

OUR SERIAL

HEARTS AND MASKS

By HAROLD MacGRATH Author of "The Man on the Box," etc.

With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Next, turning from the window, I fell to examining my fellow passengers, in the hope of seeing some one I knew. Conversation on trains makes short journeys...

Behind him sat a fellow with a countenance as red and round and complacent as an English butler's...

Then my thought reverted to the ten of hearts again. My ten of hearts! The wrinkle of a chill ran up and down my spine! My ten of hearts!

No turning back for me now. I picked up by suit case and got out. On the platform I saw the curio-shop fellow again. Tramping on ahead...

"Any baggage, sir?" asked one of the station hands.

"No." But I asked him to direct me to a hotel. He did so.

I made my way down the street. The wind had veered around and was coming in from the sea, pure and cold.

"Hush! This is a charity dance; no one makes wagers at such affairs."

Phaw! I covered my face with the gray mask and descended to the street.

The trolley ran within two miles of the Hunt club. The car was crowded with masqueraders, and for the first time since I started out I felt comfortable.

"Good gracious!" "Isn't it fun!" "Lovely!" And all that. It must have been a novelty for some of these to act naturally for once.

Standing some hundred yards back from the road was the famous Hollywood inn, run by the genial Moriarty.

We made the club at exactly 10:50. Fortune went with me, doubtless it was the crowd going in that saved me from close scrutiny.

"Hello, Teddy, my son!" I cried out joyfully.

"Hello!"—grinning. Teddy thought



The Car Was Crowded with Masqueraders.

it was some one he knew; well, so it was. "What's your card?" he cried, as I pressed by him.

"The ten of hearts." "The ten of hearts," repeated Teddy to a man who was keeping tally on a big cardboard.

This sight did not reassure me. If they were keeping tally of all the cards presented at the door, they would soon find out that there were too many tens of hearts, too many by one!

"Grave monk, your blessing!" Turning, I beheld an exquisite Columbine.

"Pax vobiscum!" I replied, solemnly.

"Pax... What does that mean?" "It means, do not believe all you see in the newspapers."

Columbine laughed gaily. "I did not know that you were a Latin scholar; and, besides, you gave me to understand you were coming as a Jesuit, Billy."

"My dear Columbine, you do not know me, not the least bit. My name is not Billy, it is Dicky."

"Oh, you cannot fool me," she returned. "I heard you call out to Teddy Hamilton that your card was the ten of hearts; and you wrote me, saying that would be your card."

"Complications already, and I hadn't put my foot inside the ball room!"

"I am sorry," I said, "but you have made a mistake. Your Jesuit probably told you his card would be the nine, not the ten."

"I will wager—"

"Hush! This is a charity dance; no one makes wagers at such affairs."

"But— Why, my goodness! there's

my Jesuit now!" And to my intense relief she dashed away.

I carefully observed the Jesuit, and made up my mind to keep an eye upon him. He really possessed the ten of hearts, the man who kept tally on the cardboard was doing some tall talking about this time.

What a vision greeted my eye! The decorations were in red and yellow, and it seemed as though perpetual autumnal sunset lay over everything.

At the far end of the room was a small stage hidden behind palms and giant ferns. The band was just striking up "A Summer Night in Munich," and a wonderful kaleidoscope revolved around me.

Presently I saw the noble Doge of Venice coming my way. From his portly carriage I reasoned that if he wasn't in the gold-book of Venice he stood very well up in the gold-book of New York.

"Pax vobiscum!" said I, bowing.

"Be at the Inquisition Chamber, directly the clock strikes the midnight hour," he said, mysteriously.

"I shall be there to deliver the supreme interrogation," I replied.

"It is well." He drifted away like a stately ship.

Delightful foolery! I saw the Jesuit, and moved toward him.

"Disciple of Loyola, hast thou the ten of hearts?"

"My hearts number nine, for I have lost one to the gay Columbine."

VERY SHARP STICK.

IT WILL BE USED IN ATTACKS ON TEN RAILROADS WHO IGNORE THE LAW.

MAXIMUM PENALTY ON VIOLATORS OF CATTLE SHIPMENT LAW WILL BE ASKED.

Washington, D. C.—The department of justice, through the United States attorneys in the several states, is about to begin proceedings against a number of railroads for violations of the law relating to the shipment of cattle.

In many of these cases, it is alleged, cattle have been confined on cars without rest, food or water for 50 hours and in some cases 60 hours, and it is the purpose of the government to insist upon the full maximum penalty of \$500.

St. Petersburg, Russia.—Gen. Kuropatkin's "History of the Russo-Japanese War," which was confiscated by the Russian government, has at last become accessible.

INDICTS HIS GENERALS.

Gen. Kuropatkin in His History of the Russo-Japanese War Tells Why His Army Failed to Win.

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St. Petersburg, Russia.—Gen. Kuropatkin's "History of the Russo-Japanese War," which was confiscated by the Russian government, has at last become accessible.

The work consists of three volumes respectively devoted to the three crucial events of the war, the battle of Liao-Yang, the battle of the Sha river and the battle of Mukden.

Kuropatkin's reasons for the failure of the war are based chiefly on a comparison of the warlike spirit of the Japanese, their preparedness and valor, which he says had never been seen in any previous war.

THE THAW TRIAL HALTS.

The Death of a Juror's Wife Causes Delay in the Proceedings.

New York.—Another tragic chapter in the history of the Thaw-White episode was written Thursday when grim death stepped in to halt the famous trial in its fourth week.

The wife of juror No. 11, Mrs. Joseph B. Bolton, passed away during the afternoon soon after her husband had reached her bedside.

"A fool caught me by the sleeve and battered me gaily over the head with a bladder."

"Marry come up, why am I a fool?"

"It is the fashion," was my answer. This was like to gain me the reputation of being a wit.

"Aha!" There was mine ancient friend Julius. "Hail, Caesar!"

"Shall I beware of the Ides of March?" I asked, jovially.

"Nay, my good Cassius; rather beware of the ten of hearts," said Caesar, in hollow tones, and was gone.

To be Continued.

Goatskin Imports Increase. Washington.—Goatskins to the value of \$32,000,000 were imported into the United States in the fiscal year 1906, against \$19,000,000 worth a decade earlier.

Charged with Big Embezzlement. Philadelphia.—Miss Flora Steipel, a cashier in the employ of N. Snellenburg & Co., owners of a big department store in this city, was arrested Thursday on a warrant in which she is charged with embezzling funds of the company to the amount of \$25,000.

A Race War in Virginia. Roanoke, Va.—A race riot is in progress at a railroad construction camp near Thaxton, Va., about 15 miles east of Roanoke, and three or four negroes have already been killed.

CONCERNING PRISCILLA.

Priscilla knows a clever scheme. To bring the men folk to her side. She drives them single or in team. For reins, her apron-strings, well tied.

Priscilla knows when she should talk, And then, again, when smiles go best. She never wants to take a walk.

Priscilla knows this thoroughly, And practices it both night and day. Yet when she tries that trick on me The tables turn the other way.

GNATURALLY.



Susy—I say, Jennie, what's a naturalist? Jennie—I'm not sure. A man who catches gnats, isn't it.—Judy.

What His Bumps Told.

"That man is a phrenologist, Pat." "A what?" asked Pat, puzzled.

"Bumps on my head, is it?" exclaimed Pat.

None of That for Him.

"Right here," said the architect, who was showing him the plans for an ornamental fountain, "would be a good place to put a gargoye as a finish."

Subjects Exhausted.

Little Alice—Oh, dear, I'm afraid if Mrs. Blank don't go pretty soon we won't get our ride with mamma.

Through the Mouth.

"What do you think of that scientist's assertion that the human body contains natural soap?" "Can't say. But I know there's lots of soap in mine."

Gaining Self-Control.

"Your husband looks like a man of great self-control," remarked Mrs. Gadd to Mrs. Gabb.

Made Her Tired.

Mrs. Snooper—Men make me tired. Mrs. Swayback—What's the matter now?

C. G. SCHMIDT'S

Bakery advertisement for C. G. Schmidt's. Features 'Popular Bakery' and lists products like Fresh Bread, Pies, Fancy Cakes, Ice Cream, Nut Confectionery. Includes contact information for Daily Delivery and All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

Advertisement for 'Strong Again' medicine. Features a portrait of a man and the text 'WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Strong Again! Serrine Oil'. Claims to cure various ailments like nervousness, debility, and indigestion.

Advertisement for J. F. Parsons, 'The Place to Buy Cheap'.

Advertisement for 'Patents' and 'Trade-Marks' by Casnow & Co., located in Washington, D.C.

Advertisement for 'Ladies Dr. Lafranco's Compound' and 'Pennyroyal Pills', claiming to be safe and effective.

Large advertisement for 'S-DROPS' for 'RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA and KIDNEY TROUBLE'. Includes a testimonial from Dr. S. D. Bland and offers the medicine for free.

For Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Fine Commercial Job Work of All Kinds, Get Our Figures.