

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green

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SYNOPSIS.

A curious crowd of neighbors invade the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, county 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 seizure. He secretly discovers the whereabouts of the veiled woman. She proves to be the widow of a man tried before the judge and executed 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. She plans to clear her husband's memory and asks the judge's aid.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

FOUL CRIME IN DARK HOLLOW

ALGERNON ETHERIDGE, PROMINENT CITIZEN, WAYLAIN AND MURDERED AT LONG BRIDGE.

DIRECT CLUE TO MURDERER

Stick With Which Crime Was Committed Easily Traced to Its Owner—Landlord of Claymore Tavern in the Hills—He Denies His Guilt.

"Last evening Shelby's clean record was blackened by outrageous crime. Some time after midnight a carter was driving home by Factory road, when, just as he was nearing Long bridge, he came upon the body of a man lying without movement and seemingly without life.

"Knowing that in all probability an hour might elapse before assistance could arrive in the shape of another passer-by, he decided to carry his story straight to Claymore tavern. It was fortunate his horses were headed that way instead of the other, or he might have missed seeing the skulking figure which slipped down into the ravine with a short cough, hurriedly choked back. He could not see the face or identify the figure, but he knew the cough. He had heard it a hundred times; and, saying to himself, 'That's John Scoville,' he whipped his horse up the hill and took the road to Claymore.

"And he was right. A dozen fellows started up at his call, but Scoville was not among them. He had been out for two hours; which, the carter having heard, he looked down, but said nothing except 'Come along, boys! I'll drive you to the turn of the bridge.'

"But just as they were starting Scoville appeared. He was hatless and disheveled and reeled heavily with liquor. He also tried to smile, which made the carter lean quickly down and with very little ceremony drag him up into the cart. So with Scoville amongst them they rode quickly back to the bridge, the landlord coughing, the men all grimly silent.

"One flash of the lantern told the dismal tale. The man was not only dead, but murdered. His forehead had been battered in with a knotted stick; all his pockets hung out empty; and from the general disorder of his dress it was evident that his watch had been torn away by a ruthless hand. But the face they failed to recognize all some people, running down from the upper town, where the alarm had by this time spread, sent up the shout of 'It's Mr. Etheridge! Judge Ostrander's great friend. Let some one run and notify the judge.'

"But the fact was settled long before the judge came upon the scene, and another fact, too. In beating the bushes they had lighted on a heavy stick. When it was brought forward and held under the strong light made by a circle of lanterns a big movement took place to the crowd. The stick had been recognized. Indeed, it was well known to all Claymore men. They had seen it in Scoville's hands a dozen times. Even he could not deny its ownership, explaining, 'I lost it in these woods this afternoon. I hadn't anything to do with this killing.'

"He had not been accused; but he found it impossible to escape after this, and at the instance of Coroner Haines he was carefully looked over and a small red ribbon found in one of his pockets. He was immediately put under arrest and taken to the city lockup.

A later paragraph: "The detectives were busy this morning, going over the whole ground in the vicinity of the bridge.

"They were rewarded by two important discoveries. The impression of a foot in a certain soft place half-way up the bluff; and a small heap of fresh earth near by which, on being dug into, revealed the watch of the murdered man. The broken chain lay with it.

The footprint has been measured.

It coincides exactly with the shoe worn that night by the suspect."

"The prisoner continues to deny his guilt. The story he gives out is to the effect that he left the tavern some few minutes before seven o'clock, to look for his child, who had wandered into the ravine. He had his stick with him, for he never went out without it, but, finding it in his way, he leaned it against a tree.

"He crossed the bridge and took the path running along the edge of the ravine. In doing this he came upon the body of a man in the black recesses of the hollow, a man so evidently beyond all help that he would have hurried by without a second look if it had not been for the watch he saw lying on the ground close to the dead man's side.

"It was a very fine watch; it seemed better for him to take it into his own charge till he found some responsible person willing to carry it to police headquarters.

"He dashed into the woods, and, tearing up the ground with his hands, buried his booty in the loose soil, and made for home. Even then he had no intention of appropriating the watch, only of safeguarding himself, nor did he have any hand at all in the murder of Mr. Etheridge. This he would swear to, also, to the leaving of the stick where he said."

"Today John Scoville was taken to the tree where he insists he left his stick. The prisoner showed a sudden interest in the weapon and begged to see it closer. He pointed out where a splinter or two had been freshly whittled from the handle, and declared that no knife had touched it while it remained in his hands. But, as he had no evidence to support this statement, the impression made by this declaration is not likely to go far.



He Was Hatless and Disheveled.

toward influencing public opinion in his favor."

Deborah sighed as she laid this clipping aside and took up another headed by a picture of her husband. It was not an unhandsome face. Indeed, it was his good looks which had prevailed over her judgment in the early days of their courtship. Reuther had inherited her harmony of feature from him—the chiseled nose, the well-modeled chin and all the other physical graces which had made him a fine figure behind his bar. He had had no business worries; yet his temper was always uncertain. She had not often suffered from it herself, for her ascendancy over men extended even to him. But Reuther had shrunk before it more than once.

Was not the man who could bring his hand down upon so frail and exquisite a creature as Reuther was in those days capable of any act of violence? Yes; but in this case he had been guiltless. She could not but concede this even while yielding to extreme revulsion as she laid his picture aside.

The next slip she took up contained an eulogy of the victim.

"The sudden death of Algernon Etheridge has been in more than one sense a great shock to the community. Though a man of passive, rather than active qualities, his scholarly figure, long, lean and bowed, has been seen too often in our streets not to be missed, when thus suddenly withdrawn.

"Why he should have become the target of Fate is one of the mysteries of life. His watch, which, aside from his books, was his most valuable possession, was the gift of Judge Ostrander. That it should be associated in any way with the tragic circumstances of his death is a source of the deepest regret to the unhappy donor."

This excerpt she hardly looked at; but the following she studied carefully.

"Judge Ostrander has from the first expressed a strong desire that some associate judge should be called upon to preside over the trial of John Scoville for the murder of Algernon Etheridge. But Judge Saunders' sudden illness and Judge Dole's departure for Europe have put an end to these hopes. Judge Ostrander will take his seat on the bench as usual next Monday. Fortunately for the accused, his well-known judicial mind will prevent any unfair treatment of the defense."

"The prosecution, in the able hands of District Attorney Foss, made all its points this morning. Unless the defense has some very strong plea in the background the verdict seems foredoomed. A dogged look has replaced the callous and indifferent sneer on the prisoner's face, and sympathy, if sympathy there is, is centered entirely upon the wife, the able, agreeable and bitterly humiliated landlady of Claymore tavern. She it is who has attracted the most attention during this trial, little as she seems to court it."

"We omit further particulars which followed to save repetition; but they were carefully conned by Deborah Scoville. Also the following:

"The defense is in line with the statement already given out. The prisoner acknowledges taking the watch, but from motives quite opposed to those of thievery. Unfortunately he can produce no witnesses to substantiate his declaration that he had heard voices in the direction of the bridge while he was wandering the woods in search of his lost child. No evidence of any other presence there is promised or likely to be produced. It was thought that when his wife was called to the stand she might have something to say helpful to his case. She had been the one to ultimately find and lead home the child, and, silent as she had been up to this time, it has been thought possible that she might swear to having heard these voices also.

"But her testimony was very disappointing. She had seen nobody but the child, whom she had found playing with stones in the old ruin. Though by a close calculation of time she could not have been far from Dark Hollow at the instant of the crime, yet neither on direct or cross examination could anything more be elicited from her than what has been mentioned above. Nevertheless, we feel obliged to state that, irrefragable as her conduct was on the stand, the impression she made was, on the whole, whether intentionally or unintentionally, unfavorable to her husband.

"Some anxiety was felt during the morning session that an adjournment would have to be called, owing to some slight signs of indisposition on the part of the presiding judge. But he rallied very speedily, and the proceedings continued without interruption."

"Ah!" The exclamation escaped the lips of Deborah Scoville as she laid this clipping aside. "I remember his appearance well. He had the ghost of one of those attacks, the full force of which I was witness to this morning. I am sure of this now, though nobody thought of it then. I happened to glance his way as I left the stand, and he was certainly for one minute without consciousness of himself or his surroundings. But it passed so quickly it drew little attention; not so the attack of today. What a misfortune rests upon this man. Will they let him continue on the bench when his full condition is known?"

These were her thoughts, as she recalled that day and compared it with the present. There were other slips, which she read. The fate of the prisoner was in the hands of the jury. The possibility suggested by the defense made no appeal to men who had the unfortunate prisoner under their eye at every stage of the proceedings. The shifty eye, the hand-dog look, outweighed the plea of his counsel and the call for strict impartiality from the bench. He was adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentence called for.

This was the end; and as she read these words the horror which overwhelmed her was infinitely greater than when she heard them uttered in that fatal courtroom. For then she regarded him as guilty and deserving his fate, and now she knew him to be innocent.

When her eyelids finally obeyed the dictates of her will the first glimmering rays of dawn were beginning to scatter the gloom of her darkened chamber!

CHAPTER VI.

The Shadow.

Bela was to be buried at four. As Judge Ostrander prepared to lock his gate behind the simple cortege which was destined to grow into a vast crowd before it reached the cemetery, he was stopped by the sergeant, who whispered in his ear:

"I thought your honor might like to know that the woman—"

"Have you found out who she is?"

"No, sir. The man couldn't very well ask her to lift her veil, and at the tavern they have nothing to say about her."

"It's a small matter. I will see her myself today and find out what she wants of me. Meanwhile remember that I leave this house and grounds absolutely to your protection for the next three hours. I shall be known to be absent, so that a more careful watch than ever is necessary. Not a man, boy or child is to climb the fence. I may rely on you?"

"You may, judge."

"On my return you can all go. I

will guard my own property after to-day. You understand me, sergeant?"

"Perfectly, your honor."

Spencer's Folly, to the judge, approaching it from the highway, was as ugly a sight as the world contained. He hated its arid desolation and all the litter of blackened bricks blocking up the site of former feastings and reckless merriment. Most of all, he shrank from a sight of the one corner still intact where the ghosts of dead memories lingered, making the whole place horrible to his eye and one to be shunned by all men. The cemetery from which he had come looked less lonesome to his eyes and far less ominous.

No sign remained of pillar or doorway—only a gap. Toward this gap he stepped, feeling a strange reluctance in entering it. But he had no choice. He knew what he should see—



"Have You Found Out Who She Is?"

No, he did not know what he should see, for when he finally stepped in it was not an open view of the hollow which met his eyes, but the purple-plaid figure of Mrs. Averill with little Peggy at her side. He had not expected to see the child, and, standing as they were with their backs to him, they presented a picture which, for some reason to be found in the mysterious recesses of his disordered mind, was exceedingly repellent to him.

The noise he made should have caused Deborah's tall and graceful figure to turn. But the spell of her own thoughts was too great, and he would have found himself compelled to utter the first word, if the child, who had heard him plainly enough, had not dragged at the woman's hand and so woke her from her dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RIDING IN A JINRIKISHA

Sensation Not Altogether Pleasant, Though Almost Every One Seeks the Experience.

When the European or American tourist first lands in Japan he at once demands a jinrikisha. Having read of it and heard so much of it he wants an immediate experience of it as soon as he finds himself in the land of its birth. Almost any day one may see a procession of men and women, ashore for a day or two from a steamer in port, making their way up the crowded thoroughfares of Tokyo, sitting rather awkwardly in their jinrikishas, trembling unbalanced over the axle, not knowing whether the thing is going to tip backward or fall forward, so loosely does the puller seem to hold the shafts. The first time one gets into a jinrikisha he always feels like a baby, and this gawlish sensation coupled with that of the uncertainty of one's position in balancing it, renders the experience not quite so pleasant as anticipated. But the only way for comfort is to sit back at one's ease and leave the responsibility to the man who pulls it.—Japan Magazine.

Malta's "Hood of Shame."

A peculiar headdress is worn by the women folk of Malta and is known as the "faldetta." It is said to have originated under the following curious conditions, says the Wide World: During the French occupation of Malta, over a century ago, the natives were subjected to much persecution. Their religion was attacked, churches were rifled and the women and children molested. This state of affairs so grieved those deeply religious people that they made a solemn vow to wear a "hood of shame" for a hundred years. This period has now elapsed, which perhaps accounts for the gradual disappearance of the "faldetta" and the increasing numbers of women who wear the "latest from Paris," and generally follow European fashions.

Cuba's Wonderful Caves.

The wonderful caves of Ballamar, Cuba, to the east of Havana, attract attention of the ambitious tourist. They are located on a plateau as level as a table top which presents no signs of the existence of such caves. After descending into the earth, however, a picture unfolds itself. Then come many passages and at last the great "Gothic temple," 250 feet long and 80 feet wide, where the crystal formations produce a brilliant picture with the electric light bringing out a wonderful color scheme.

WAR'S WORST SIDE

Austrian's Sufferings When a Captive in Russia.

One of the Few Members of His Regiment Who Escaped Alive When Command Was Practically Wiped Out by the Enemy.

The New York representative of an Austrian manufacturing firm was talking to a party of friends, the war, as usual, being the subject of conversation.

"The Vienna firm I represent," he said, "is composed of a father and two sons, and is of sufficient importance to employ a thousand workmen and sell its goods all over the world, though it is not doing any business outside of America at present. One of the sons went to war as a captain.

"Not long ago I had a letter from the captain by way of Vladivostok through American friends there. The young fellow told me that in a battle with the Russians his entire regiment had been caught in an ambush or an enfilading fire, and every one of them, except 36, had been killed. The 36 were captured, and he was one of them, but he had not escaped the deadly hail of bullets. One had struck him in the mouth and passed through his head, coming out back of the ear; a piece of shrapnel had struck him on the right side of the face, destroying the right eye, taking away most of his cheek and jaw, cutting off the right ear and destroying the hearing; another piece had gone through the upper part of his chest and the adjoining shoulder, and a bullet had pierced his thigh.

"That would seem to be almost enough reason for a man to die on the field of battle, but the captain did not. Instead he was able in some fashion to walk six miles to a railroad station, with other prisoners. The medical treatment he received was hardly worth mentioning, though, evidently it was enough to keep him together.

"At the railroad he was loaded into a rough car, and for 22 days he was on his way to some point or other where, after a day or two, he was loaded up again in the same kind of transportation and given a trip of 33 days. At the end of this journey he was landed in a hospital at Vladivostok, thousands of miles from where he started, and suffering tortures all the way. Still, he did not quit living, and when he wrote me he was able to get out and move around.

"He said the prisoners were practically at liberty about the town, but that really did not mean much, because it was so cold that they were around very little during the day, and if a man tried to get away and remained out all night he was certain to freeze. He had not been able to tell any of his story to his people at home and had managed to get a letter to me through the American consul.

"I have written to his people, but I hadn't the heart to tell them all his awful story, and for that reason I did not forward his letter as I had received it. I am now making an effort through the state department at Washington to have him released, or something done to better his condition, though he does not complain at all as one might suppose he would."

Applied Art.

"What's your hired man plowing up your front yard for, Blinks?"

"My daughter has a new camera, and the instruction says to break up the foreground before taking a picture, and I couldn't very well let her do that hard work."

MACHINE TO TEACH MUSIC

After-School Practice Hours May Be Lightened as Result of New System.

As the result of a system of musical time-recording records for talking machines lately devised by Jules Louis-Elson of Far Rockaway, N. Y., the prospect of after-school practice hours on the piano stool may be lightened for juvenile music students.

The principles contained in what his inventor terms his "scenario" may be interpreted on six double-disk talking machine records, or the same result may be obtained in a condensed form by combining all of the musical counting or time recording on one record only.

On one side of the record are examples cited by the instructor in oral text; on the other side is the oral count of beats, as, 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. A concluding specimen of the oral instruction text is as follows: "For example, let us take the Presto form (the record plays 12 bars). Now, when you consult the printed music you will notice that the quarter, or C (as it is printed), is barred. This serves to indicate that one should count in two. The record now sings as a teacher does the previously played bars of the Presto, emphasizing the count, 1, 2; 1, 2. Thank you."

JUDGE CANARIES AT CONCERT

Hundreds Trill, Quaver and Roll in Auditorium in New York for Prizes.

A committee of bird-music critics sat in judgment recently at Labor temple, in East Eighty-fourth street, on the vocal accomplishments of several hundred canaries which had been brought there from various cities under the auspices of the Central Society of Canary Breeders of America.

The birds were brought into the auditorium from a darkened room, and as soon as they saw the light they burst into song. The critics listened intently, observing each trill and quaver, and presumably in their reports will tell those in good voice, whether they sang artistically or not and what the chances are of this or that yellow bird making good if he studies hard and remembers what the critics say about him.

Prizes are to be awarded to the best singers.—New York Sun.

Money From Snakes.

Lewis Anthony, well-known Ware farmer, expects to take legal action against a negro named John Hammond because the negro killed a large rattlesnake on Mr. Anthony's farm, according to a Waycross (Ga.) correspondent of the New York Sun.

Mr. Anthony catches all snakes in his settlement and sells them, and he figures that the negro has caused him a loss of at least \$1 in killing the rattler.

Hammond was working near Mr. Anthony's farm, and when he saw a rattler he lost no time in getting it out of the way. The snake had thirteen rattles and a button.

One Explanation.

"What's the difference between a politician and a statesman?"

"I figure it this way. A politician has to wear a slouch hat and a string tie. But a statesman is sufficiently sure of his job to feel that he can play golf without offending the plain people."

Cheerful Rogues.

"Human nature presents queer contrasts."

"For instance?"

"Men who have a sunny disposition and a shady character."

Any woman can manage a man, if she can only prevent him from knowing it.

Winning— In Sport or Business

is seldom a matter of luck, but the result of well directed effort.

Here's where food plays a big part. Not necessarily a large amount of food, but well-balanced, easily digested food in proper quantity.

Grape-Nuts

is that kind of food.

Made of wheat and barley, it retains in correct proportion all the nutriment of these grains, and is particularly rich in the mineral elements—essential builders of brain, nerve and muscle.

Grape-Nuts comes ready to eat from the FRESH-SEALED package—crisp and delicious. The rich, nut-like flavour and wonderful nutriment of this concentrated, easily digested food have proved to thousands—

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