# The DARK MIRROR

## ByLOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

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#### THE HAUNTED WOMAN.

Synopsis.-Vaguely conscious of a double personality, but without any idea of its meaning, the girl, Leo nera, makes her accustomed way into the Street of Strange Faces. Thoroughly at home in the under-world of New York, Leonora cakes her course to her appointed rendez-veuz. Mario joins her. Greatly in love and seeing the fine qualities which the girl really possesses, Mario seeks to turn her from the path of inevitable destruction. She prom-ises to marry him. At Ristori's cafe, gathering place of criminals, Leonora meets her partner, "Red" Carnehan, and his associates, and is accused of betraying a fellow criminal to the police. She sav-agely defends herself, and the ensuing argument is interrupted by the appearance of Leo Bielinsky, fleeing from the police, one of whom he has killed. Officers in pursuit crash into the room and two are killed by Carnehan. Leo-nora and the rest escape. In her studio, Priscilla Maine, wealthy artist, awakes from troubled sleep with a distinct feeling of having her life linked with Leonora's. Priscilla has painted a picture of herself in fancy dress-a gipsy-which seems to have a hypnotic effect on her. Unnerved, and fearful that her mind is affected, Priscilla decides to call to her aid a dear friend, Dr. Philip Fosdick.

### III. PHILIP FOSDICK-Continued.

"But, Philip, you do it so poorly, you're so professional; you transfix me with the penetrating eye of diagnosis and prescribe: 'Love me!'-for all the world as if love were bread pills or distilled water in a bottle labeled 'Shake well before using!' And I really don't feel run down enough .

"I see. You want love slipped over on you . . . like bribing the cook to put a philtre in your coffee." She laughed delightedly. "That's it, Philip! Subtlety does it."

"Thanks for the tip. I'm making a note of it. So don't be surprised if you wake up one fine morning and find yourself madly in love with me." "I won't be; and I wouldn't even

"Priscilla!" "But I'm not now. So don't lose

mind-"

your head." 'Why not, when my heart-?"

"Please! I called up to ask a very serious question." "Shoot."

"What's a psycho-analyst, Philip?" "Well, I'm one-a cross between a quack and a confidence man." "I know; but what do you do when

you're duly functioning as such?" "You mean, how do I make a liv-"No-only what do you do to make

people pay fat fees." "Why, I pry into their souls, if they happen to have any, and ferret out all their secrets-those they purposely try

to keep from me, and those they themselves don't know anything about." "I see . . . Philip, will you do me a favor; psycho-analyze me?" "What's the good? I did that long

"Really, Philip?" Misgivings put a tremor into her voice. "What did you

find out?" "That you're the dearest, sweetest

"No-please! I'm in earnest. think I've got a buried secret, and I want you to exhume it and see what It's made of."

"Are you serious?" "Desperately."

"Mm . . . What are you doing this afternoon?" "Having you to tea, if you can

come." "I'll come whether I can or not. But what about Aunt Esther? We can't have a third present if we're to talk

confidences." "Let's have ten at the studio." "Same objection: Ada Mover-" "I'll get rid of her somehow."

"Right-o! The studio. What time?

Four?"

"Please. I'll be waiting."

IV. LOVE?

Ada Moyer was a pretty, vivacious, fluffy little woman, thoroughly mondaine and contented with herself, her husband, her world. Entirely lacking in any special aptitude for painting, she dabbled in oils a bit, partly because it afforded her an outlet for much superfluous energy that might otherwise have got her into mischief, partly because she was fond of Priscilla, believed her by way of being a genius, and was glad to lend the girl the show of chaperonage without which she must have had a difficult time of it with Aunt Esther, But, Mrs. Moyer was as apt as not to absent herself from the studio for days at a time; and on this afternoon Priscilla found nothing to indicate that the

other had been there at all. Glad to be spared the necessity of explaining that she wanted to be to speak of, much education or conalone with Philip Fosdick, the girl tact with the pleasant side of life. All moved alertly round the room, superin- the same she is myself . . . much tending the preparation of tea by the as if I put on some disguise so commaid she had brought with her, placing the table and the chairs the way habits of thoughts, even my sentishe wanted them—setting the stage for | mepts and impulses. This girl does | ing in nature is without its cause. But a scene which, she felt instinctively, and says things I never could and,

days to come. She was always pleased | her they seem quite right, the natural when Philip was about. Consciousness of the love he had for her was something she would not willingly have forfeited. She was only sorry she didn't love him in return; at least, not in the way Philip wanted and deserved to be loved . . . vastly different from such love as had thrown Leonora into the arms of Mario . .

She paused, a slight frown puckering her delicately lined brows.

Strange how the memory of that caress had power to tug at her heartstrings! Stranger still that anything as fantastic as that shadowy love of shadows should seem so real, more real than all else in the content of her drama, even its culminating tragedy . . . more real, indeed, than anything in this world of reality wherein she moved and lived and had her being . .

In a long stare she comprehended the studio as with strange eyes, perceiving afresh the substantial beauty of its time-mellowed furnishings: the well-chosen pieces of period mahogany shining with contented luster; the handsome draperies of rich stuffs matchlessly colored and toned, brocades, tapestries, embossed velvets, illuminated leathers of antique Spanish artistry; the framed canvases on its walls and those unframed others that turned to them bashful faces, standing on the floor; the fine old rugs whose collection had been her father's hobby; the darkly polished floor darkly mirroring all things that caught the light; the great wide fireplace with its massive dogs of brass; the bookshelves laden with well-bound works of art; the wide, mullioned window in the south wall whose heavy draperies she had thrown back to let in the sun,

She gave a gesture of doubt and anxiety. If this were not love, what was it? Not sanity: how could one love a phantom? . . . She began to regret the weakness which had moved her to call up Philip Fosdick. How could she bring herself to confess this secret even to him? How keep it hidden from him? How hope to deceive that keen insight which had lifted him to his present high place in the ranks of psychopathologists?

She sang no more, but awaited Philip's coming with more misgivings than she liked.

V. CONFESSION.

orcising constraint and implanting confidence even in those who had no special liking for him. And Priscilla was genuinely attached to him, more so than she knew. And when she saw how well he looked, how very much alive and alert-mentally and physically Philip always seemed at concert pitch and never to know a let-downhesitation and doubts were swept away like leaves before an autumnal wind.

"I suspected it," he announced, nodding sagely: "you're a fraud-and thank God for that! Now give me tea, please, and tell me All "

She made a little move of petulance. "I knew you'd laugh at me!"

"I hoped I would." Philip flopped boyishly into his favorite chair, helped himself to a cigaret, and watched Priscilla narrowly while she sugared his cup with the traditional two lumps, added the slice of lemon, and drowned both in tea. Never had she seemed more beautiful or more perfectly poised. Impossible, he told himself, there could be any. thing amiss with a creature of such radiance! Some girlish notion, noth-

ing more serious . . . "How long have you known me,

Phillip?" "Let me see . . . To the best of my recollection, since you were about a year old; I remember coming into the nursery unexpectedly and finding you-"

"Never mind! Have you ever observed anything in me that led you to believe I was abnormal in any way?" He contemplated a frivolous reply, but seeing the gravity in her eyes refrained.

"Never!" said Philip solemnly. "Well, there is something . . Philip: I have dreams. The strangest dreams . . . Let me tell you. And

please don't laugh, Philip. It isn't any laughing matter." He drew the soberest face of sym-

pathy imaginable. "Go on." "As far back as I can remember, I've every now and then had a special sort of dream that seemed very real to me. Even as a little girl-though then, I think, they weren't so definite . . But when I began to grow into long dresses, the dreams took on a certain form they've kept ever since."

"Such as-?"

"What I fancy slums must be like. The self I see in dreams belongs there -dresses, acts, talks precisely like a girl who's never had any advantages plete it disguised even my speech and and right things to do and say. The truth is, most of the time she's rather self-satisfied and pleased with everything-the life she leads, the people she knows, the fun she has-every-

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"I understand," Now unfeignedly intrigued, Philip had abandoned all pretense of treating the matter lightly, and was sitting forward, cigaret smoldering between his fingers, his eyes intently searching Priscilla's face. "Tell me something about the content of these dreams. Go back as far as you can . .

"My first memories are very vague," Priscilla told him. "They were childish and simple impressions of another little girl who was rather unhappy most of the time. I think she lived with an old woman-a wretched old witch of a woman who was cruel to her, seemed to hate her and enjoy beating her-in a mean little flat somewhere. The old woman used to tell fortunes with cards in the front room. But all that's very vague now. I don't remember much more, except that the little girl used to play a great deal in the streets."

"But when she or you-grew up,

the dreams became more real?" "Yes; about that time something happened to the old woman, I presume she died, and the girl was left alone to look out for herself. I don't know what she did for a living because I never saw her except at night. Then I would meet her, or rather find myself with her in the Street of Strange Faces

A questioning look obliged Priscilla to break off here and explain about the river, the Dark Corner, and the

"And then we," she resumed-"or she-would start off and have curlous experiences. She somehow fell in with a sort of desperado, a gang leader such as one sometimes reads about in the newspapers, named Red Carnehan--'

"So you remember names!" "Oh, perfectly; places, too, And this Red Carnehan fell in love with her, and they became engaged-I



"You-You Don't Think It Means-Insanity, Do You?"

guess. She was brighter, more intelligent than be, and she planned things for him to do, with his gang-robberies and such things, as far as I know-and how to escape the consequences. Another man, named Mario. loved her, too; but he wasn't one of Red's gang; in fact he was bitterly opposed to her having anything to do with it, and always begging her to give it up and marry him. But she was afraid of Red, and always refused. I think she always meant to marry Red Carnehan until last night

Priscilla paused and was so long silent, staring at the floor, lost in thoughts and emotions conjured up by this near approach to her latest dream, that Philip found it necessary to prompt her.

"What happened last night?" "The dream that frightened me so I had to tell somebody and thought of you."

"Then, tell me . . ." She rose, crossed to a desk, came back with the manuscript.

"I'd rather -you'd read it, if you don't mind, Philip. I wrote the story out last right, as clearly as I could remember. And here it is . . . But first, tell me what you think. Youyou don't think it means-insanity, do

you?" His laugh reassured even more than his words, "Bless your heart, no! The insane don't have coherent dreams, or talk about them intelligibly. Don't worry about that . . . But, frankly, I don't know what to think. There must be an explanation, because nothin this case it's something that will might affect most infimately all her awake, have never thought of. But to want a deal of hunting, I'm afraid; beauty and latellect.

and we'll have to get all our facts together before I can even hazard a guess. Now let me read, please."

He concentrated so completely over the manuscript that he seemed utterly forgetful of her presence, and did not so much as look up when, after a time, weary of studying his expression without knowing what thoughts molded it, Priscilla rose and began to wander restlessly about the studio.

It seemed that he would never finish reading . . .

VI. THE EVENING PAPER.

She was standing to one side of the south window, abstractedly looking oven. down over Macdougall alley, when she heard Philip utter a startled exclamation and jump up from his chair.

Turning she saw him approaching, the scribbled pages of her narrative crushed in his hand, his face dark with amazement.

"This is more than extraordinary." he declared-"it's impossible, incomprehensible! . . . Priscilla, tell me; have you by any chance seen the afternoon papers?"

Premonition started a hand fluttering toward her bosom. "Why . . .

"You're sure?" "But of course, Philip!" And then, alarmed by his look of doubt-"What is it? Why do you ask?"

"Half a minute." Philip crossed to the console table near the door, where he had left his hat and stick and a folded newspaper, and came back with the latter, hastily shaking out its sheets. "I remember noticing a news story on my way here," he said abstractedly, as he scanned the columns -"story curiously like yours in some respects-about some gangster or other on the lower East side who shot a detective in the street last night, then took refuge in a restaurant, and escaped after shooting two others. I'm not sure the name's the same but . Ah!" The backs of his fin-

gers tapped the paper smartly. "Here it is . . . You see." A headline smote her understanding like a blow in the face:

"GANG MURDERS ON LOWER

EAST SIDE." But the text swam illegibly under her blurring gaze. Even Philip's voice seemed remote, at times barely audi-

"Yes, the same names: Leo Ble pected of being a bolshevik agentnaturally; all Russians are nowadays -Ennis and Corbin, plain-clothes men -Ristori's restaurant. No mention of Mr. Carnehan, though, or anybody else except the proprietor of Ristori's, who swears he never saw Bielinsky before last night. Apparently your friends made a clean getaway, too-"

Priscilla caught his arm with imploring hands.

"Philip! It isn't true! It can't be! Tell me it isn't--!"

Seeing her face of waxen pallor, her dilate eyes in which horror flickered, he dropped the newspaper, freed his arm gently, and took her hand in are in great demand during the winthe firm, calming and encouraging

clasp of the physician. "Steady, 'Cilla, old girl, steady on! Of course it isn't true-not the way you mean. There's an explanation somewhere short of witchcraft, and I'll find it for you, Priscilla, I'll dig it out if I have to chuck my practice to the dogs and give the rest of my life to the Job!"

"There's nothing wrong with your mind.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ancient Irish Laws in Poetry. Even a subject so essentially prosaic as the law was interwoven with poetry in ancient Ireland, where justice was administered by the File, or poet, the most important person in the country after the king. In olden times verse was employed when the matter to be recorded was of particular importance, or of a nature that called not only for grace and beauty of expres sion, but for dignity of language as well.

When the ancient laws of Ireland were revived, says the Christian Science Monitor, under the direction of St. Patrick, a File was summoned "to put a thread of poetry around them." This is believed one of the reasons that so much of the text or the Irish laws is in metrical form From 12 to 15 years of special study legal profession.

A Fitting Theme. "Rimer showed me his new poem. It is called, 'Sonnet to But One,' "Humph! By rights he ought to have called it 'Owed to Everybody.' '

The Main Question. "Sir, I came to ask you for you! daughter's hand." "Well, young man, how much are you prepared to put into it each mond a tight tin box.

if I give it to you?". Some men remain bachelors because they are unable to choose betweet THE KITCHEN CABINETED

The things that never happen are often as much realities to us in their effects as those that are accomplished.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

Fish is so good stuffed and baked that it should make its appearance served with stuffoften upon the family table:

Baked Stuffed Fish.-Either salt or fresh water may be used, a whole fish or slices can be

ing. When the sliced fish is used the stuffing is placed between the slices with strips of salt pork above. The fish may be filled, sewed and wrapped in strips of bacon before putting in to roast. When the bacon has become crisp, remove it, cover the fish with cracker crumbs and brown in a quick

Ragout of Venison With Sweet Po. tato Border .- Any portion of the venison may be used, but steaks from the upper portion of the round are usually selected. Cut the steak in small pieces, roll in flour and cook in hotel fat until slightly browned on both sides. Add broth from the trimmings and bones of the ventson, or simply add boiling water, let simmer about an hour or until tender. For each pint of liquid add one-fourth of a cupful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika; stir these with cold water or broth to a smooth consistency; add to the dish of meat and stir until boiling; cover and simmer ten minutes. Have ready baked or boiled sweet potatoes; press them through a ricer; add salt, butter and a little hot milk; beat thoroughly over the fire. With a pastry tube pipe in a ring around a hot serving dish. Turn the ragout into the center of the ring and set cooked prunes in groups of three as a garnish around the potato. Serve the prunes with the potato and ragout.

New England Election Cake.-Beat three eggs, add one and threefourths pounds of sugar, eleven ounces of butter, eight ounces of lard and the grated peel of one lemon. Warm a quart of milk, add two pounds and six ounces of flour, also warmed; add one-half the egg and butter, sugar mixture and two-thirds of a cupful of fresh homemade yeast; mix af noon and let stand in a warm place until night, then add the rest of the sugar, egg and butter mixture, nutmeg and mace to flavor. Let rise over night and in the morning add one cupful each of raisins and citron shaved in thin pieces. When thoroughly beaten, bake in half a dozen loaves. Bake slowly an hour or more. When cool cover with a confectioner's frosting. These cakes are better a week or more old.

One may wish for a return of Eden. Wishing will not change the scheme of the universe. Men must sweat or die One may, at his pleasure, change the nature of his task. This is a free country. But toil he must if he would live. In sweat is salvation from all eco-nomic ills. There is no other.—The Saturday Evening Post

WINTER GOODIES.

Cakes and cookies which will keep, ter months. The

following are a few of the good ones: Molasses Drop

Cookies. - Take one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar,

one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of raisins or currants, and cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger for spices. Mix and set away to bake the following day. Drop by spoonfuls on baking sheets and bake in a quick

Date Cake .- Take one cupful each of sugar and dates, one egg, one cupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and two-thirds cupfuls of flour. one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cupful of walnut meats. Pour the boiling water over the seeded dates, add'the soda. Mix the other ingredients as usual and bake in a sheet. Frost with one-half cupful of sour cream and onehalf cupful of brown sugar boiled together until creamy. A half-cupful of hickory-nut meats added to the frosting improves it, and the nuts in the cake may be omitted when they are used in the frosting. Spice Nut Bars .- Take four eggs,

wo cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one pound of blanched and was needed to qualify a File for the chopped almonds, one cupful of fruit iam, four cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth tenspoonful each of cloves, alispice, ginger, nutmeg and cinnamon; the grated rind of one lemon, one orange and one square of melted chocolate. Mix ingredients in the order given and pour into a paper-lined dripping pan. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from the pan and slice when cool in finger-sized strips. Store in

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Curt Criticism. "How was the musical evening at the Gawker residence?" "A misnomer," replied Mr. Grumpson, briefly,

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