



The DARK MIRROR

by Louis Joseph Vance
Author of 'The False Faces,' 'The Lone Wolf,' Etc.

Illustrated by Irwin Myers
Copyright 1920 by the Author.

THE AMATEUR SLEUTH.

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 in the underworld of New York. 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 promises to marry him...

II. AUTO-HYPNOSIS—Continued.

"I wonder . . . Priscilla sipped her tea. 'Maybe you're right. But still I don't see why I shouldn't go on with the painting. Just one more day, Philip.'"

Struck by a circumstance whose significance had till now escaped him, he paused for thought, unheeding the signs of disconcertion betrayed by Priscilla. "I say! If you dreamed true, neither of the policemen who entered that upstairs room lived to tell what they found there. Then Bielinsky is credited with two murders of which he's innocent. I fancy police headquarters will be deeply interested if I can persuade them Red Carnehan was the author of the killings in Ristori's!"

"You mustn't!" she cried, her eyes wide, her features drawn with dismay. "You mustn't do that, Philip! Don't you understand—don't you know what will happen if you do? Red wouldn't hesitate an instant if he thought I'd—if he thought Leonora had told. He'd croak—I mean, he'd kill her, Philip!"

"Oh, come!" Philip put down his cup and tried to speak reassuringly. "You're taking this too seriously—" "I'm not. It is serious: it's life or death!" She was suddenly on her feet, gesticulating in a manner utterly out of character. Philip got up to face her, and tried to interrupt, but she wouldn't listen.



"Oh, Come!" "You're Taking This Too Seriously."

"You won't go to the police, Philip—for my sake, for Leonora's, for Mario's!" "For Mario's sake?" Philip's eyes darkened. "To be sure; I'd forgotten about Mario. And he seems to be rather a more important personage than I—"

"I—she loves him, Philip—and he loves Leonora. And his influence is good for her. I know, if you won't tell—I don't know how I know, but I do—Mario will find a way to save her, he'll get her away from those others and marry her and make her good, and make her happy, too. Give him—give both of them a chance, Philip! Please! If anything should happen to either of them, I—"

"Priscilla!" The imperative tone shocked her into momentary silence. But her attitude remained that of supplication, she still trembled in frantic anxiety and besought his generosity with pleading hands. "You won't—you promise not to go to headquarters?" "I promise. For the time being, at least, I'll keep away from the police—but on one condition . . . Are you listening?" "Yes—yes, Philip—" "You must stop this fretting—take things quietly. And you must come away from the studio with me at once, I'll see you home, and this evening—if Aunt Esther will have me—I'll drop round for dinner. After that, if you're nothing else arranged, we might do a play. If you like, I'll scare up some others and make it a box party, and afterward we can drop in at the Club de Vingt for a dance. What do you say?"

She smiled feebly, her hands sketched a sign of apology and chagrin. "I've been silly again! What have I been saying, Philip?" "It doesn't matter. Will you give me this evening and do your best to help me out?" "It sounds awfully jolly, and I'm sure it'll do me heaps of good. Philip—her eyes were dangerously kind—" "don't think me ungrateful. You're so good to me. You're such a dear . . ." "I know," said Philip with a rueful smile. "But I hope that won't be my only epitaph."

CHAPTER FOUR

The Haunting Portrait.

I. IN THE AIR.

That was the year of the impetuous spring; March brewed weather whose golden graciousness she stole from May. April brought times of summer heat, such as that afternoon when Priscilla fell asleep in the studio and dreamed her dream of terror. Days followed as rare, unseasonable enough but sweet with the warm delight of youth anticipating the richness of maturity, with nights of wonder whose winds walked suavely beneath skies of velvet, purple, dense and soft. Topcoats and heavy wraps went early and unmoored to limbo, summer furs appeared to stress the delicacy of summery frocks. Shop windows bloomed with displays of sheer and dainty fabrics exquisitely tinted, like beds of exotic flowers under glass. In between them the Avenue saw confused and distracting shows of living flowers, drifting up and down, eddying in groups, pausing lightly. And by day and night as well the Town abandoned itself to such frivolity as had no precedent in the huddled chapters of its history. Between twelve and twelve it was difficult to secure a table at any of the more favored restaurants unless one had been thoughtful enough to make reservation long in advance. Plays offering the sorriest of entertainment prospered beyond belief. At one in the morning rushing tides of motorists rendered the passage of Fifth Avenue as perilous as at five in the evening. The more retiring social life was proportionately more gay and restless, its brief post-Lenten season in cadence with a brilliance unparalleled in the memory of the most elderly idler. Everywhere there was endless feasting, dancing, coquetry, laughter, love in idleness. Announcements of engagements popped in well-nigh continuous fusillade; and after dark all the kindly shadows in the parks were murmured with the voices of humbler sweethearts. Love was in the air, as omnipresent as the dust of gold sprayed into the night by flaming sky-sights. It found few immune, none quite insensible to the preoccupation it imposed so generally. Even Priscilla, though she made no sign . . .

II. ANALYSIS.

Love worried Philip Fosldek with relentless importunity, whether he were behind the desk in his consultation room, doing his best to give his best to those unfortunates who sought him out to lay open distressed hearts and bespeak his sympathy and healing counsel, or whether he sat in solitude cudgeling his wits for insight into the mystery that shadowed the happiness of the woman he loved.

The problem mocked his shrewdest efforts. Practice and study, personal contact and observation together with close examination of cases recorded by others, had long since made him, as he believed, familiar with every phase of psychosis, hysteria and neurosis, as well as with these psychic phenomena which will at times develop in persons of seemingly normal idiosyncrasy, from simple dreaming to somnambulism in all its guises, with hallucination, trance, ecstasy, telepathy and telesthesia and the various forms of hypnosis.

However nearly akin they might be to more than one of these, what Fosldek for want of a better name continued with Priscilla to term her "dreams" persisted in defying classification by virtue of a perverse sort of intrinsic unquity. For they were in no sense true dreams, having none of the features peculiar to those fantastic inventions of the mind uncensored by waking consciousness. They were utterly without traceable relation to anything in the memory of the subject or her personal circumstances and environment. Nor were they, as is every ordinary dream, a jumble of condensed and disfigured impressions unintelligible but to the trained perceptions of the analyst. On the contrary they were, as communicated to Fosldek, coherent, dramatic, picturesque which, if they fell short of the rounded completeness of the invented story, were strikingly like reels inconspicuously viewed in some cinema of entrancing interest.

or conditions independent of the recognized channels of the senses, and also under such circumstances that no known mind external to the percipient's can be suggested as the source of the knowledge thus gained." But in either case the link was missing; there was no "known mind" with which Priscilla's could conceivably communicate with such intimate sympathy whilst she slept, but only "Leonora's."

But was "Leonora" anything more than a fancy born of subliminal recognition by Priscilla of the fact that she was the vessel of a dual personality? Or, if there were a real Leonora, what was the nature of the affinity that linked her mind with Priscilla's? Indisputably Leonora was to Priscilla living fact, a dissociate personality leading an independent and factual existence. On the other hand, constantly by word of mouth and in writing Priscilla referred to Leonora as her "other self"—a plain and direct lead to the solution expressed by the term dual personality. And (as Philip had told the girl) in the unconsidered, spontaneous phraseology of a naive subject the key to the riddle may frequently be found.

III. THE AMATEUR SLEUTH.

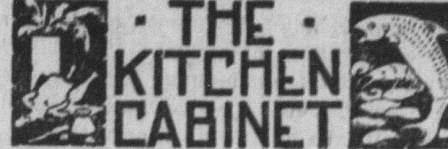
Dreading the past for the truth about Priscilla's mother brought to light nothing that seemed helpful. In twenty-odd years New York itself had changed almost beyond recognition and the constitution of its society had been made over again and again till few of the original elements remained. Then, too, the memory of man is peculiarly brief concerning the troubles of others. Henry Hohart Maine, one of the most successful of American portrait painters and in his day a conspicuous figure in the social life of the city, nevertheless had made few close friends, and of these few only one had survived him by a year or two—Philip's father, Priscilla's "aunt," Mrs. Trowbridge, being duly pumped, proved to be as ignorant as the girl had said she was concerning the marriage of her kinsman. She knew definitely that "there had been trouble," its nature, its cause, its outcome, were alike outside her knowledge and alien to her interest. Apparently she had never been anything more than a passive, an amiable self-centered soul, comforted and sustained by those delusions of personal importance which are so essential to the insignificant.

From other sources, by dint of guarded and seemingly casual but persistent gossiping in the lounges of clubs frequented by the elder generations, Fosldek learned that Maine had been regretfully guilty of a romantic indiscretion in marrying a woman of a world outside his own. But her very name had been forgotten. He found, indeed, nobody who remembered Mrs. Maine, and but few who recalled the tradition of a hot-blooded, high-spirited creature whose hopeless impatience of restraints and conventions defied all Maine's half-hearted attempts to reconcile his wife with his friends and mode of life, till, discouraged, he disappeared with her and for some years absented himself utterly from New York. Concerning this period of his life nothing definite was known; there was a suggestion that he had devoted it to travel in South America. But it was certain that he had returned with a girl child and without a wife. This last was presumed to have died, though there were whispers to the contrary, that "incompatibility" had dictated a separation. Maine never made any explanation but, it appeared, quietly resumed his place and thenceforth devoted himself steadfastly to his profession and the care of his daughter. Philip remembered him well. He lived to see Priscilla give promise of carrying on the torch of his genius, even as her dark loveliness foreshadowed something of the furor it was destined to create.

Disappointed but not discouraged, Fosldek turned to other avenues of investigation. Bound by his pledge to Priscilla not to consult the police, discreet employment of channels of information provided by a wide acquaintance among newspaper men nevertheless brought him all police headquarters knew about the Bielinsky affair. Nothing was known concerning the party in the room at Ristori's by way of which the Russian escaped after adding two murders to his score. The name of Red Carnehan had not been mentioned in connection with the crime. There was, however, such a person, a notorious gang-leader of the lower East side.

Considering it essential that he should learn more of Mr. Carnehan and his friends, and perceiving but one way to gain that information without breaking his promise to Priscilla, Philip adopted it without more hesitation. On the following morning Priscilla, calling up his office, was informed that Doctor Fosldek had been suddenly called out of town on a case of vital importance.

"Red sent me to tell yuh he wants yuh!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Let me laugh for the pure joy of living. Let me laugh like a child at his play. And the heart of the race will reserve me a place. And be glad that I traveled this way. —Liddell.

FEEDING THE FAMILY.



The children of the family, being the most important members as to proper feeding, may follow the English custom, which is ideal, of having a table of their own, where they are not permitted any compromise between what they ought to have and what they want. The result is of course sturdy, healthy youngsters. A few American families are now following this system, but the most as yet from necessity; others from indifference allow the children to eat with the family, where they usually have what they cry for, for the sake of peace at the sacrifice of manners, morals and physique.

The average housemother cannot run two sets of meals and serve at the same time the needs of the young and the desires of the old. One may restrict the diet of the elders to conform to the food which should be given the young for the two meals of the day, having dinner at noon, or let the little people have supper by themselves earlier than the evening dinner hour.

Children under five should never be given food not suited to their age and condition. The problem then is to serve meals which will be suitable for the whole family for breakfast and luncheon, and neither unbalanced nor inadequate for either child or adult. In the feeding of children consideration must be made in the difference between a child and an adult. In comparison of size the child is doing a great deal more work than the adult, but his natural appetite will take care of the amount of food needed to build the body and keep up energy. The child's food, because he has to use more, must be easily digested, more wholesome and be better balanced, or trouble will follow.

Children should have fats, such as cream, butter and olive oil, all easily digested. Plenty of fat, two ounces of butter to a pound of bread is considered a normal amount—a great factor in growth. When the child refuses to eat stop feeding or give liquid diet, and consult a physician. The child, fortunately, who has not been pampered, does not need a variety of food to stimulate the appetite, neither sauces nor condiments; "hunger is the best sauce."

Leisure misused, an idle hour waiting with no occupation, idle and empty minds with nothing to think of—these are the main temptations to evil. Fill up that empty void, employ those vacant hours, occupy those listless hands—the world is desperately in need of earnest workers—then evil will depart because it has no place to enter, because it is conquered by good.—Dean Stanley.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

The ordinary foods lose their interest try

Italian Round Steak.—Put two pounds of round steak and two ounces of beef suet through a meat chopper; add one-fourth of a cupful of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of grated onion, two well-beaten eggs; mix well and form together into balls the size of an egg. Simmer together one can of tomatoes, one cupful of water, one onion, one clove of garlic, one green pepper sliced fine, two cloves, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, a small pinch of bay leaf; after one-half hour press through a sieve. Reheat in a shallow dish; when boiling lay in the balls, cover and simmer one hour. Have ready two-thirds of a package of elbow macaroni cooked tender in salted water, drained and rinsed in water. Lift the meat balls from the dish to the center of the serving dish, surround the meat with the macaroni, pour the sauce over the macaroni, then sprinkle with half a cupful of grated cheese. Garnish with rings of green peppers.

Jellied Fruit Salad.—Soften one ounce, or two and one-half tablespoonfuls, of gelatin in half a cupful of water, and dissolve in one cupful of boiling water; add two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, one cupful of pineapple juice, and stir until the sugar is dissolved; set the liquid into a dish of ice water, and when it begins to thicken stir in six slices of canned pineapple cut in small wedge-shaped bits and two-thirds of a cupful of toky grapes cut in halves and seeded. When the mixture is thick enough to hold up the fruit turn into a mold or shallow pan. When ready to serve unmold and cut into eight pieces. Serve in crisp heart-shaped lettuce with dressing poured over it. Sprinkle with nuts and serve.

Nellie Maxwell

LUCKY STRIKE cigarette

It's toasted

VICTIMS RESCUED

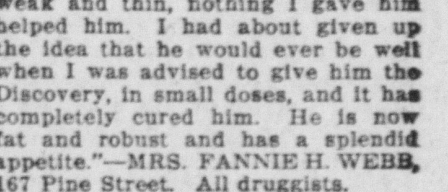
Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL MARBLE OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Thin and Weak

Johnston, Pa.—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery restored my little boy to health when all else had failed. He is about three years old and had the influenza and pneumonia from which he could not seem to recover. He could not eat and would cough so at night that he could not sleep. He became weak and thin, nothing I gave him helped him. I had about given up the idea that he would ever be well when I was advised to give him the Discovery, in small doses, and it has completely cured him. He is now fat and robust and has a splendid appetite."—MRS. FANNIE H. WEBB, 167 Pine Street. All druggists.



NEURALGIA?

Go to your druggist or dealer and ask for a package of WHITE CAPS

and get relief with no bad after effects. You can depend upon White Caps. They contain no narcotic or prohibitive drugs. Trial Size 10 cts.—Regular Size 25 cts. GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

That Came Later. "Did you hurt yourself much when the branch broke?" "Not until I reached the ground."

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Temptation's other name is an open box of chocolates on the parlor table.

Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges, that dull, throbbing backache, which dull, serious kidney weakness—serious if neglected for it might easily lead to gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back look for other proof of kidney trouble. If there are dizzy spells, headaches, tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped thousands. Satisfied users recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

A Maryland Case

Mrs. J. E. Adkins, West St., Berlin, Md., says: "I was troubled by backache. Mornings it was a hardship for me to tie my shoes or stoop over. When I tried to straighten up it seemed as if I were being stabbed with a knife. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and since taking several boxes I have had no kidney trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Baby Coughs

require treatment with a remedy that contains no opiates. PISO'S is mild but effective; pleasant to take. Ask your druggist for

PISO'S