

OUR SERIAL

HEARTS AND MASKS

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With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

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CHAPTER IV.

In other words, we had departed the scene of festivities none too soon.

There was an earthy smell. It was damp and cold. Miles and miles away (so it seemed) the pale moonshine filtered through a cobwebbed window.

"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 predicament,"—lively.

"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 you."

"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 spirit! 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,"—impatiently. "I shall not only catch my death of cold, but I shall be horribly compromised."

"My dear young lady, on the word of a gentleman, I will do the best I can to get you out of this cellar. If 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."

"I'll forgive you, but I will not promise to forget." "Merciful heavens! you must not try that again. Think of the noise!"

"Was I making any noise?"—"Rubbing the perspiration from my forehead. (I had taken off my mask.)

"Noise? The trump of Judgment Day will be feeble compared to it. Surely some one has heard you. Why not lay that board on top of the coal?"

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 gods 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 up 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 that. Why didn't you tell me beforehand?"

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

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

I stepped out of the bin and reached for the candle.

"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 sarcastic," said the girl.

We 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, polished it on my sleeve, and gave it to her."

"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 all over." "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—so nonchalantly that I was forced to smile.

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 so." 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 cellar, 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. Comstank!" "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 exultantly. "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.

that third ten of hearts has gone." "But, listen. How are we to get back to the trolley? We certainly can not walk the distance in these clothes."

"Oh, that carryall will come to our rescue. 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 red 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.

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 between 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—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, nobody would be worrying over the situation 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 spirit of co-operation. I believe the railways can expect to receive more even-handed justice."

"Railroad managers have, I am willing 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 neglected. Now we must take the matter in our own hands in order to bring about a better understanding and co-operation."

"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 marvelous 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 Violation 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 evening when upon the motion of counsel for the government the jury was instructed to bring in a verdict in favor of the defendants.

This carries all the suits against the defendants off the docket and a nolle prosequere 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. Dwell, 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 instituted.

It 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. There 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.

The Muggers' Attendants. While clambering up I noticed what looked like the bulk of a ship, about 400 yards away, says a writer in the London Field.

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 ounces.

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.

PENMANSHIP A FINE ART. Typewriting Has Not Driven Hand Work from the Field.

There is a renaissance in penmanship, despite the speedy comforts of the typewriters. Ten years ago it probably would not have occurred to anyone 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 uncial or half-uncial. 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 say 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 coloring and so refined in treatment that it challenges comparison with the best of old work.

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., Ltd. 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 letters, 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.

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 Remedy 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 arrangement, 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.

Admitted 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 bow 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 Congressman Sulloway hove into view. The 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 foreigner 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 finish, made in sixteen beautiful shades.

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.

THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST. The testimony of thousands during the past year is that the Canadian West is the best West.

SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES. The phenomenal increase in railway mileage—main lines and branches—has put almost every portion of the country within easy reach of churches, schools, markets, cheap fuel and every modern convenience.

WHY put in long, hard hours at small pay on the farm or elsewhere when if you have a team and wagon and are willing to learn and apply yourself you can easily earn from \$20.00 to \$50.00 per week.

PERFECTION POULTRY and O. K. Poultry and Rabbit Fence. The name itself describes all. Send for catalogue free, which gives description of all our fences and iron gates. DWIGGS WIRE FENCE CO., ANDERSON, IND.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. 100% PROFIT. BORSUM BROS. CHERRY LANDS. led for general farming, horticulture and stock raising.