

The DARK MIRROR

By LOUIS 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, Leonora, makes her accustomed way into the Street of Strange Faces.

III. PHILIP FOSDICK—Continued.

"But, Philip, you do it so poorly, you're so professional; you transfuse 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 mind!"

"Priscilla!"

"But I'm not now. So don't lose 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 living?"

"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 ago."

"Really, Philip? Missings put a tremor into her voice. 'What did you find out?'"

"That you're the dearest, sweetest..."

"No—please! I'm in earnest. I 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."

days to come. She was always pleased when Philip was about. Consciousness of the love he had for her was something she would not willingly have forfeited.

"I understand," Now unfeignedly intrigued, Philip had abandoned all pretense of treating the matter lightly.

"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."

"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."

"And then we," she resumed—"or she—would start off and have curious 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 guess."

She was brighter, more intelligent than he, 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.

"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."

"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 stuns must be like. The self I see in dreams belongs there—dresses, acts, talks precisely like a girl who's never had any advantages to speak of, much education or contact with the pleasant side of life."

"As the same she is myself... much as if I put on some disguise so complete it disguised even my speech and habits of thoughts, even my sentiments and impulses. This girl does and says things I never could and, awake, have never thought of. But to her they seem quite right, the natural and right things to do and say."

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 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?"

Priscilla started a hand fluttering toward her bosom. "Why... no."

"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 curious 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 fingers 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 audible.

"Yes, the same names: Leo Bielinsky, the gangster, a Russian suspected of being a bolshevik agent—naturally; 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 horror pallor, her dilate eyes in which horror flickered, he dropped the newspaper, freed his arm gently, and took her hand in the 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.

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 of the Irish laws is in metrical form.

A Fitting Theme.

"Rimer showed me his new poem. It is called, 'Sonnet to But One.'"

The Main Question.

"Sir, I came to ask you for your daughter's hand."

"Well, young man, how much are you prepared to put into it each month if I give it to you?"

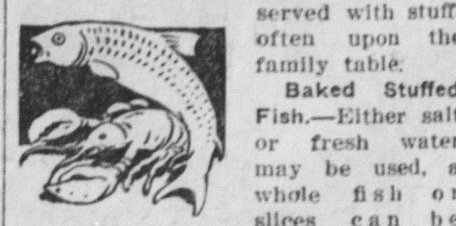
Some men remain bachelors because they are unable to choose between beauty and intellect.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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 often as much realities to us in their effects as those that are accomplished.



Baked Stuffed Fish.—Either salt or fresh water or whole fish or slices can be used.

When the sliced fish is used the stuffing is placed between the slices with strips of salt pork above.

Any portion of the venison may be used, but steaks from the upper portion of the round are usually selected.

Beat three eggs, add one and three-fourths pounds of sugar, eleven ounces of butter, eight ounces of lard and the grated peel of one lemon.

But the text swam illegibly under her blurring gaze. Even Philip's voice seemed remote, at times barely audible.

These cakes are better a week or more old.

One may wish for a return of Eden. Washing will not change the scheme of the universe.

Washing will not change the scheme of the universe. Men must sweat or die. One may, at his pleasure, change the nature of his task.

Cakes and cookies which will keep in great demand during the winter months.

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.

Date Cake.—Take one cupful each of sugar and dates, one egg, one cupful of boiling water,

one and two-thirds cupfuls of flour, one and two-thirds cupfuls of butter,

one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cupful of walnut meats.

Spice Nut Bars.—Take four eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one pound of blanched and chopped almonds,

one cupful of fruit jam, four cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder,

one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, ginger, nutmeg and cinnamon;

one square of melted chocolate. Mix ingredients in the order given and pour into a paper-lined dripping pan.

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