Dark Hollow BAnna Katharine Green Illustrations & C.D. Rhodes

SYNOPSIS.

A curious crowd of neighbors invade ne mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, county judge and eccentric recluse, folne mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, county judge and eccentric recluse, folowing a veiled woman who has gained antrance through the gates of the high double barriers surrounding the place. The woman has disappeared but the judge is found in a cataleptic state. 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 electrocuted for murder years before, Her daughter is engaged to the judge's son, from whom he is estranged, but the murder is between the lovers. She plans to chear her husband's memory and asks the judge's aid. Alone in her room Deborah Scoville reads the newspaper clippings felling the story of the murder of Algernon Etheridge by John Scoville in Durk Hoitow, twelve years before. The judge and Mrs. Scoville meet at Spencer's Folly and she shows him how, on the day of the murder, she saw the shadow of a man, whittling a stick and wearing a long peaked cap. The judge engages her and ner daughter Reuther to live with him in his mysterious home. Deborah and her lawyer, Black, go to the police station and his mysterious home. Deborah and her lawyer, Black, go to the police station and see the stick used to murder Etheridge. She discovers a broken knife-blade point embedded in it. Deborah and Reuther go to live with the judge.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued.

Already had she stepped several times to her daughter's room and looked in, only to meet Reuther's unquiet eye turned toward hers in silent inquiry. Was her own uneasiness infectious? Was the child determined to share her vigil? She would wait a little longer this time and see,

Their rooms were over the parlor, and thus as far removed as possible from the judge's den. In her own, which was front, she felt at perfect ease, and it was without any fear of disturbing either him or Reuther that she finally raised her window and allowed the cool wind to soothe her heated cheeks. The moon emerged from scurrying clouds as she quietly watched the scene.

Perched, as she was, in a window everlooking the lane, she had but to lift her eyes from the double fence (that symbol of sad seclusion) to light on the trees rising above that unspeakable ravine, black with memories she how it stood out on

cut more threateningly! the Difurcated mass of dismal ruin from which men had turned their eyes these many years now! But the moon lighting up its toppling chimney and empty, staring gable.

branches and toppled down chimneys; when cattle were smitten in the field to make up the bed. and men on the highway; and the blazed like a beacon to the sky.

This was long before she herself had come to Shelby; but she had been told the story so often that it was been gone for months, and so no pity struck the half-hour, mingled with the excitement. Not till the following day did the awful nature of the event break in its full horror upon the town. Among the ruins, in a closet which the flames had spared. they found hunched up in one corner the body of a man, in whose seared throat a wound appeared which had not been made by lightning or fire. Spencer! Spencer himself, returned, they knew not how, to die of this selfinflicted wound, in the dark corner of his grand but neglected dwelling.

But as she continued to survey it the clouds came trooping up once more, and the vision was wiped out, and nearer trouble—a more pressing ne- picture and seen-

Withdrawing from the window, she peered carefully in. Innocence was shielding it with her hand, she gazed long and earnestly at Reuther's sweet face. Yes, she was right. Sorrow was slowly sapping the fountain of With a sob and a prayer the mother left the room, and locking herself into her own, sat down at last to face the new perplexity, the monstrous enigma which had come into her life.

it had followed in natural sequence from a proposal made by the judge

his long-neglected rooms. He had said on rising from the breakfast table-(the words are more or less impor-

"I am really sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Scoville; but if you have time this morning, will you clean up my study before I leave? The carriage is ordered for half-past nine."

The task was one she had long desired to perform. Giving Reuther the rest of the work to do, she presently appeared before him with pail and broom and a pile of fresh linen. Nothing more commonplace could be imagined, but to her, if not to him, there underlay this special act of ordinary housewifery a possible enlightenment on a subject which had held the whole community in a state of curiosity for years. She was going to enter the room which had been barred from public sight by poor Bela's dying body.

The great room before her presented a bare floor, whereas on her first visit it had been very decently, if not carefully, covered by a huge carpet rug. The judge's chair, which had once looked immovable, had been dragged forward into such a position that he could keep his own eye on the bedroom door. Manifestly she was not to be allowed to pursue her duties unwatched. Certainly she had to take more than one look at the every-day implements she carried to retain that balance of judgment which should prevent her from becoming the dupe of her own expectations.

"I do not expect you to clean up here as thoroughly as you have your own rooms upstairs," he remarked, as she passed him. "And, Mrs. Scoville," he called out as she slipped through the doorway, "leave the door open and keep away as much as possible from the side of the room where I have nailed up the curtain. I had rather not have that touched."

Not touch the cuaain! Why, that was the one thing in the room she wanted to touch; for in it she not only saw the carpet which had been taken felt strangely like forgetting tonight. up from the floor, but a possible screen behind which anything might the bluff! it had never seemed to stand | lurk-even his redoubtable secret.

"There is no window," she observed, locking back at the judge.

"No," was his short reply. Slowly she set down her pail. One loved it; caressed it; dallied with it, thing was settled. It was Bela's cot she saw before her-a cot without any sheets. These had been left behind Spencer's Folly! Well, it had been in the dead negro's room, and the that, and Spencer's den of discipation, judge had been sleeping just as she too! There were great tales—but it | had feared, wrapped in a rug and with was not of these she was thinking, but uncovered pillow. This pillow was his of the night of storm-(of the greatest own; it had not been brought down eterm of which any record remained with the bed. She hastily slipped a in Shelby) when the wind tore down cover on it, and without calling any further attention to her act, began

Conscious that the papers he made bluff towering overhead, flared into a feint of reading were but a cover for flame, and the house which was its his watchfulness, she moved about in glory was smitten apart by the de- a matter-of-fact way and did not spare scending bolt as by a Titan sword, and him the clouds of dust which presently rose before her broom. But the judge was impervious to discomfort. He coughed and shook his head, but did not budge an inch. Before she had quite vivid to her. The family had begun to put things in order the clock

"Oh!" she protested, with a pleading glance his way, "I'm not half done."

"There's another day to follow," he remarked, rising and taking a key from his pocket. The act expressed his wishes; and

he was proceeding to carry out her things when a quick, sliding noise from the wall she was passing drew her attention and caused her to spring the other signs she saw about her of forward in an involuntary effort to catch a picture which had slipped its cord and was falling to the floor.

A shout from the judge of "Stand aside, let me come!" reached her too with it all memories save those of a late. She had grasped and lifted the

But first let me explain. This picture was not like the others hanging crept again to Reuther's room and about. It was a veiled one. From some motive of precaution or characasleep at last. Lighting a candle and teristic desire for concealment on the part of the judge, it had been closely wrapped about in heavy brown paper before being hung, and in the encounter which ensued between the falling her darling's youth. If Reuther was picture and the spear of an image to be saved hope must come soon. standing on the table underneath, this paper had received a slit through which Deborah had been given a glimpse of the canvas beneath.

The shock of what she saw would have unnerved a less courageous woman.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

class.

an order for a ton or half a ton of coal. This

may be given by the united contributions of a

ment was given in an eastern Sunday school.

A novel and successful Christmas entertain-

After prayer, Scripture responses and carols,

sleigh bells were heard, announcing the coming

of Santa Claus. He appeared upon the platform

shaking an empty bag, and lamented he had no

gifts for some needy children. "Little liegin-

ners" hastened to their friend with packages of

sugar and "sweet" little rhymes; primary chil-

of black painted directly across the the Claymore inn when that inn was In recalling this startling moment

Deborah wondered as much at her own aplomb as at that of Judge Ostrander. Not only had she succeeded in suppressing all recognition of what had thus been discovered to her, but had carried her powers of self-repression so far as to offer, and with good grace, too, to assist him in rehanging the picture. This perfection of acting had its full reward. With equal composure he excused her from the task, and, adding some expression of regret at his well-known carelessness in not looking better after his effects, bowed her from the room with only a slight increase of his usual courteous reserve.

But later, when thought came and with it certain recollections, what significance the incident acquired in her mind, and what a long line of terrors it brought in its train!

It was no casual act, this defacing of a son's well-loved features. It had a meaning—a dark and desperate meaning. It had played its heavy part in his long torment—a galling reminder of-what?

It was to answer this question-to face this new view of Oliver and the bearing it had on the relations she had hoped to establish between him and Reuther, that she had waited for the house to be silent and her child asleep.

Unhappy mother, just as she saw something like a prospect of releasing her long-dead husband from the odium of an unjust sentence, to be shaken by this new doubt as to the story and character of the man for whose union with her beloved child she was so anxiously struggling!

There was a room on this upper floor into which neither she nor Reuther had even stepped. She had once looked in, but that was all. Tonight-because she could not sleep; because she must not think-she was resolved to enter it. Oliver's room!



It Was a Highly Finished Portrait of Oliver in His Youth.

left as he had left it years before! What might it not tell of a past concerning which she longed to be reas-

The father had laid no restrictions upon her, in giving her this floor for her use. Rights which he ignored she could afford to appropriate. Dressing sufficiently for warmth, she lit a candle, put out the light in her own room and started down the hall to this long-closed room.

A smother of dust-an odor of decav-a lack of all order in the room's arrangements and furnishings-even a general disarray, hallowed, if not affected, by time-for all this she was prepared. But not for the wild confusion-the inconceivable litter and all a boy's mad packing and reckless departure.

There was an inner door, and this some impulse drove her to open. A small closet stood revealed, empty but for one article. When she saw this article she gave a great gasp; then she uttered a low pshaw! and with a shrug of the shoulders drew back and flung to the door. But she opened it again. She had to. One cannot live in hideous doubt, without an effort to allay it. She must look at that small, black article again; look at it with candle in hand; see for herself that her fears, were without foundation; that a shadow had made the outline on the wall which-

She returned to the closet and slowly, reluctantly reopened the door. Before her on the wall hung a cap—and | blazing motor headlights while riding it was no shadow which gave it that look like her husband's; the broad wife's relations, we just go ahead. peak was there. She had not been trusting that Providence that watches It was a highly finished portrait of mistaken; it was the duplicate of the over children and drunkards will take that some attention should be given Oliver in his youth, with a broad band one she had picked up in the attic of care of us, too.

simply a tavern. Then she found herself looking into a drawer half drawn out and filled with all sorts of heterogeneous ar-

ticles-sealing wax, a roll of pins, a penholder, a knife-a knife! Why should she recoil again at that? Nothing could be more ordinary than to find a knife in the desk drawer of a young man! The fact was not worth a thought; yet before she knew it her fingers were creeping towards this knife, had picked it up from among the other scattered articles, had closed upon it, let it drop again, only to seize hold of it yet more determinedly and carry it straight to the light.

The knife was lying open on her palm, and from one of the blades the end had been nipped, just enough of it to match-

Was she mad! She thought so for a moment; then she laid down the knife close against the cap and contemplated them both for more minutes than she ever reckoned.

The candle fluttering low in its socket roused her at last from her ab straction. Catching up the two articles which had so enthralled her, she restored the one to the closet, the other to the drawer, and, with swift but silent step, regained her own room, where she buried her head in her pillow, weeping and praying until the morning light, breaking in upon her grief, awoke her to the obligations of her position and the necessity of silence concerning all the experiences of this night.

CHAPTER IX.

Unwelcome Truths.

Silence. Yes, silence was the one and only refuge remaining to Deborah. Yet, after a few days, the constant self-restraint which it entailed ate like a canker into her peace and undermined a strength which she had always considered inexhaustible. Reuther began to notice her pallor, and the judge to look grave. She was forced to complain of a cold (and in this she was truthful enough) to account for her alternations of feverish impulse and deadly lassitude. Tho trouble she had suppressed was have ing its quiet revenge.

Wes there no medium course? Could she not learn where Oliver had been on the night of that old-time murder? Miss Weeks was a near neighbor and saw everything. Miss Weeks never forgot; to Miss Weeks she would go,

She had passed the first gate and was on the point of opening the sec ond one, when she saw on the walk before her a small slip of brown paan almost illegible scrawl which she made out to read thus:

For Mrs. Scoville: Do not go wandering all over the town for clues. Look closer to home.

And below:

You remember the old saying about jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Let your daughter be warned. It is better to be singed than consumed.

it all flashed upon her, bowing her in 12:20, 21.) spirit to the ground. Reuther had ather's ignominy, she would be consumed if inquiry were carried further and this ignominy transferred to the proper culprit. Oliver alone could be meant. The doubts she had tried to suppress from her own mind were shared by others-others!

In five minutes she was crossing the road, her face composed, her manner genial, her tongue ready for any en-

comed there. The eager little seamstress had never forgotten her hour in the library with the half-unconscious judge.

"Mrs. Scoville!" she exclaimed, fluttering and, leading the way into the best room; "how very kind you are to give me this chance for making my apologies. You know we have met

"Have we?" Mrs. Scoville did not remember, but she smiled her best smile. "I am glad to have you acknowledge an old acquaintance. It makes me feel less lonely in my new

"Mrs. Scoville, I am only too happy." It was bravely said, for the little woman was in a state of marked embarrassment. Could it be that the visitor had not recognized her as the person who had accosted her on that memorable morning she first entered Judge Ostrander's forbidden gates? (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Trust in Providence.

When we meet one of these big, in the modest electric belonging to our

dren followed; then representatives from every

class in the school, even the Bible union. Offer-

ings were accompanied by specially prepared rec-

itations, songs or dialogues, and givers dressed

to suit their gift. Children bringing cereals ap-

peared as "Quakers;" rice suggested Chinese

costume; tea, Japanese; "pure" products, the

Puritan style, each. Songs were set to popular

Finally, Santa Claus had a valuable supply of

provisions for an orphan asylum. The happy

givers then received remembrances from their

teachers. All found " It is more blessed to give

airs, making drill work easy.

than to receive."

counter. The truth must be hers at all hazards. If it could be found here, then here would she seek it. Her long struggle with fate had brought to the fore every latent power she possessed. Miss Weeks was ready with her greeting. A dog from the big house covenant (Heb. 13:20, 21). across the way would have been wel-Lesson VI. Again refers to the good

tle Paul (Eph. 5:13-17, see also I Pet. Lesson VIII is the foreign missionary lesson. Jonah's life story is not a flattering one, yet when he faithfully proclaimed God's word it wrought a marvelous transformation in great and wicked Nineveh. (Read carefully

Lesson IX presents Amos, the sturdy prophet of civic and moral righteousness, the great messenger of the "rightness" of things (Amos 5:14). The gist of this lesson for us will be found in the words of Jesus (Matt.

Lesson X. Uzziah is that king who could not withstand prosperity and who, in the development of his pride (II Chron. 26:5, 16), assumed to dis-

INTERNATIONAL

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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 26

JEHOVAH'S GRACIOUS PROMISES TO ISRAEL (REVIEW).

LESSON TEXT-Hosea 14. GOLDEN TEXT—Jehovah is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in loving kindness.—Psa. 103:8 R. V.

The burden of punishment descended upon Israel, not because of the vindictive character of Jehovah, but because of the persistent pursuit of sin on the part of the nation.

The lessons of the past quarter extend from the latter days of Elijah, about 906 B. C., to the fall and captivity of Israel (the northern kingdom) B. C. 722 (Beecher), a period of 180 years. Some contend that the lesson for November 14, Daniel at the King's Court, is chronologically the last and ought to have been put at the end of the series. During the past quarter we have studied about six kings, Ahab, Joash, Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Nineveh, Uzziah and Hoshea; also six prophets, Elijah, Elisha, Daniel, Jonah, Amos and Hosea; and one soldier, Naaman.

A good method of review would be to have assigned to different scholars or classes each of the foregoing personages and to give a report of his chief characteristics. Material for such a review is easily accessible. Another method of review would be to take up the lessons serially and in connection with each read some appropriate Scripture verses that will serve to emphasize or to illustrate the chief fact of each lesson.

Lesson I. The weak King Ahaz (strong in his perversity) is easily persuaded to do evil in order to gratify his covetousness. Elijah at God's command goes to meet Ahab who cries out, "Hast thou found me, O my enemy?" In reply Elijah delivers God's word; that word to us is found in Ex. 20:17. (Let each Scripture reference be read in full.)

Lesson II. The veteran champion Elijah is about to go home and his more youthful follower, Elisha, has per. Lifting it, she perceived upon it one chief desire (see II Kings 2:9). which persistently followed is abundantly rewarded. The lesson for us is found in the master's prayer, John 14:16.

Lesson III. The stricken soldier, Naaman, at a child's suggestion, appeals to God's prophet, Elisha, for healing. He is directed how he may be cured and after some hesitation returns home cleansed. The lesson for us is that of being faithful amid life's experiences and of doing and Because Deborah's mind was quick living for others (see also Romans

Lesson IV. The servant of Elisha been singed by the knowledge of her is very much excited. King and camp are in despair, yet the prophet is not | ing and eccentric theories being addisturbed. Why? Let us read II vanced just now I had almost forgot-Kings 6:17. Remember that Jesus, the master of men, refused to avail himself of like angelic assistance in his great battle concerning sin (See Matt. 26:53). Christanity is a religion of love, not of force.

Lesson V. The faithful priest preserves the rightful king, Joash, and makes a covenant between him and the Lord, viz., that prince, priest and people "should be the Lord's people" (II Kings 11:17). Through the merits of our high priest there has been made a better, even an everlasting

king, Joash. The neglected temple is restored and refurnished through the liberality of the people. This temple is a type of our bodies, which are spiritual temples (Eph. 2:22), and the lesson for us is not only the care of the body, but of liberality towards the work and worship of God's house.

Lesson VII. This is the lesson which is chronologically out of order, but is used for its temperance application. Daniel, the clean youth, staked his life and position upon obeying the word of God (Dan. 1:8) The lesson for us is the exhortation of the apos-

Matt. 16:10 and Isa. 55:10, 11). We are to herald, witness to the truth and leave the results with God.

6:33).

obey the word of God.

Lesson XI. Enter Hosea. Let the entire school state the message of the prophet to the people of Israel, "I will heat their backs iding. I will love them freely" (Hosea 14:4). Then let all recite the "little gospel" (John 3:16) "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlast-

EVIDENTLY A THRIFTY SOUL

Would-Be Talker Over Telephone Balked When Called Upon to Drop a Nickel in the Slot.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer tells this story:

"I was called to the telephone, and a pay station operator asked, 'Is this Garfield 0064?' and since that is indeed my number, I said yes. So she called to the party on the other end of the line, 'Drop a nickel, please.'

'Vot?' came a male voice.

"'Drop a nickel, please." " 'Vot?'

"'Drop five cents, please,' said the operator, translating. And still the caller can't get it though his head that he must part with a jitney before he can talk. Then I took a hand or a voice—in the conversation.

"'What's the matter with you?' I shricked. 'Drop five cents in the slot, and then you will be allowed to talk to this number.'

"There was a long pause, and then his reply:

'O-o-oh! Vell, neffer mind. I gets

me anodder number!'' "Probably," concludes our informant, "he kept calling till he got a heaper one."

AT THE FIRST SIGNS

Falling Hair Get Cuticura. Is Works Wonders. Trial Free.

Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. You may rely on these supercreamy smollients for all skin troubles.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

The Better Way.

Charles M. Schwab, congratulated n Pittsburgh on a large war contract which he had just received from one of the warring nations, said:

"Some people call it luck, but they are mistaken. Whatever success, have is due to hard work and no luck.

"I remember a New York but man who crossed the ocean w one winter when the whole c was suffering from hard tiny "'And you, Mr. Schwab,"

Yorker said, 'are like the suppose, hoping for bet' ''No, my friend.' I re am not hoping for bette got my sleeves rolled us

ing for them?" Examine care ment CASTORIA, af

Infants and children, and see in. Bears the Signature of Charty Thitehers In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Eclipsed. "Do you believe in the Darwinian theory?"

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "but there are so many more interestten about it."

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

No Cause for Mirth. Friend-So this is one of your jokes,

is it? Ha! ha! ha! Humorist (testily)-Well, what are you laughing at, anyhow! Isn't it a good one?-Passing Show.

The Best Liniment.

For falls on icy walks, sprains and bruises, rub on and rub in Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Apply this liniment thoroughly and relief should quickly follow. Adv.

Very Unkind. "Sometimes I think," he began. "But not often, I suppose," interrupted the rude girl.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co. Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

A matron is usually more enthusias tic over being married than she is over the man she has wed.

Start the year by getting Hanford's Balsam. You will find frequent use

When the average man gets justice in the courts he is usually too old to enjoy it.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protrud-ing Piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

It takes a wise man to pick a fool whose money he can spend.

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

owers are women's lefts. For any cut use Hanford's Bal

Bachelors are women's rights; wid

sam. Adv. A fertile imagination may produce

rank thoughts.

Still others like better to flourish a paper with

For many years one Sunday school has had a

giving Christmas instead of a receiving one. The

The favorite method is for a class to plan a

Christmas dinner. Each one in the class brings

something for that purpose. One of the boys

or girls can march forward dragging a turkey or

a chicken, and other member or members of the

same class following with articles for a Christ-

mas dinner, not forgetting cranberries, mince

ple and celery

pupils bring gifts instead of receiving them.