoville. That name he wrote on bridges and walls; and one day, when your father left the court-house a mob followed him, shouting loud words which I will not repeat, but which you must understand were such as must be met and answered when the man so assailed is Judge Ostrander. Have I said enough? If so, raise your hand and I will desist for tonight."

But no movement took place in the shadow cast by Oliver's figure on the wall before which Mr. Black had paused, and presently a voice was heard from where he sat, saying:

"You are too merciful. I do not want generalities but the naked truth. What did the men shout?"

"I feel free to give you. They shouted, 'Where is Oliver, your guilty son, Oliver? You saved him at a poor man's expense, but we'll have him yet.' You asked me for the words, Mr. Ostrander."

"Yes." The pause was long, but the "Yes" came at last. Then another silence, and then this peremptory demand: "But we cannot stop here, Mr. Black. If I am to meet my father's wishes tomorrow, I must know the ground upon which I stand. What evidence lies back of these shouts? If you are my friend—and you have shown yourself to be such—you will tell me the whole story. I shall say nothing more."

Mr. Black was not walking now; he was standing stock-still and in the shadow also. And with this space and the double shadow between them, Alanson Black told Oliver Ostrander why the people had shouted: "We will have him yet."

When he had quite finished, he came into the light.

When he had quite finished he came into the light. He did not look in the direction he had avoided from the first, but his voice had a different note as he remarked:

"I am your father's friend, and I have promised to be yours. You may expect me here in the morning, as I am one of the few persons your father has asked to be present at your first interview. If after this interview you wish anything more from me you have only to signify it. I am blunt, but not unfeeling, Mr. Ostrander."

A slight lift of the hand, visible now in the shadow, and with a silent bow he left the room.

In the passage-way he met Deborah. "Leave him to himself," said he. "Later, perhaps, you can do something for him."

But she found this quite impossible. Oliver would neither eat nor sleep. When the early morning light came, he was sitting there still.

Ten o'clock! and one of the five listed to be present had arrived—the rector of the church which the Ostranders had formerly attended.

He was ushered into the parlor by Deborah, where he found himself received not by the judge in whose name he had been invited, but by Mr. Black, the lawyer, who tendered him a simple good morning and pointed out a chair.

There was another person in the room—a young man who stood in one of the windows, gazing abstractedly out at the line of gloomy fence rising between him and the street. He had not turned at the rector's approach, and the latter had failed to recognize him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

can have numerous houses, he can have but one home.—Woman's Home Companion.

Toothbrush Day.

Monday was "toothbrush" day, and the beginning of "dental hygiene week" in the public schools, says the New York Times. Seven hundred thousand children heard some of the reasons why 2,000,000 of their teeth are in bad condition, and by the end of the week they will know every detail of how to preserve the others and

obtain treatment for those requiring it. Moving pictures, lectures, lantern slides exhibits and 200 special lecturers will be employed in making everything pertaining to the care of the teeth clear to them. The remarkable campaign was arranged by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, director of physical training in the public schools, who has long been convinced that neglect of the teeth has been an important factor of illness affecting children and the consequent unsatisfactory attendance at school.

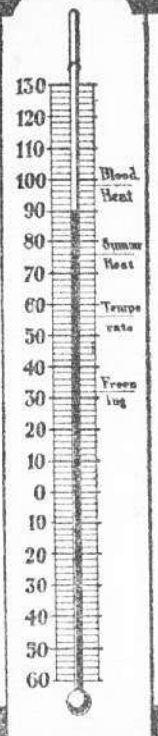
Libby's Hot Weather Meats

Veal Loaf, to serve cold: Cooked Corned Beef, select and appetizing. Chicken Loaf, Ham Loaf and Veal Loaf, delicately seasoned. Vienna Sausage, Genuine Deviled Ham and Wafer Sliced Dried Beef for sandwiches and dainty luncheons.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's



Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



NOT A MATTER OF FIGURES

Number of Churches or Synagogues Seem to Be of Relatively Little Moment.

"Is it progress to go to church or not to go to church?" asks Dr. Ernest C. Richardson of Princeton university. Thereupon he answers the question in this wise: "What is almost the last word that can be spoken on universal progress at the present stage of affairs was once spoken by that most gracious and polished author of the most scholarly 'Life of Our Lord,' Dr. Samuel J. Andrews, apropos of this very matter."

"An enthusiastic apostle of Christian endeavor in a quiet library reading room was holding forth in noisy conversation on the wonderful progress of the church in these latter times."

"Why, just think of it," he cried, "there are twelve hundred churches (if it was twelve hundred) in the city of Philadelphia alone today; twelve hundred churches, just think of it!"

"Doctor Andrews looked up from his book at the strenuous declaimer and remarked quietly: 'And there were eight hundred synagogues (if it was eight hundred) in Jerusalem at the time when Jesus Christ was crucified.'"

Let Them Go Cheap.

Lady (in furniture store to new clerk)—Where are those handsome sideboards that you had last week?

Clerk (embarrassed)—Oh, I—er—I shaved them off day afore yesterday, ma'am.—Life.

REASON FOR THE MUSTACHE

In Evidence as Having Been Worn by British Soldiers as Measure of Military Necessity.

The correspondent who writes to a contemporary suggesting that the British war office authorities should insist on soldiers being clean shaven instead of ordering them to wear mustaches, might have alleged Teutonic influence in the adoption of the mustache of the British army. The idea was first borrowed from a batch of Austrian officers quartered with some of our troops on the South coast during the Waterloo campaign. It was then taken up by the guards, who very much resented any attempt on the part of mere line regiments to follow the new fashion. The winter campaign in the Crimea led our men to grow full beards for warmth, and these, modified into flowing whiskers ("Piccadilly weepers," as they came to be called) on their return to London, were long regarded as the mark of the man of fashion.—London Chronicle.

The Way Out.

"Sometimes I think," remarked the timid young man in the parlor scene, "that if I—er—had money I would—er—get married."

"Well," suggested the dear girl who was occupying the other end of the sofa, "why don't you try and—er—borrow some?"

At a wedding men laugh and women weep—probably because they are not the victims.



The Meat For Summer

isn't beef, pork or mutton, but the true life-giving meat of wheat.

Warm weather calls for lighter diet, and a true grain food best answers every purpose of comfort and activity, not only for the business man but for everybody.

Try

Grape-Nuts

with cream or good milk for breakfast ten days, then take note. Such a breakfast puts one in fine fettle and

"There's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts is a wheat and barley pure food unlike other cereals in that it affords the valuable phosphates of the grains necessary for the daily rebuilding of brain, nerve and muscle tissue.

Economy, too, plays a part; and Grape-Nuts is convenient—ready to eat direct from the package.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

HOUSE MAY NOT BE HOME

Wide Difference Between the Two Words Is a Matter Not Always Recognized.

And what is a home? It is, of course, quite different from a house. It is something which is put inside a house. It is a building not made with hands. It belongs to the things which are seen. A house is a product of human handicraft, a home is a creation of the heart. A house is con-

structed out of matter, a home is such stuff as dreams are made of. A house is four walls with a roof, a home is a complex of memories and associations and affections. A house is built by gold, a home is built by love. A small and shabby home may be set up inside a spacious and costly house. We have all been guests in places where we felt there was more home than home. On the other hand, a palatial home may be erected inside a cottage. A house can be built in a year. To build a home is the work of many seasons. A man

can have numerous houses, he can have but one home.—Woman's Home Companion.

Monday was "toothbrush" day, and the beginning of "dental hygiene week" in the public schools, says the New York Times. Seven hundred thousand children heard some of the reasons why 2,000,000 of their teeth are in bad condition, and by the end of the week they will know every detail of how to preserve the others and