

HEARTS MASKS

HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of "The Man on the Box." etc.

With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

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CHAPTER IV.

In other words, we had departed the scene of festivities none too soon. could readily understand why the door had been locked; it was not to keep us in the cellars; rather it was to prevent any one from leaving the ball room by that route. Evidently absence had not been noticed, nor had any seen our precipitate flight. I sighed gratefully.

For several minutes we stood silent and motionless on the landing. At length I boldly struck a match. The first thing that greeted my blinded gaze was the welcome vision of a little shelf lined with steward's candles. One of these I lighted, and two others I stuffed into the pocket of my Ca-puchin's gown. Then we tiptoed softly down the stairs, the girl was ging fearfully at my sleeve.

There was an earthly smell. It was damp and cold. Miles and miles away (so it seemed) the pale moonships filtered through a cobwebbed window It was ghostly; but so far as I was concerned, I was honestly enjoying myself, strange as this statement may Here was I, setting forth upon an adventure with the handsomest, wittiest girl I had ever laid eyes upon If I extricated her neatly, she would always be in my debt; and the thought of this was mighty pleasant to con-

"Do you know the way out? I confessed that, so far as I knew, we were in one of the fabled labyrinths

of mythology.
"Go ahead," she said bravely "I ask only to die in your highness"

service,"-soberly. "But I do not want you to die; I want you to get me out of this cellar;

and quickly, too."
"I'll live or die in the attempt!"

"I see nothing funny in our predic-ament,"—icily.

'A few moments ago you said that our angles of vision were not the same; I begin to believe it. As for me, I think it's simply immense to find myself in the same boat with

"I wish you had been an anarchist,

or a performer in a dime museum. You might now be alone here. But, pardon me; surely you do not lack the full allotment of the adventurous It was all amusing enough to

come here under false pretenses.' But I had not reckoned on any

one's losing jewels."
"No more had I."

"Proceed. I have the courage to trust to your guidance.'

"I would that it might be always!"—with a burst of sentiment that was not wholly feigned.
"Let us go on,"—impatien

"Let us go on,"—impatiently. "I shall not only catch my death of cold, but I shall be horribly compro-

'My dear young lady, on the word of a gentieman, I will do the best I "Now you are to tan inne, "Now you are to tan to get you out of this cellar. If tic," said the girl. I have jested a little, it was only in the effort to give you courage; for I haven't the slightest idea how we are going to get out of this dismal hole."

We went on. We couldn't see half beyond the dozen feet was Stygian to her and menacing. And the great grim shadows that crept behind us as we proceeded! Once the girl stumbled and fell against me.

"What's the matter?" I asked, start-

"I stepped on something that-that all over moved!' -plaintively.

Possibly it was a potato; there's a bin of them over there. Where the deuce are we?'

"If you swear, I shall certainly

"But I can swear in the most elegant and approved fashion.

"I am not inclined to have you demonstrate your talents.

"Aha! Here is the coal-bin. Perhaps the window may be open. If so, we are saved. Will you hold the can-

dle for a moment?" Have you ever witnessed a If you footing it across the snow? have, picture me imitating her. Cau-tiously I took one step, then another; and then that mountain of coal turned into a roaring treadmill. Sssssh! Rrrrr! In a moment I was buried to the knees and nearly suffocated.

became angry. I would reach that "Hush! Hush! The noise, whispered the girl, waving

the candle frantically. But I was determined. Again I tried. This time I slipped and fell on my hands. As I strove to get up, the cord on my gown became tangled about my feet. The girl choked; whether with coal dust or with laughter I could not say, as she still had

on her cambric mask. "Forgive me," she said. And then you." I knew it was not the coal dust.

promise to forget.

"Merciful heavens! not try that again. Think of the noise!

"Was I making any noise?"-rub bing the perspiration from my fore-head. (I had taken off my mask.) "Noise? The trump of Judgment Day will be feeble compared to it.

Surely some one has heard Why not lay that board on top of the A good idea. I made use of it at

once. The window was unlatched, but there was a heavy wire-screen -nailed to the sills outside. There was no getting out that way. The were evidently busy elsewhere.

"Nothing doing," I murmured, a bit discouraged.

"And even if there was, you really could not expect me to risk my neck and dignity by climbing through a window like that. Let us give the idea of windows, and seek the cellar doors, those that give to the grounds. I declare I shall leave by no other exit."

"It was very kind of you to let me make an ass of myself like Why didn't you tell me bethat. forehand?"

"Perhaps it's the angle of vision again. I can see that we shall never Seriously, I thought that if agree. you got out that way, you might find the other exit for me. I am if my laughter annoyed you." I am sorry

"Not at all, not at all. But wouldn't be wise to save a little laughter to make merry with when we get

I stepped out of the bin and ra-

said there were three tens of hearts That meant that only one was out of order. Where did you get your card?"
"That I shall tell you—later."

"But are you really an impostor?"
"I should not be in this cellar else."

"You are very mystifying." "For the present I prefer to remain

We tossed aside the apple cores, rose, and went on. It was the longest celler I ever saw. There seemed absolutely no end to it. The wine cellar was walled apart from the main cel-lar, and had the semblance of a huge cistern with a door opening into it.

As we passed it, the vague perfume of the grape drifted out to us.'

"Let's have a bottle," I began.

"Mr. Comstalk!"

"By absent-treatment!" I hastened

to add. "You will make a capital comrade-

if we ever get out of this cellar

"Trust me for that!" I replied gaily. Be careful; there's a pile of empty bottles, yearning to be filled with tomato catsup. Give me your hand.' But the moment the little digits closed over mine, a thrill seized me,

and I quickly bent my head and kissed the hand. It was wrong, but I could not help it. She never spoke nor withdrew her hand; and my fear that she might really be offended vanished.
"We are nearly out of it," I said ex-

ultantly. "I see the cellar stairs on ahead. If only those doors are open!" "Heaven is merciful to the fool, and we are a pair," she replied, sighing gratefully. "It seems strange that nobody should be in the cellar on a night like this. Hark! They are playing again up stairs in the ball room.

"And wondering a whole lot where



Calmly Munching the Apples.

lieved her of the candle; and we | that third ten of hearts has gone." went on.

You did look funny," she said. "Please don't!" I begged. Soon we came to a bin of cabbages. I peered in philosophically.
"I might find a better head in there than mine," I suggested.

"Now you are trying to be sarcas-

went on. 'Wait a moment!" she cried. "Here's a bin of nice apples."

Apples! Well, my word, she was a cool one! I picked up one, t in front of us. The gloom polished it on my sleeve, and gave it

"I'm hungry," she said, apologetically

'And plucky, too," I supplemented. admiringly. "Most women would be in a weeping state by this time." Perhaps I am waiting till it is

"You had better take off your mask." In fact I felt positive that the sight of her exquisite face would act like a tonic upon my nerves.

"I am doing very well with it on. I can at least keep my face clean." She raised the curtain and took a liberal bite of the apple-go nonchalantly that I was forced to smile.

"Here's a box," said I; "lets sit down while we eat. We are safe enough. If any one had heard, the racket in the coal bin, the cellar would have been full of police by this

And there we sat, calmly munching the apples, for all the world as if the iron hand of the law wasn't within a thousand miles of us. It was all very amusing.

"Are—are you the man they are hunting for?" she asked abruptly. "I never stole anything more terrible than green apples—and ripe ones"

-with a nod toward the apple bin. "Pardon me! I feel very guilty in asking you such a question. You haven't told me your name."

My name is Richard 'Haven't I? Comstalk. My friends call me Dicky."
"Dicky," she murmured. "It's a nice name."

'Won't you have another apple?" asked impulsively. "My appetite is appeased, thank

An idea came to me. "Hamilton

"But, listen. How are we to get back to the trolley? We certainly can not walk the distance in these

"Oh, that carryall will come to our We are weary and are leaving early, don't you know. That part is simple; the complicated thing is to

shake the dust of this cellar.' "What a big furnace!" she exclaimed, as we came into view of the huge heating apparatus. "And there's

more coal." A man stepped out from behind the furnace and confronted us. A

bandana covered the lower part of his face and his hat was pulled down over his eyes. But I recognized him instantly. It was the fellow with the villainous pipe! Something glittered ominously at the end of his outstretched arm.

'If you make any noise, sir, I'll have to plug you, sir," he said in polite but muffled tones.

The candle slipped from my fingers. and the three of us stood in darkness!

CHAPTER V.

There was a clicking sound, and the glare of a dark-lantern struck my blinking eyes

"Pick up the candle, sir," said the tranquil voice from behind the light. I obeyed readily enough. Fate was downright cruel to us. Not a dozen feet away was liberty; and now we were back at the beginning again,

with the end nowhere in sight.
"Shall I light it, sir?" I as! I asked, not to be outdone in the matter of formal politeness.

"Yes, sir, doubtless you will need it." I struck a match and touched the candlestick 'Burglar?" said I. (For all my ap-

parent coolness, my heartbeats were away up in the eighties!) The girl snuggled close to my side.

I could feel her heart beating even faster than mine. "Burglar?" I repeated.

"Indeed, no, sir,"—reproachfully.
"Mine is a political job."
"A political job?" thunderstruck.

"Yes, sir; I am an inspector of cel-rrs,"—grimly. "I couldn't get around to this here cellar earlier in the day, sir, and a fellow's work must be done. To be Continued.

CO-OPERATE

Railroads and Government Should Do So.

SAYS HARRIMAN.

He Says the Policy of the Railroad Managers in the Past was a Mistaken One.

New York .- "I am ready to make the advancement of a scheme of co-operation oetween the government and the railways my chief interest. said E. H. Harriman, president of the Union Pacific railroad, on returning Thursday from Washington. "We men at the head of great corporations are coming to a better understanding of what the government expects of us,' he continued.

Mr. Harriman declined to talk about the report that he had secured control of the Reading railroad. Speaking of agitation against corporate wealth he

said: "They-we-all of us, ought to have considered the possible effects of this agitation before it was begun, or before conditions that made its growth possible were allowed to continue. If we had all met on common ground and co-operated for our mutual benefit, no body would be worrying over the situ ation as it is to-day.

ation as it is to-day.

"We all made a mistake in this. I realize the mistake, and I am of the opinion that the administration at Washington is beginning to realize that it has been a little too radical in its attitude toward the railroads. Henceforth I look to see its opposition take on more of the white of corporation. take on more of the spirit of co-operation. I believe the railways can expect to receive more even-handed jus-

"Railroad managers have, I am will ing to admit, in the past neglected to build up a strong, harmonious relationship between themselves and with the government and the public. This matter had been left to subordinate officers, and the result has been that such relations have been completely neg-lected. Now we must take the matter in our own hands in order to bring about a better understanding and cooperation.

"Our policy in the past has been a mistaken one, but it cannot be said that we have neglected our service to the public. When one considers what the railroads have done to develop this nation, we cannot believe that the railroads have been anything but beneficial to the nation. The marvel-ous development of the country has been due in a very large degree to the enterprise of its railroads.

ENDED ABRUPTLY.

A Test Case Involving Alleged Viola tion of Immigration Laws by Cotton Mill Owners.

Greensboro, N. C .- The trial of the test case against the Charlotte mill men who were sued by the government for \$71,000 in penalties for alleged violations of the immigration laws, ended rather abruptly in the United States circuit court last even ing when upon the motion of counsel for the government the jury was in-structed to bring in a verdict in favor of the defendants. This carries all the suits against the defendants off the docket and a nolle prosse was taken in the criminal case charging them with conspiracy. The defendants were: Edward A. Smith, president of three cotton mills at Charlotte; Sumner B. Sargent, manager of the D. A. Tompkins Co.; E. C. Dwelle, secretary of the mills of which Mr. Smith is president, and Thomas M. Costello, immigration agent. The latter could not be found after the cases were insti-

tuted. was alleged in the complaints that the cotton mill owners employed Costello to go to England to hire labor for their mills and that in pursuance of this agreement Costello went and secured the consent of the aliens to come to America. It was also alleged that Costello prepaid their passage and gave them "show" money. were 71 of the aliens who came to America to work in the mills in and around Charlotte.

The defendants offered as a defense that Costello exceeded his authority as agent and Judge Boyd held that the government must show that the defendants shared in the unlawful purpose with Costello. The defendants also contended that as there-was no skilled labor of a like kind unemployed in this country they were not amenable to the law.

New York.—George W. Perkins, former first vice president of the New York Life Insurance Co., and now a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., has sent to the New York Life his personal check for \$54,-019.19 to reimburse the company for the republican campaign contribution made from its funds in 1904, in con-nection with which Mr. Perkins re-cently was made defendant on a

Mr. Perkins Makes Restitution.

Four Men Killed by a Train. Roanoke, Va. — Four Greeks, who were employed on railroad construction work, were on Thursday struck by a Norfolk & Western freigh train near Roanoke and killed. men stepped from one track to another, directly in front of a train.

charge of larceny.

The Strother Brothers are Acquitted. Culpepper, Va.—James and Philip Strother, who have been on trial here for two weeks, charged with murder of their brother-in-law William F. Bywaters, were on Thursday pronounced not guilty by the jury.

The Mugger's Attendants

While clambering up I noticed what looked like the hulk of a ship, about 400 yards away, says a writer in the London Field. It turned out to be a monster crocodile; it must, without exaggeration, have been 27 or 28 feet long, and in its close vicinity were five or six small muggers, looking like a bodyguard. I was afterward told by an old Cawnpore resident that they actually act as such, and give warning of any approaching danger to their overlord.

PREPARE THIS YOURSELF.

Tells How to Make the Best Blood Tonic at Home. For those who have any form of

blood disorders; who want new, rich blood and plenty of it, try this: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three

Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime. Any good pharmacy can supply the ingredients at small cost.

This is the prescription which, when made up, is called "The Vegetable Treatment;" by others, the "Cyclone Blood Purifier." It acts gently and certainly does wonders for some people who are sickly, weak and out of sorts, and is known to relieve serious, long-standing cases of rheumatism and chronic backache quickly. Make some up and try it.

PENMANSHIP A FINE ART.

Typewriting Has Not Driven Hand Work from the Field.

ship, despite the speedy comforts of the typewriters. Ten years ago it probably would not have occurred to any one to show a page of manuscript at any exhibition; to-day pages or books of script form a feature of every show which takes to itself the name of arts and crafts. Some of the work is in Roman capitals, but the form of letter usually adopted is the unciel or halfunciel. Apparently all the writers have founded themselves in these models. Within these last few years not only has the art attracted a good deal of attention, but it has become quite the rage, so that in some circles it creates no more surprise now to learn that an amateur is taking lessons in script than it would have done some years back to be told that he or she had taken to poker work. From one viewpoint it is difficult to where writing ends and illustration begins, but though in the recent revival the two arts naturally have gone hand in hand, the scribe and the illuminator are not necessarily one and the same person. Some of the illuminations show most elaborate and minute figure decoration, so delicate in color-ing and so refined in treatment that it challenges comparison with the best of old work.

A toast-May the best you wish for

be the worst you get.

MORE BOXES OF GOLD And Many Greenbacks.

325 boxes of Gold and Greenbacks will be sent to persons who write the most interesting and truthful letters of experience on the following topics: 1. How have you been affected by

coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum. 2. Give name and account of one or more coffee drinkers who have been hurt by it and have been induced to

quit and use Postum. 3. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?

4. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make it clear, black, and with a snappy, rich taste?

5. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, and beginning at that time when actual boiling starts, boil full 15 minutes more to extract the flavor and food value. (A piece of butter the size of a pea will prevent boiling over.) This contest is confined to those who have used Postum prior to the date of this advertisement.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Contest will close June 1st, 1907, and no letters received after that date will be admitted. Examinations of letters will be made by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., Their decisions will be fair and final, and a neat little box containing a \$10 gold piece sent to each of the five writers of the most interesting le. ters, a box containing a \$5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best, a \$2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a \$1 greenback to each of the 200 next best, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause, and costs the competitors absolutely nothing.

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. writing your own name and address

NOT EXPECTED TO LIVE.

In 1878 Mr. C. W. Brown, of Petersburg, N. Y., was cured of Kidney Disease by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. He had suffered excruciatingly, was in despair and not expected to live. Mr. Brown is still living in Petersburg in good health, twenty-eight years after he was permanently cured by Favorite Remedy. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Rem-

edy has cured thousands in every walk of life. Wonderfully successful for 31 years. Makes permanent cures. Thousands of grateful people sing its praises. Not a "patent" medicine. FREE SAMPLE BOTTLES.

By a special and particular arrange ment, free trial bottles of this great medicine for the Kidneys and Liver; dyspepsia and constipation, will be sent absolutely free to all persons sending their full name and post office address to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y. Mention this paper. Large Bottles \$1.00, at all druggists.

Admired Statesman's Stature. A German journalist visiting in Washington, himself a man of stalwart proportions, was rather inclined to look with something like contempt on the many undersized statesmen he saw in the national legislature. But when Secretary Taft bore down upon him he gasped in wonder. They were introduced and after a short chat the secretary departed. Just as he disappeared from the German's admiring gaze the towering form of Congress man Sulloway hove into view. German looked at the New Hampshire man long and earnestly. "He is bigger than any man in his imperial majesty's Uhlan guards," said the for eigner in a tone of chagrin, "and I shall write one whole letter about him.'

Minds of too many men are filled with useless knowledge.

Interior Decorating

Improve the interior appearance of your house by applying to the wood-work—doors, wainscoting, window-frames, baseboards, etc.,—a good coat of Decorao Interior Enamel, the new up-to-date, sanitary interior fin-ish, made in sixteen beautiful shades.

Decorao Interior Enamels are specially made for interior work, and can be washed with soap and water. They wear like glazed tile, retain their handsome lustre, prevent disease by resistance to dirt, dust and grease.

Decorao Interior Enamels

give you a hard, glossy, tile-like finish, and are used in place of wall-paper and other absorbent wall finishes in halls, bedrooms, bathrooms and kitchens in the best dwellings, hotels and other public buildings. The sanitary feature alone can hardly be overestimated.

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prepared ready for the brush, are easily applied, and cost no more than good oil paint. To every person who contemplates interior refinishing or decorating, and sends us name and address, we will send a handsome oxidized silver Buffalo-head stickpin or hat-pin, Also our Color Chart of Decorao Interior Enamels with information of overtivality to your

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Some of the Advantages

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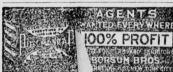
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