



The Hollow of Her Hand by George Barr McCutcheon

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The ONLOOKER by HENRY HOWLAND The DIFFICULT PART

SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies her body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected.

"Good heavens, Viv!" he cried un-comfortably. "I-I had no idea you cared..." "Cared!" she cried, as he paused.

"Oh, you are away off in your conclusions, Viv." "Time will tell," was her cabalistic rejoinder.

"Certainly," he said, watching her closely. Was the break about to come? "I will stop for you at nine."

He was staring at her with dilated eyes. Slowly the truth was being borne in upon him. "The woman was-Hetty?" came hoarsely from his stiffening lips.

It's easy to be truthful when it doesn't pay to be. And it's easy to be patient when your enemy is strong.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

The weeks slipped by. He was with her almost daily. Other people came to her house, some for rather protracted visits, others in quest of pillage at the nightly bridge table.

Her Eyes Were Moody, Her Voice Rather Lifeless.

trying to think of a trivial remark, her laugh came to him again over the wire, followed by a drawing "good night," and then the sighing of the wind over the "open" wire.

WOULD MARK ALL CRIMINALS FOUND STONE AGE CEMETERY

Woman's Suggestion to Mayor of New York Is to Have Them All Appropriately Tattooed.

Recent Discovery in Italian Province Will Arouse Keen Interest Among Archeologists.

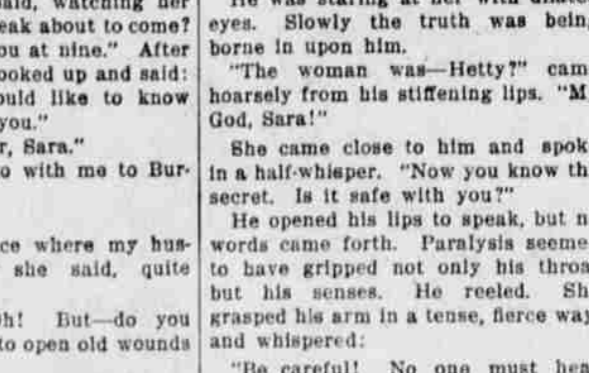
A burial place of the Stone Age has just been found by Prof. Dall'Onso of Ancona, in the Valle Vibrata (province of Abruzzi), Italy.



He was too wise to venture an opinion. "I assure you she has no designs on me."

He dropped suddenly upon the trunk. The central figures in the picture as they actually appeared on that secret night.

He was waiting for her in the open doorway. A shaft of bright sunlight from a window at the end of the hall fell upon her.



CHAPTER XVII.

Once More at Burton's Inn. Again Sara Wrاندall found herself in that never-to-be-forgotten room at Burton's inn.

Getting a Man's Measure.

"I wonder how I can find out whether he really and truly loves me?" "That's easy. Treat him as you would treat a dog that you didn't care for, and if he keeps on wanting to be things to make you happy it will be a sure sign that he really loves you."

Always Under Suspicion.

I never take a glass of wine. I don't indulge in smoking. The highball! None of that in mine. My friends, I am not joking.

Too Much of a Risk.

"I have a chance to marry an old man who has lots of money." "Why don't you?" "He hasn't any bad habits, and comes of a long-lived family."

She Was Misinformed.

"I hear," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that they are to have a hygienic wedding." "Are they?" replied Mrs. Dotchdown. "I s'posed it was to be at high noon."



It's easy to be happy when you have a cause to fret. It's easy to shut doors when you've neither acts nor courage.

OLD AGE AND ITS CAUSES.

Their old age is not caused by the lapse of time, but is the result of a weakness.

Always Under Suspicion.

I do not know the taste of beef. I don't indulge in brandy. I wish to also make it clear that I abstain from candy.

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