The DARK MIRROR

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chair, facing her.

II. THE IMPOSSIBE-Continued. -19-

"Why," he broke out furiously-"If know me so well? When, suspecting perhaps, to tell me the truth." the truth-but never how hideous it was-I followed you back to New York yesterday; when I tramped for hours the streets where I had met and loved and wooed you and, as I thought, won your love; when at length I caught sight of Carnehan and dogged him from bar to bar, without his knowledge, as if tempted to strike her. until finally he reeled into that infamous place, and I, suspecting he might have had you imprisoned there, got a detail of police from the station round the corner; when we broke in, and I found you half demented with fear, and you saw me and came running into my arms: when that happened-if you were and are not Leonora-how did you know who I was, how came you at sight to cry out my name, Mario?"

She begged his charity with clasped hands.

"If you will only listen, I can explain."

With a curt nod he consented, turned his back to the fire, folded his arms. His eyes held a sardonic gleam.

"I am listening." She made impulsively to speak, but uttered never a sound. Her heart misgave her. The story she must tell, if she were to explain, was even more preposterous than that which he was refusing to credit. It would only earn his deeper scorn. Her eyes turned blank, her face expressionless.

"I am waiting," he prompted. She looked away, and drooped, discouraged, despondent.

"Forgive me," she said in a weak voice. "After all, I hardly know how to explain. I can only ask you to be kind-believe me when I tell you I'm not your wife, not Leonora." His eyebrows climbed. "Who, then,

am I to believe you are?" "My name is Priscilla Maine, I-"I know no person of that name." "No; we never met--"

"Still, you are well enough acquainted with me to use my Christian name at first sight of me-without even the formality of an introduction!"

She confessed sullenly: "I can't explain. It's impossible. But what I have told you is true: I am Priscil-

"And you, whom I have never metyou tell me-you knew so much about me that you knew I had gone to New York, promising to return in time for dinner, leaving my wife alone with the servants; you knew she had disappeared. Perhaps you knew even

Overlooking the sarcasm, she declared: "As well as I know myself." "At last!"-he offered her an ironic bow-"something I can believe!"

"You can convince yourself," she suggested, "if you will get New York on long distance, call Murray Hill twothree-six-one, and ask for Mrs. Trowbridge.'

"Well, what then?" "She will tell you her niece, Priscil-In Maine, has been missing since last night.'

"And what, pray, will that prove?" "You may listen while I talk with her. Her replies will prove I am Priscilla Maine."

He shrugged. "But you know very well there is no telephone within ten miles of this camp.'

In consternation she dropped back into her chair and sat trying to think. Would it do any good to tell him the history of her dreams? Could she herself be convinced against her will by such a story?

The answer came from Mario. "It is useless," he said wearily. "No: do not interrupt me. Say nothing

"But I must make you understand, I must!"

"No. Leonora: I already understand too well. You do not love me; and since you have found it difficult to escape me, you invent this cock-andbull yarn to spare my feelings. A mistaken kindness. No matter: you make your wish clear. I am to believe you think you are not my wife. So be it; I will believe that, but I

"Tell me what you mean." "If I am to believe that you believe you are not Leonora, I must be-Heve that you are mentally deranged." He pondered gravely: "It is possible terror and suffering have so worked

can do so only at a price."

upon you-"Mario!" she pleaded-"you can find out the truth if you'll take me to the nearest telephone-whether it's ten miles or fifty-now, tonight, in your

motor car." "It is too late. These good people hereabouts go early to their beds. Shall I disturb them for no purpose other than to humor a mad freak?"

"Then let me go-" "Alone?"

"I'm not afraid." "But I am afraid for you. Remember how I found you last night, in him, he hesitated. peril of your life. Shall I trust you again to run yourself into God knows what danger? You need not ask that of me. Leonora."

"What am I to do?" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Compose yourself. Go to your

or possibly you will see how futile it you do not know me, how is it you is to try to deceive me: you will want,

"I have told you nothing else!" "Then confess to the whole truth: You do not love me."

She was dumb. A gust of rage shook him violently. Standing over her with hot eyes in a blazing face he raised quivering arms

"Confess!" "I can't," she said sadly.

The statement was like a slap to him, its sheer simplicity rendering it the more stupefying. He started, gaped, his arms fell, then rose to seize her shoulders. "What did you say?" he demanded,

his voice breaking. "You love me?" She nodded with swimming eyes and the quivering mouth of a child. He tried to draw her to him, but she held back. "No Mario-please!"

ou still love me!" She endured his gaze with an adorable bravery. "I have always loved you-ever since Leonora loved you-and as well."

"But you have just admitted that

"Then you still insist---?" "I am not your wife, I have never seen you before tonight except-She stammered into silence. If it were humanly possible to render the situation more impossible than it was, she could achieve that by rounding out the phrase that had died on her lips:

"except in-dreams." "Except---?" "Please don't ask me. I can't tell you-not tonight. Tomorrow, perhaps. Mario: please be kind to me now, let

me go. His hands fell away from her shoulders. "Perhaps you are right," he said heavily. "If this goes on, I myself must go mad!"

"Then be pitiful to me, be still more kind. Take me to New York tonight, take me to my aunt, Mrs. Trowbridge

"What?" His tone changed again, becoming thick with resentment and suspicion. "You are at that again?



"Confess!"

Undeceive yourself: it is useless, cannot comprehend your motive . But I forget, you are not yourself. You have not yet recovered, you need more rest. Go to your room, please. In the morning we will both be better able to continue this discussionor you may have forgotten it, please God !"

She could not blame him, and yet. : "Do you mean this, Mario? You refuse to give me a chance to prove

"Absolutely." "If not tonight, won't you promise to take me to New York tomorrow

"You will stay here until you come to your senses. I have a right to know the truth-and I will have it out of you if it takes a year-or a lifetime!" He turned his back. She moved to

ward her door. "Good night," she said. He made no answer. She went on.

Of a sudden, with a choking cry, he overtook and crushed her to him. "Oh. my dear one!" he cried in agony -"to think what you have suffered to bring you to this pass!"

She was able to withhold response, to rest passive in his hold,

"You love me?" She made no answer. With a hand beneath her chin, he lifted her face to his, but her look discountenanced

'Please, Mario, not my lips-not again tonight-not till we understand each other better."

He let her go. She found herself on the threshold of the bedchamber. She looked back. To see him standing

room, rest quietly for tonight. In the | slack, his head fallen forward, chin | then at the other, till her limbs were morning, possibly, you will feel better, to chest, crushed by his vast disconsolation-that wrung her heart. But what must be, must . . .

III. THE CAPTIVE. The key was on her side of the door: she was none the less a prisoner. She knew, even as the door closed

behind her, what she must do, and

when. Her mind was made up to make good her escape before morning. The mere suggestion was appalling. She dared not dwell long upon the difficulties it presented lest resolution weaken. To her own knowledge of her whereabouts, she was lost completely-going on Mario's information ten miles from nowhere. But there was a road; a road must lead somewhere. She was young and strong enough to walk ten miles if she must, farther at a pinch. And the occasion was extreme: she dared not let herself be deterred by any obstacle or

any danger, real or fanciful. She was too desperately in love . . She could hear Mario in the living room, pacing to and fro; she could picture to herself the man in the torment of his solicitude for her, fretted by mystification and the feeling of frustration. "She imagined that her pulses throbbed in time with those unhasting, unresting footfalls. The temptation to go out to him and comfort him was all but stronger than her instinct for self-preservation;

What did it matter whether Priscilla Maine survived or perished, so that he were not made unhappy?

After all, what did she care whether he loved her by this name or by that, so that he loved her? Leonora was no more. Carnehan's

confession had confirmed Priscilla's clairvoyant knowledge of her death. No harm would be done to any living soul if she took his love for Leonora and made it her own; Mario himself would not be wronged; for the dead could have loved him no better than the living did and would, and all his sadness would become gladness and his sufferings he assuaged.

Aware-though she denied it-of the abyss that yawned for her, she was constrained by sheer might of will to put away thoughts such as these. She had needed to remind herself

in a love that was won by fraud With determination she attacked the problem: How to escape?

Her bedchamber had three windows and, aside from that which opened on the living room, two doors, of which one gave access to the bathroom, the other to Mario's room, which in turn opened on the living room again. With infinite stealth she closed and locked that door

Two of the windows looked out on the front of the bungalow, the third on the side. All were fitted with wire screens to be raised and lowered like ordinary glazed sashes. But the wood had swollen since their installation; she could not budge any of them. And when she thought of cutting the wire out of the frame, she found no tool better suited to her needs than a pair of curved nunicure scissors.

the living room, And Mario was there. She would have to be patient, If he felt as little disposed for bed as she, after her day-long sleep, she would have long to wait.

She ransacked Leonora's slender wardrobe without finding any clothing more suitable for her flight than the dress she had on. Apparently Leonora had found time to do but little shopping for herself. She had not needed many things to wear, so farfrom civilization. Presumably she had meant to wait till their return to

In the end Priscilla selected a longmotoring coat of darkish stuff, rather heavy, but not too heavy for night in the hills. She found it not uncomfortable, indeed, when she sat down to wait beside one of the windows.

She had extinguished the candles which seemed to be the only means of Illumination the bungalow boasted. The room was black, blacker far than the night that glimmered beyond the screens. A few stars were visible, not many, only enough—as the phrase runs -to make the darkness visible. In the beginning Priscilla could distinguish nothing but the stars. After some time she was able to make out the profile of the surrounding forest, dense against the sky. It was hours before she could see more .

She sat quite still, in the lassitude of melancholy, lonely in the company of her thoughts.

Once Marlo came to the door and apped softly, calling on Leonora by her name.

Priscilla made no sound. He was soon discouraged, and did not repeat the overfure.

Shortly after one o'clock Mario went to his room, and for several minutes candlelight shone at the bottom of the communicating door like the minted im of a golden coin. When it went out she heard him close the door to the living-room. Whether he had returned to the latter or had gone to bed, she could not guess. Though she where she had left him, his arms crouched, listening, first at one door,

cramped, she heard no more sounds beyond either.

The night grew bitterly cold. Discomfort as much as impatience at length overruled timidity and caution. Warlly opening the living-room door, she found Mario seated in a

IV. FLIGHT.

He had placed the chair within a yard of the door. His feet, as he sat with legs extended, ankles crossed, were almost on the threshold. She could hardly pass without stepping over them. He made no offer to move. Indeed, he did not stir a finger. His hands were clasped before him, his head rested on the high back of the chair, his face was masked in deep shadow, the deeper for the fire directly behind him, across the room, whose dying glow furnished the only light

It was a long minute before his measured breathing revived her courage. She sidled out noiselessly in her stockinged feet, watching him suspiciously. But the sleep that follows an emotional crisis, always profound. annulled the precautions he had taken to prevent precisely what was hap-

At the edge of the veranda she delayed long enough to take her slippers from the pockets of the motoring wrap and put them on. Then she stepped down to the soft turf and sped swiftly round the bungalow to the garage.

Its doors were open-as she already knew, for a view of the garage was commanded by the side window of Leonora's bedchamber, Cold moonlight, slanting in, picked out the blind lamps of the car and the bright work of bonnet and windshield.

With a thumping heart she slipped into the driver's sent and groped for. the lighting and ignition controls of the dash. The luck seemed to be with her now; the switchboard had not been locked.

Her foot depressed the starting pedal, and in the great hush the willing drum of the motor reverberated like a long roll heralding the Trump of Doom. Simultaneously meshing the gears in first speed. Priscilla let the clutch in somewhat too suddenly. The car jumped like a startled animal and leaped out of the garage. She heard, or thought she heard, a shout from within the bungalow, and in her haste bungled the shift to second speed, so that the gears ground and screeched infernally. Nevertheless, the car moved down to the road at a swifter, smoother pace.

In passing she saw, out of the corner of her eye, Mario run out onto the veranda, pause, then dash madly toward the car. She bore heavily on the accelerator and made the third shift smoothly enough, an instant later rounding into the rond on not more than two wheels. Angry shouts in the rear told her that Mario had failed to overtake her.

To a moderate store of amateurish driving ability alone she owed not one but a dozen breath-taking escapes. The road twisted and turned in a way to Her only way out, then, was through | test the ability of a skilled hand at the wheel, in the first few miles seldom running straight for as much as two hundred yards. The grade grew by degrees less dangerous, however, the road less serpentine; there were presently stretches of almost level run-

After a time the road forked, and perhaps two miles farther on it forked again. Being utterly ignorant of the lay of the and, but guessing that the valley was on ner right, Priscilla in both instances took the right-hand track. Well beyond the second fork the car dropped swiftly down a short but steep declivity, and, before she could see her danger and apply the brakes, plunged into mud above the rims, Laboring heavily, ft stopped dead. After a few convulsive heaves the engine sighed and stalled. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Calm Level. I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but remember it is not the billows. but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed, and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and the surveyor take the level from which to measure terrestrial heights and depths. When the emotion of the hour has subsided, we shall find that calm level of public opinion below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are tob be measured, and by which their final action will be determined -James A. Garfield,

Matter of Principle. A good many widows get married just to show that they can, and not because of any particular liking for what they get.

Turns Out That Way. "How's the new play getting along?" "Oh, there's the devil to pay about It because we can't get an angel."

The Kitchen Cabinet 7

in pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others.—Henry Drummond.

FOODS FOR THE CHILDREN.

For desserts grapenuts used in place of nuts or even in salads makes a desirable substitute that will

not hurt children. Our best authorities upon dietaries for children tell us that cereals should never be sugared,

but use dates, figs, prunes and such dried fruits, cooked with the cereal. They furnish the sugar need and are more wholesome. The seeds of the Adv. figs, the woody fiber of the date and prune add bulk to food and help to keep the bowels active. A child who is well nourished with good fruit, dried or fresh, will not so often crave candy.

Cornstarch pudding made with egg and milk with a little sugar to sweeten. served with cream and sugar, with cubes of jelly for a garnish, with half of a peach or pear served on top of

the pudding. Cocoa made entirely of milk will often be taken when milk will be refused. Bread puddings made with egg. milk, a few dates, figs or raisins and and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and serve with cream.

Plain sponge cake unfrosted. Milk toast with a white sauce made of Everywhere 25c each.-Adv. cream or milk, thickened or not. The more one can add to milk in flour and bufter, the more the food value is increased.

Graham crackers buttered and put together as sandwiches. Graham crackers dotted with marshmallows and baked until they puff makes a safe confection or one that takes the place of candy.

Desserts suitable for growing children never include pastry of any kind, or rich cakes or puddings. Fruits, fresh and cooked, with cake, custards, taploca with fruit, gelatin dishes, ice cream, water ices and other simple combinations are permissible.

Sometimes the most wholesome of foods disagree; each child should be studied as a · special problem and watched from day to day. Anything which retards growth leaves a weak link which may not appear until later

Who neither labor nor trouble shirks; Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes; one who wins is the one who

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.



thick layer of crumbs or a paste of flour and water; stick in a few cloves. Place the ham in a roaster or dripping pan with one pint of good sweet cider heated hot. Place in the oven and bake an hour, basting occasionally with the cider in the pan. Serve bot for the first meal, using the cider sauce. The bone may be used after all the meat has been served to boil with a cupful of split peas and half an onion for a half day, making a fine pea soup. Or the bone may be used boiled with cabbage, carrots, potatoes, turnips for a boiled dinner. Any leftover bits of fat should be

carefully saved, fried out and used to fry potatoes. Ham Pie,-Boll, mash, season and beat enough potatoes to nearly fill a baking dish. Butter the dish well and put in a layer of the potato an inch thick, cover with a four-inch layer of minced ham, sprinkle a bit of mustard over the ham and one-half of a clove of garlic finely minced. Cover with another layer of potato. Smooth the top and mark off in squares with a silver fork. Dot with bits of butter and bake in a good hot oven until

Pigeon Cutlets.-Cut pigeons in halves, through the breast and the back : let simmer until tender ; press under a weight, first removing any bones which disturb the shape; retain the leg bone. When cold, egg and crumb and cook in hot fat. Serve with boiled onions, carrots or canned peas. Make a brown sauce of the broth, adding to it current jelly. Dried mushrooms may be cooked with the pigeons, improving the flavor. Onion Sandwich.-Lay thin slices of

southern onion in cold water to crisp, then wipe dry and cover with a highly seasoned salad dressing, let stand ten minutes and place between slices of buttered bread. Serve at once. Tasty Sandwich Filling .- Add two tablespoonfuls of cold water gradually to three tablespoonfuls of peanut butter to make it smooth enough to spread. Beat until creamy and add two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup. Mix thoroughly and spread on thin slices of bread.

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