



# HEARTS AND MASKS

By HAROLD MacGRATH  
Author of "The Man on the Box," etc.  
With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

I drew out my wallet. I had arrived in town too late to go to the bank, and I was carrying an uncomfortably large sum in gold-bills. As I opened the wallet to extract a small bill, I saw the stranger eyeing me quietly. Well, well, the dullest being brightens at the sight of money and its representatives. I drew out a small bill and handed it to the proprietor. He took it, together with the mask, and sidled over to the cash register. The bell gave forth a muffled sound, not unlike that of a fire-bell in a snowstorm. As he was in the act of wrapping up my purchase, I observed the silent customer's approach. When he reached my side, he stooped and picked up something from the floor. With a bow, he presented it to me.

"I saw it drop from your pocket," he said; and then when he saw what it was, his jaw fell, and he sent me a hot, penetrating glance.

"The ten of hearts!" he exclaimed, in amazement.

I laughed easily.

"The ten of hearts!" he repeated.

"Yes; four hearts on one side and four on the other, and two in the middle, which make ten in all,—rally in my tones. What the deuce was the matter with everybody tonight? "Marvelous card, isn't it?"

"Very strange!" he murmured, pulling at his lips.

"And in what way is it strange?" I asked, rather curious to learn the cause of his agitation.

"There are several reasons,"—briefly.

"Ah!"

"I have seen a man's hand pinned to that card; therefore it is gruesome."

"Some card sharper?"

He nodded. "Then again, I lost a small fortune because of that card,"—diffidently.

"Poker?"

"Yes. Why will a man try to fill a royal flush? The man next to me drew the ten of hearts, the very card I needed. The sight of it always un-nerves me. I beg your pardon."

"Oh, that's all right," said I, wondering how many more lies he had up this sleeve.

"And there's still another reason. I saw a man put six bullets into the two central spots, and an hour later the seventh bullet snuffed the candle of a friend of mine. I am from the west."

"I can sympathize with you," I returned. "After all that trouble, the sight of the card must have given you a shock."

Then I stowed away the fatal card and took up my bundle and change. I have in my own time tried to fill royal flushes, and the disappointment still lingers with a bitter taste.

"The element of chance is the most fascinating thing there is," the stranger from the west volunteered.

"So it is," I recalled, suddenly recalling that I was soon to put my trust in the hands of that very fickle goddess.

He nodded and returned to his revolvers, while I went out of the shop, hailed a cab, and drove up town to my apartments in Riverside. It was eight o'clock by my watch. I leaned back against the cushions, ruminating. There seemed to be something going on that night; the ten of hearts was acquiring a mystifying, not to say sinister aspect. First it had alarmed the girl in Mouquin's, and now this stranger in the curio-shop. I was confident that the latter had lied in regard to his explanations. The card had startled him, but his reasons were altogether of transparent thinness. A man never likes to confess that he is unlucky at cards; there is a certain pride in lying about the enormous stakes you have won and the wonderful draws you have made. I frowned. It was not possible for me to figure out what his interest in the card was. If he was a westerner, his buying a pistol in a pawnshop was at once disclosed its mystery; but the inconsistent elegance of his evening clothes doubled my suspicions. Bah! What was the use of troubling myself with this stranger's affairs? He would never cross my path again.

A reasonable time the cab drew up in front of my apartments. I dressed, donned my Capucian's robe and took a look at myself in the pier glass. Then I unwrapped the package and put on the mask. The whole made a capital outfit and I was vastly pleased with myself. This was going to be such an adventure as one reads about in the ancient numbers of Blackwood's! I slipped the robe and mask into my suitcase and lighted my pipe. During great moments like this, a man gathers courage and confidence from a pipeful of tobacco. I dropped into a comfortable Morris, touched the

gas logs, and fell into a pleasant dream. It was not necessary for me to start for the Twenty-third street ferry till nine; so I had something like three-quarters of an hour to idle away. . . . What beautiful hair that girl had! It was like sunshine, the silk of corn, the yield of the harvest. And the marvelous abundance of it! It was true that she was an artist's model; it was equally true that she had committed a mild impropriety in addressing me as she had; but, for all I could see, she was a girl of delicate breeding, doubtless one of the many whose family fortunes, or misfortunes, forced them to earn a living. And it is no disgrace these days to pose as an artist's model. The classic oils, nowadays, call only for exquisite creations in gowns and hats; mythology was exhausted by the old masters. Rome, Paris, London; possibly a bohemian existence in these cities accounted for her ease in striking up a conversation, harmless enough, with a total stranger. In Paris and Rome it was all very well; but it is a risky thing to do in unromantic New York and London. However, her uncle had been with her; a veritable fortress, had I overstepped the bounds of politeness.

The smoke wavered and rolled about me. I took out the ten of hearts and studied it musingly. After all, should I go? Would it be wise? I confess I saw goblins' heads peering from the spots, and old Poe stories returned to me. Pshaw! It was only a frolic, no serious harm could possibly come of it. I would certainly go, now I had gone thus far. What fool idea the girl was bent on I hadn't the least idea; but I easily recognized the folly upon which I was about to set sail. Heigh-ho! What was a lonely young bachelor to do? At the most, they

my opera hat. Outside the storm was still active; but the snow had a promising softness, and there were patches of stars to be seen here and there in the sky. By midnight there would be a full moon. I got to Jersey City without mishap; and when I took my seat in the smoker, I found I had ten minutes to spare. I bought a newspaper and settled down to read the day's news. It was fully half an hour between Jersey City and Blankshire; in that time I could begin and finish the paper.

There never was a newspaper those days that hadn't a war map in some one of its columns; and when I had digested the latest phases of the war in the far east, I quite naturally turned to the sporting page to learn what was going on among the other professional fighters. (Have I mentioned to you the fact that I was all through the Spanish war, the mix-up in China, and that I had resigned my commission to accept the post of traveling salesman for a famous motor car company? If I have not, pardon me. You will now readily accept my recklessness of spirit as a matter of course.) I turned over another page; from this I learned that the fair sex was going back to puff-sleeves again. Many an old sleeve was going to be turned upside down.

Fudge! The train was rattling through the yards. Another page cracked. Ha! Here was that unknown gentleman-thief again, up to his old tricks. It is remarkable how difficult it is to catch a thief who has good looks and shrewd brains. I had already written him down as a quasi-swell. For months the police had been finding clues, but they had never laid eyes on the rascal. The famous Haggerty of the New York detective force,—a man whom not a dozen New

## AILING WOMEN.

### Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. G. Davis, of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Back-aches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headaches were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong and my general health better." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Jews in Senate Chamber.

Simon Guggenheim will be the sixth Jew to sit as a member in the United States senate. The first Jew chosen to that honor was David Yules, who represented Florida from March, 1840, to March, 1853. He was born in the West Indies and his name was David Levy, by which he was known when he was elected as a member of the house of representatives in 1841. The second Jew in the senate was Judah P. Benjamin, who served from 1852 to 1857. He also was born in the West Indies. He represented Louisiana. Benjamin F. Jonas was born in Kentucky and represented Louisiana in the senate. Joseph Simon was a senator from Oregon from 1898 to 1903. Isidor Rayner was chosen as a senator from Maryland in 1904.

## CHINESE HAD FIRST ZOO.

### Institution of Menageries Was Due to Two Incentives.

The Chinese had the first zoo. Menageries are thought to owe their origin partly to the cult of sacred animals and partly to the ambition of rulers to possess specimens of rare and valuable creatures from foreign lands or savage beasts from their own. In the simplest forms zoological gardens were one of the earliest developments of culture, and were familiar to the Chinese, Indians, Greeks, Romans, and pre-Spanish Mexicans in ancient times. The oldest recorded menagerie is Chinese, dating from 1150 B. C. The den of lions kept by Darius, as described in the book of Daniel, is an example of one of those primitive menageries, while the cult of sacred white horses by the ancient Greeks and Romans and that of so-called white elephants in Burma and Siam are instances of a second type. A live giraffe was received at the menagerie of Schonbrunn as early as 1828.

## PROFESSOR HAD LAST LAUGH.

### Final Erasure Neatly Turned Joke on Students.

President Hadley, of Yale, was talking about his student days. "I remember a stately and venerable professor," he said, "upon whom some sophomores once tried to play a trick. "The professor, one morning, being unable to attend to his class on account of a cold, wrote on the black-board: "Dr. Dash, through indisposition, is unable to attend to his classes to-day." "The students erased one letter in this notice, making it read: "Dr. Dash, through indisposition, is unable to attend to his asses to-day." "But it happened a few minutes later that the professor returned for a box he had forgotten. Amid a roar of laughter he detected the change in his notice, and, approaching the black-board calmly erased one letter in his turn. "Now the notice read: "Dr. Dash, through indisposition, is unable to attend to his asses to-day." MAY BE COFFEE

## That Causes all the Trouble.

When the house is afire, it's like a body when disease begins to show, it's no time to talk but time to act—delay is dangerous—remove the cause of the trouble at once.

"For a number of years," says a Kansas lady, "I felt sure that coffee was hurting me, and yet, I was so fond of it, I could not give it up. I paltered with my appetite and of course yielded to the temptation to drink more. At last I got so bad that I made up my mind I must either quit the use of coffee or die.

"Everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered severely almost all the time with palpitation of the heart. I frequently woke up in the night with the feeling that I was almost gone,—my heart seemed so smothered and weak in its action that I feared it would stop beating. My breath grew short and the least exertion set me to panting. I slept but little and suffered from rheumatism.

"Two years ago I stopped using the old kind of coffee and began to use Postum Food Coffee, and from the very first I began to improve. It worked a miracle! Now I can eat anything and digest it without trouble. I sleep like a baby, and my heart beats full, strong and easily. My breathing has become steady and normal, and my rheumatism has left me. I feel like another person, and it is all due to quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee, for I haven't used any medicine and none would have done any good as long as I kept drugging with coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a Reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. All grocers.



Took a Look at Myself in the Glass.

could only ask me to vacate the premises, should I be so unfortunate as to be discovered. In that event, Teddy Hamilton would come to my assistance. She was really beautiful! And then I awoke to the alarming fact that the girl in Mouquin's was interesting me more than I liked to confess.

Presently, through the haze of smoke, I saw a patch of white paper on the rug in front of the pier glass. I arose and picked it up.

NAME Hawthorne  
COSTUME Blue Domino  
TIME 5:30 P. M.  
RETURNED \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS West 57th Street  
F R I A R D ' S

I stared at the bit of pasteboard, fascinated. How the deuce had this got into my apartments? A Blue Domino? Ha! I had it! Old Friard had accidentally done up the ticket with my mask. A Blue Domino; evidently I wasn't the only person who was going to a masquerade. Without doubt this fair demoiselle was about to join the festivities of some shop-girl's masquerade, where money and pedigree are inconsequent things, and where everybody is either a "loidy" or a "gent." Persons who went to my kind of masquerade did not rent their costumes; they laid out extravagant sums to the fashionable modiste and tailor, and had them made to order. A Blue Domino: humph!

It was too late to take the ticket back to Friard's; so I determined to mail it to him in the morning. It was now high time for me to be off. I got into my coat and took down

York policemen knew by sight and no criminals save those behind bars, earthly and eternal,—was now giving his whole attention to the affair. Some gaily dressed lady at a ball would suddenly find she had lost some valuable gems; and that would be the end of the affair, for none ever recovered her gems.

The gentleman-thief was still at large, and had gathered to his account a comfortable fortune; that is, if he were not already rich and simply a kleptomaniac. No doubt he owned one of my racing cars, and was clear of the delinquent lists at his clubs. I dismissed all thought of him, threw aside the paper, and mentally figured out my commissions on sales during the past month. It was a handsome figure, large enough for two. This pastime, too, soon failed to interest me. I gazed out of the window and watched the dark shapes as they sped past.

I saw the girl's face from time to time. What a fool I had been not to ask her name! She could easily have refused, and yet as easily have granted the request. At any rate, I had permitted the chance to slip out of my reach, which was exceedingly careless on my part. Perhaps they—she and her uncle—frequently dined at Mouquin's; I determined to haunt the place and learn. It would be easy enough to address her the next time we met. Besides, she would be curious to know all about the ten of hearts and the desperate adventure upon which I told her I was about to embark. Many a fine friendship has grown out of smaller things. To be Continued.

### Carry Much Freight.

One of the largest lake steamships can carry about as much freight as four of the most powerful locomotives can pull in four trains, on a level rail road of the best construction.

### "Soap Sense."

The difference in cost between a poor toilet soap and a good toilet soap such as Buchan's soap, is a cent or two per week. The difference in results, though, cannot be measured in money. The cheap soap made from impure fat and powerful alkali, irritates the skin and results in all kinds of skin trouble. Buchan's Antiseptic Soap, however, is not only absolutely pure and a fine cleanser, but it contains Phenol Absolut, an ideal antiseptic protecting the user against contamination. If your dealer does not keep it send his name and address with 18 cents to Buchan's Soap Corporation, New York, and they will send you a full size cake.

### United States' Banking Power.

The banking power of the United States, capital, surplus and circulation, as revealed by Comptroller Ridgely's 1906 report, is \$16,462,470,465. All foreign countries combined have a banking power of only \$22,952,500,000, or only \$6,490,029,535 more than that of the United States alone. In 16 years the United States has increased its banking power by 219 per cent, against 102.6 per cent. increase in that of all foreign countries combined.

### Caution.

Imitations have been placed upon the market so closely resembling Alcock's Plasters in general appearance as to be well calculated to deceive. It is, however, in general appearance only that they compare with Alcock's, for they are not only lacking in the best elements which have made Alcock's so efficient, but are often harmful in their effects. Remember that Alcock's are the original and only genuine porous plasters—the best external remedy known—and when purchasing plasters the only safe way is to always insist upon having Alcock's.

A man will remember the kiss he failed to get long after the others are forgotten.

## NERVOUS HEADACHES

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Cure Most Cases and Should Interest Every Reader.

Nobody who has not endured the suffering caused by nervous headache can realize the awful agony of its victims. Worst of all, the ordinary treatment cannot be relied upon to cure nor even to give relief. Some doctors will say that if a person is subject to these headaches there is nothing that can be done to prevent their recurrence.

Nervous headaches, as well as neuralgia, are caused by lack of nutrition—the nerves are starved. The only way to feed the nerves is through the blood and it is in this way that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished so many remarkable cures.

Mrs. Addie Merrill, of 39 Union Street, Auburn, Me., says: "For years I suffered from nervous headaches, which would come on me every five or six weeks and continue for several days. The pain was so severe that I would be obliged to go to bed for three or four days each time. It was particularly intense over my right eye. I tried medicines but got no relief. I had no appetite and when the headache passed away I felt as if I had been sick for a month. My blood was thin and I was pale, weak and reduced in weight.

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a paper and decided to try them. I first noticed that they began to give me an appetite and I commenced to gain in weight and color. My headaches stopped and have not returned and I have never felt so well as I do now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



A. N. K.—C (1907—6) 2164.

## MOTHERHOOD

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### Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

has been the standby of American mothers in preparing for childbirth. Note what Mrs. James Chester, of 427 W. 35th St., New York says in this letter:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wish every expectant mother knew about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A neighbor who had learned of its great value at this trying period of a woman's life urged me to try it and I did so, and I cannot say enough in regard to the good it did me. I recovered quickly and am in the best of health now."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a successful remedy for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women. It has cured almost every form of Female Complaints, Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation, Ulcerations and Organic Diseases of Women and is invaluable in preparing for Childbirth and during the Change of Life.

### Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

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