

The Howl of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

SYNOPSIS

Charlie Randall is found murdered in his room. The coroner, Dr. Sherriff, is called to the scene. The coroner, Dr. Sherriff, is called to the scene. The coroner, Dr. Sherriff, is called to the scene.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"You're sure it's the coroner, shaking his head. It's a terrible thing that's happened to you, especially as he tracks have been pretty well covered."

"I believe he's got away without leaving a single sign behind her," acknowledged the sheriff. "She's a wonder that she'll do that."

At that instant the door opened and Mrs. Randall appeared, she stopped short, confronting the coroner, who, she was sure, had seen her husband.

"What's gone on here?" she asked, her face pale as death.

"The coroner is here to examine the body of your husband," said the sheriff.

"Who's the coroner?" she asked.

"The coroner is Dr. Sherriff," said the sheriff.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"He is in the room," said the sheriff.

"I'll go with you," she said.

"You must stay here," said the sheriff.

"I'll go with you," she said.

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confronted her on this dreadful night, and she faced it with a fortitude that seemed almost unhuman. She looked at the coroner, who was a tall, thin man with a long nose and a thin mustache. He was dressed in a dark suit and a white shirt with a high collar. He looked at her with a cold, unfeeling gaze.

"What's gone on here?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"The coroner is here to examine the body of your husband," said the sheriff.

"Who's the coroner?" she asked.

"The coroner is Dr. Sherriff," said the sheriff.

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"If you will step outside you will find one of the sheriff's deputies in my automobile, he has just arrived," said Mrs. Randall.

"Oh," he gasped. "I heard 'em say you were coming up tonight. Well, say, 'What do you think of it?'"

"No, ma'am. Seven-thirty in the first."

"She waited a moment. 'Then I shall go to bed. I'll be up early in the morning. I'll be up early in the morning. I'll be up early in the morning.'

"The figure advanced and then moved a few steps forward. Blinded by the lights, she bent her head and closed her eyes with her hand the better to glimpse the occupant of the car.

"Are you looking for me?" she cried shrilly, at the same time spreading her arms as if in surrender. It was almost a year that she had been waiting for her garments were covered with mud; and small, comely but in a sad disorder; looking white of face and with a look of intense suffering.

"Mrs. Randall caught her breath. Her heart began to beat once more. "Who are you? What do you want of me?" she asked.

"The girl started. She had not expected to hear the voice of a woman. She staggered to the side of the road, out of the line of light.

"I beg your pardon," she cried. "I am sorry to have disturbed you."

"You are a woman?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Seven-thirty in the first."

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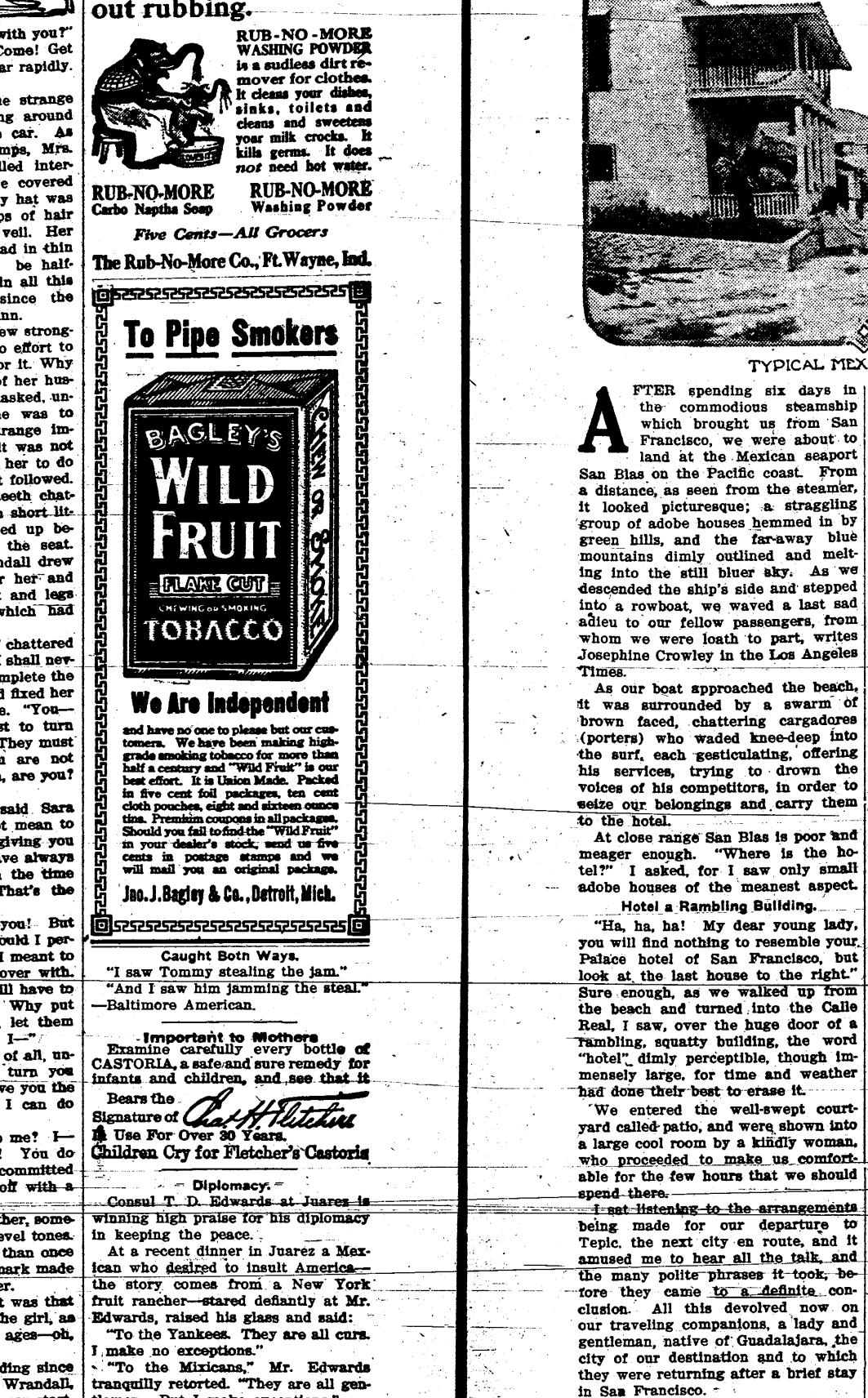
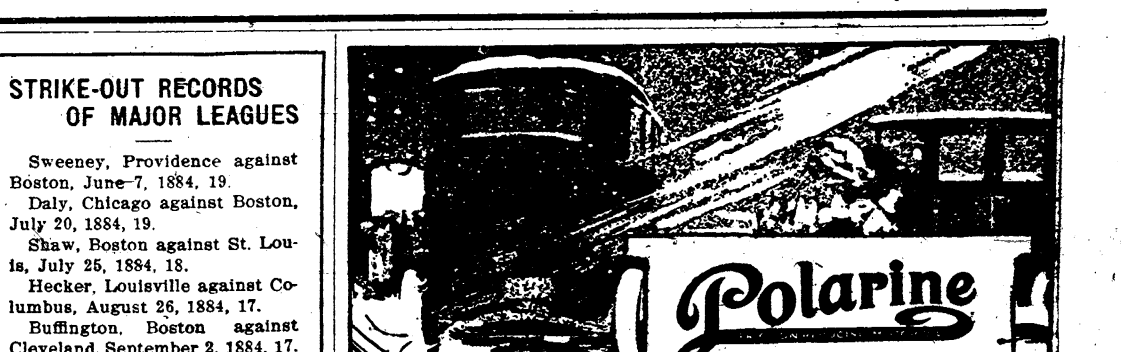
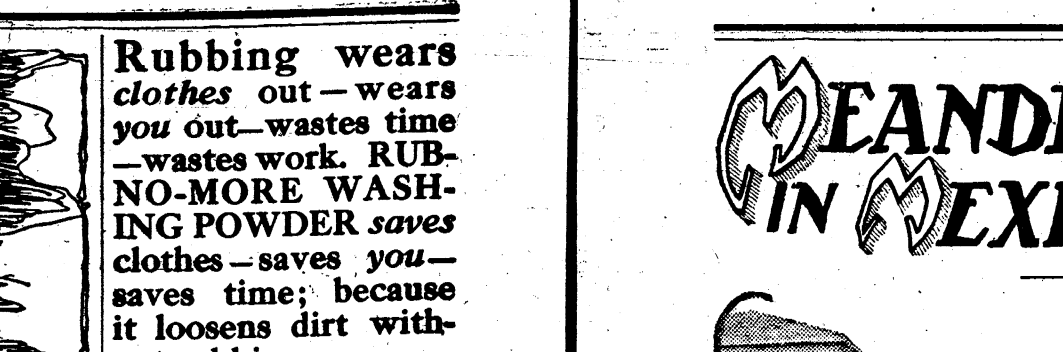
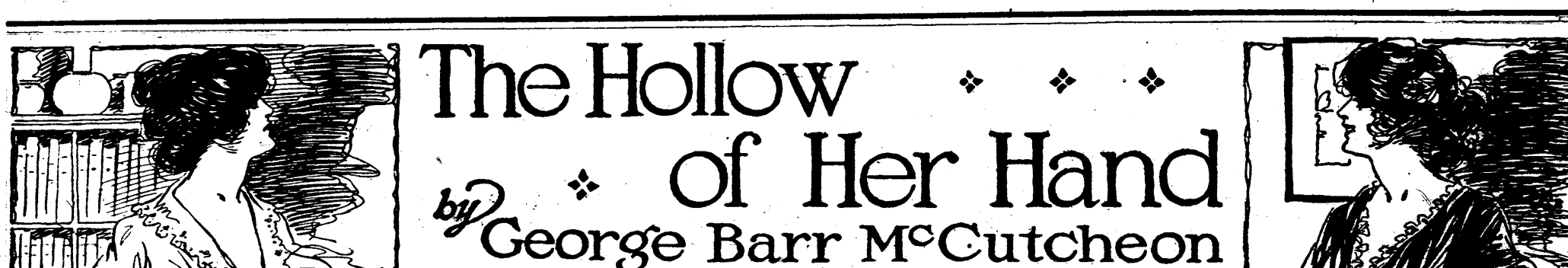
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NOTES OF THE DIAMOND

Unlucky Bill Hart will retire from the National League this year.

Notes of the Diamond

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CHAPTER II

CHAPTER III

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER V

