

# DARK HOLLOW

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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### SYNOPSIS.

A curious crowd of neighbors invade the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, 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 dazed 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. Leaving his guarded house at night, he goes through Dark Hollow to the Claymore Inn to visit her.

### CHAPTER III—Continued.

Meanwhile Judge Ostrander was looking about him for Mrs. Yardley. The quiet figure of a squat little body blocked up a certain doorway.

"I am looking for Mrs. Yardley," he ventured.

The little figure turned; he was conscious of two very piercing eyes being raised to his, and heard in shaking accents, which yet were not the accents of weakness, the surprised ejaculation:

"Judge Ostrander!"

Next minute they were together in a small room, with the door shut behind them. The energy and decision of this mite of a woman were surprising.

"I was going—to you—in the morning," she panted in her excitement. "To apologize," she respectfully finished.

"Then," said he, "it was your child who visited my house today?"

She nodded. Her large head was somewhat disproportioned to her short and stocky body. But her glance and manner were not unpleasing. There was a moment of silence which she hastened to break.

"Peggy is very young; it was not her fault. She is so young she doesn't know where she went. She was found loitering around the bridge—a dangerous place for a child, but we've been very busy all day—and she was found there and taken along by—the other person. I hope that you will excuse it, sir."

What he had to say came with a decided abruptness.

"Who is the woman, Mrs. Yardley? That's what I have come to learn, and not to complain of your child."

The answer struck him very strangely, though he saw nothing to lead him to distrust her candor.

"I don't know, Judge Ostrander. She calls herself Averill, but that doesn't make me sure of her. You wonder that I should keep a lodger about whom I have any doubts, but there are times when Mr. Yardley uses his own judgment, and this is one of the times. The woman pays well and promptly," she added in a lower tone.

"Her status? Is she maid, wife or widow?"

"Oh, she says she is a widow, and I see every reason to believe her. A slight grimace in her manner, the smallest possible edge to her voice, led the judge to remark:

"Pretty?"

"Not like a girl, sir. She's old enough to show fade; but I don't be-

lieve that a man would mind that. She has a look—a way, that even women feel. You may judge, sir, if we, old stagers at the business, have been willing to take her in and keep her, at any price—a woman who won't show her face except to me, and who will not leave her room without her veil and then only for walks in places where no one else wants to go—she must have some queer sort of charm to overcome all scruples. But she's gone too far today. She shall leave the inn tomorrow. I promise you that, sir, whatever Samuel says. But sit down; sit down; you look tired, judge. Is there anything you would like? Shall I call Samuel?"

"No. I'm not not much used to walking. Besides, I have had a great loss today. My man, Bela—" Then with his former abruptness: "Have you no idea who this Mrs. Averill is, or why she broke into my house?"

"There's but one explanation, sir. I've been thinking about it ever since I got wind of where she took my Peggy. The woman is not responsible. She has some sort of mania. Why else should she go into a strange gate just because she saw it open?"

"You speak of her as a stranger. Are you quite sure that she is a stranger to Shelby? You have not been so very many years here, and her constant wearing of a veil indoors and out is very suspicious."

"So I'm beginning to think. And there is something else, judge, which makes me suspect you may be quite correct about her not being an entire stranger here. She knows this house too well."

The judge started. The strength of his self-control had relaxed a bit, and he showed in the look he cast about him what it had cost him to enter these doors.

"It is not the same, of course," continued Mrs. Yardley, affected in a peculiar way by the glimpse she had caught of the other's emotion, unnatural and incomprehensible as it appeared to her. "The place has been greatly changed, but there is a certain portion of the old house left which only a person who knew it as it originally was would be apt to find; and yesterday, on going into one of these remote rooms I came upon her sitting in one of the windows looking out. How she got there or why she went I cannot tell you. She didn't choose to tell me, and I didn't ask. But I've not felt real easy about her since."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Yardley, it may be a matter of no moment, but do you mind telling me where this room is?"

"It's on the top floor, sir; and it looks out over the ravine. Perhaps she was spying out the path to your house."

The judge's face hardened. He felt baffled and greatly disturbed; but he spoke kindly enough when he again addressed Mrs. Yardley:

"I am as ignorant as you of this woman's personality and of her reasons for intruding into my presence this morning. But there is something so peculiar about this presumptuous attempt of hers at an interview that I feel impelled to inquire into it more fully, even if I have to approach the only source of information capable of giving me what I want—that is, herself. Mrs. Yardley, will you procure me an immediate interview with this woman? I am sure that you can be relied upon to do this and to do it with caution. You have the countenance of a woman unusually discreet."

The subtle flattery did its work. She was not blind to the fact that he had introduced it for that very purpose, but it was not in her nature to withstand any appeal from so exalted a source, however made. Lifting her eyes fearlessly to his, she responded earnestly:

"I am proud to serve you. I will see what I can do. Will you wait here?"

Judge Ostrander had just time to brace himself to meet the unknown when the door fell back and the woman of the morning appeared in the opening.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### Unveiled.

On the instant he recognized that no common interview lay before him. She was still the mysterious stranger, and she still wore her veil—a fact all the more impressive that it was no longer the accompaniment of a hat, but flung freely over her bare head. He frowned as he met her eyes through this disguising gauze.

"This is very good of you, Judge Ostrander," she remarked, in a voice both cultured and pleasant. "I could hardly have hoped for this honor. Such consideration shown to a stranger argues a spirit of unusual kindness. Or perhaps I am mistaken in my supposition. Perhaps I am no stranger to you? Perhaps you know my name?"

"Averill? No."

She paused, showing her disappointment quite openly. Then drawing up a chair she leaned heavily on its back, saying in low, monotonous tones from which the former eager thrill had departed:

"I see that the intended marriage of your son has made very little impression upon you."

Aghast for the moment, this was such a different topic from the one he expected the judge regarded her in silence before remarking:

"I have known nothing of it. My son's concerns are no longer mine. If you have broken into my course of life for no other purpose than to discuss the affairs of Oliver Ostrander, I must beg of you to excuse me. I have nothing to say in his connection to you or to anyone."

"To appeal to you, let that of a young and innocent girl, lovely as few are lovely, either in body or mind."

"Yourself, madam?"

No, my daughter! Oliver Ostrander has done us that honor, sir. He had every wish and had made every preparation to marry my child, when—

"Shall I go on?"

"You may."

It was shortly said, but a burden seemed to fall from her shoulders at its utterance. Her whole graceful form relaxed swiftly into its natural curves, and an atmosphere of charm from this moment enveloped her, which justified the description of Mrs. Yardley, even without a sight of the features she still kept hidden.

"I am a widow, sir." Thus she began with studied simplicity. "With my one child I have been living in Detroit these many years—ever since my husband's death, in fact. We are not unlike there, nor have we lacked respect. When some six months ago your son, who stands high in every one's regard, as befits his parentage and his varied talents, met my daughter and fell seriously in love with her, no one, so far as I know, criticized his taste or found fault with his choice. I thought my child safe. And she was safe, to all appearance, up to the very morning of her marriage—the marriage of which you say you had received no intimation though Oliver seems a very dutiful son."

"Madam!"—The hoarseness of his tone possibly increased its peremptory character—"I really must ask you to lay aside your veil."

It was a rebuke and she felt it to be so; but though she blushed from behind her veil, she did not remove it.

"Pardon me," she begged, and very humbly, "but I cannot yet. Let me reveal my secret first. Judge Ostrander, the name under which I had lived in Detroit was not my real one. I had let him court and all but marry my daughter, without warning him in any way of what this deception on my part covered. But others—one other, I have reason now to believe—had detected my identity under the altered circumstances of my new life, and surprised him with the news at that late hour. We are—Judge Ostrander, you know who we are. This is not the first time you and I have seen each other face to face. And, lifting up a hand, trembling with emotion, she put aside her veil.

You recognize me?"

"Too well." The tone was deep with meaning, but there was no accusation in it; nor was there any note of relief. It was more as if some hope deeply, and perhaps unconsciously cherished, had suffered a sudden and complete extinction. "Put back your veil."

Trembling, she complied, murmuring as she fumbled with its folds:

"Disgrace to an Ostrander! I know that I was mad to risk it for a moment. Forgive me for the attempt, and listen to my errand. Oliver was willing to marry my child, even after he knew the shame it would entail. But Reuther would not accept the sacrifice. Judge Ostrander, I am not worthy of such a child, but such she is. If John—"

"We will not speak his name," broke in Judge Ostrander, assuming a peremptory bearing quite unlike his former one of dignified reserve. "I should like to hear, instead, your explanation of how my son became inveigled into an engagement of which you, if no one else, knew the preposterous nature."

"Judge Ostrander, you do right to blame me. I should never have given my consent, never. But I thought our past so completely hidden—our identity so entirely lost under the accepted name of Averill."

"You thought!" He towered over her in his anger. He looked and acted as in the old days, when witnesses covered under his eye and voice. "Say that you knew, madam; that you planned this unholy trap for my son."

"Judge Ostrander, I did not plan their meeting, nor did I at first encourage his addresses. Not till I saw the extent of their mutual attachment did I yield to the event and accept the consequences. But I was wrong, wholly wrong to allow him to visit her a second time; but now that the mischief is done—"

Judge Ostrander was not listening. "I have a question to put you," said he, when he realized that she had ceased speaking. "Oliver was never a fool. When he was told who your daughter was what did he say of the coincidence which made him the lover of the woman against whose father his father had uttered sentence of death? Didn't he marvel and call it extraordinary—the work of the devil?"

"Possibly; but if he did it was not in any conversation he had with me."

"And your daughter? Was he as close-mouthed in speaking of me to her as he was to you?"

"I have no doubt of it. Reuther betrays no knowledge of you or of your habits, and has never expressed but one curiosity in your regard. As you can imagine what that is, I will not mention it."

"You are at liberty to. I have list-

ened to, much and can well listen to a little more."

"Judge, she is of a very affectionate nature, and her appreciation of your son's virtues is very great. Though her conception of yourself is naturally a very vague one, it is only to be expected that she should wonder how you could live so long without a visit from Oliver."

His lips took a strange twist. There was self-contempt in it, and some other very peculiar and contradictory emotion. But when this semblance of a smile had passed it was no longer Oliver's father she saw before her, but the county's judge. Even his tone partook of the change as he dryly remarked:

"What you have told me concerning your daughter and my son is very interesting. But it was not for the special purpose of informing me that this untoward engagement was at an end that you came to Shelby. You have another purpose. What is it? I can remain with you just five minutes longer."

"Five minutes! It only takes one to kill a hope, but five are far too few for the reconstruction of one. But she gave no sign of her secret doubts, as she plunged at once into her subject.

"I will be brief," said she; "as brief as any mother can be who is pleading for her daughter's life as well as happiness."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Actors are about the only people willing to pay more than \$5 for a dog.



"I Can Well Listen to a Little More."

pliness. Reuther has no real ailment, but her constitution is abnormally weak, and she will die of this grief if some miracle does not save her. Strong as her will is, determined as she is to do her duty at all cost, she has very little physical stamina. See! Here is her photograph, taken but a short time ago. Look at it, I beg. See what she was like when life was full of hope; and then imagine her with all hope eliminated."

"Excuse me. What use? I can do nothing. I am very sorry for the child, but—" His very attitude showed his disinclination to look at the picture. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Russian's Great Work.

A. A. Balakshin, a Russian, is at the head of the greatest farmers' union in the world, a most remarkable organization composed of the Russian peasantry covering a vast stretch of fertile land from the Ural mountains to the confines of Mongolia. The chief industry is butter making, and almost the entire output has found ready market England. M. Balakshin assumed the task of organizing the farmers some years ago, and has succeeded to an extent not dreamed of at the beginning. He is regarded with loving reverence by the 300,000 souls to whose well being he has devoted his life, and by whom he is affectionately spoken of as "the little grandfather."

### Social Insurance in Germany.

German statistics show that just before the war 14,500,000 persons were protected by compulsory sickness insurance, 24,600,000 by compulsory accident insurance, and 16,000,000 by old age and invalidity insurance, exclusive of several millions of salaried employees who were brought under compulsory insurance by recent legislation. This gives a rough idea of the all around security enjoyed by the average German workman in practically all industries and many of the trades of the empire.

### Population of India.

The population of British India is given as 231,085,132. The figures are for some ten years ago, and it would not be far out of the way to put the present population at 235,000,000. One of the Indian princes recently declared that if called upon India could furnish an army of between seven and ten millions of men.

## Indigestion May Be Due to Constipation

Neglect of Important Function May Seriously Impair the Health.



BENJ. BASSIN.

There are many people who believe they suffer from indigestion when their discomfort really is due to a constipated condition.

Bloat, with its attendant mental depression, sick-headache, the belching of sour stomach gases, etc., are frequently due to inaction of the bowels. Relieve the congestion and the trouble usually disappears. The use of cathartics and purgatives should be avoided, however; these shock the system unnecessarily and, at best, their effect is but temporary. A mild laxative is far preferable.

The compound of simple laxative herbs known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and sold in drug stores for fifty cents a bottle, is highly recommended. Mr. Benj. Bassin, 360 Madison St., Gary, Ind., thinks Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin a wonderful medicine; for four years he had a severe case of indigestion and constipation before trying Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which he is glad to recommend to all who suffer

with stomach and bowel trouble. A bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin should be in every home for use when occasion arises. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

### Kitchen Philosophy.

Mr. Bradshaw was in a great hurry and breakfast was late.

"I wish you'd find out what this trouble is," he said to his wife.

Mrs. Bradshaw returned from the kitchen wearing a melancholy expression.

"Well, well," demanded the husband, "what did she say?"

"She said," responded the wife, "that 'we all have our disappointments.'"—Browning Magazine.

### In the Game.

"I see the co-eds are getting into football at last."

"Do you mean to say that girls are playing?"

"No; appearing as unformed nurses on the side lines."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Actors are about the only people willing to pay more than \$5 for a dog.

## How to Heal Skin Diseases

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ring-worm, rashes and similar itching, burning skin troubles.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. These are not at all expensive. With the resinol soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the resinol ointment, and cover with a light bandage—if necessary to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.



## WHY 'ANURIC' IS AN INSURANCE AGAINST SUDDEN DEATH!

Sufferers from Backache, Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble

Before an Insurance Company will take a risk on your life the examining physician will test the urine and report whether you are a good risk. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or the twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism and gout. The urine is often cloudy, full of sediment; channels often get sore and sleep is disturbed two or three times a night. This is the time you should consult some physician of wide experience—such as Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Send him 10 cents for sample package of his new discovery—"Anuric." Write him your symptoms and send a sample of urine for test.

Experience has taught Dr. Pierce that "Anuric" is the most powerful agent in dissolving uric acid, as hot water melts sugar, besides being absolutely harmless and is endowed with other properties, for it preserves the kidneys in a healthy condition by thoroughly cleansing them. Checks the degeneration of the blood-vessels, as well as regulating blood pressure. "Anuric" is a regular insurance and life-saver for all big meat eaters and those who deposit lime-salts in their joints. Ask the druggist for "Anuric" put up by Dr. Pierce, in 50-cent packages. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well, no alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid.

### Not Profitable.

"Dauber says he lives only for his art."

"Well, he certainly doesn't live from it."

## GOOD COLOR GOOD HEALTH

Is What Cardui Gave to This Alabama Lady, According to Her Statement Printed Below.

Clio, Ala.—"I had been in good health until I was 15 years old," writes Mrs. A. L. Snell, of R. F. D. No. 1, this place, "but one day... I was helping my father plant cotton in the field and was caught in the rain... At that time I got very ill... I suffered great agony in the lower abdomen, right side, and had dreadful sick headache, also pains in the back... I got dreadfully thin and simply gave entirely up. I had to go to bed and was there, on my back, for two weeks.

"Dr. — said I'd have to have an operation. I wouldn't hear to that, so, as my mother had used Cardui with great benefit... she recommended that I take Cardui... Soon after I began taking it, I saw an improvement, and was able to get up and be about my work..."

"I was nearly entirely well... when one day... I scrubbed the whole house, washed clothes, for 7 in the family, and got my feet wet. This caused another sick spell... So I turned again to my old friend, Dr. Cardui... After the use of less than a bottle again I was able to be up and about my work. I also fished up again, got a good color, and I am now in good health... I highly recommend Cardui... It is the best tonic that I know of."

If you need a tonic, try Cardui. For sale at all druggists.

The man who is always behind never gets ahead.

### Wasps a Pest in England.

The wasp pest has been so bad in some parts of England this season that fruit-growers in a large way have had to wage a ceaseless war against them. The bee expert of a well-known firm of jam manufacturers has broken all records by destroying no fewer than 307 nests. This means that, including the wasps, grubs and eggs, he has killed more than four and a half million wasps. One nest, a record for size, was over four feet in circumference.

### ELIXIR BABIK WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES.

I contracted malaria in 1890, and after a year's fruitless treatment by a prominent Washington physician, your Elixir Babik entirely cured me. On arriving here I came down with tropical malaria—the worst form—and sent home for Babik. Again it proved its value—it is worth its weight in gold here. Brasie O'Hagan, Troop E, 8th U. S. Cavalry, Balayan, Philippines.

Elixir Babik, 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcel Post prepaid, from Kieckhefer & Co., Washington, D. C.

### The Limit.

"For a camel to go through the eye of a needle is considered about the limit of impossibility, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's no more impossible than for a collar button to slip out of one's fingers and roll toward the middle of the floor."

### Used Whenever Quinine is Needed Does Not Affect the Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE will be found better than ordinary Quinine for any purpose for which Quinine is used. Does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember there is only one "Bromo Quinine." That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Grove, 28c.—Adv.

### No Good.

"Almost everybody has a skeleton in the closet."

"Yes; but what good is that to the neighbors? They always keep the door shut and locked."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

And a little widow with a dimple is a dangerous thing.

Not Gray Hairs but tired Eyes Make us look older than we are. Old age and Dull Eyes—tell-tale.

# Don't Tell Your age

After the Moxie go home and Murine your Eyes. Two Drops will rest, refresh and cleanse. Have it handy.

Marine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, Sends Book of the Eye upon request.