



# HEARTS AND MASKS

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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

With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Here was a burglar with the sense of humor.

"What can I do for you?" I asked blandly.

"Firstly, as they say, you might tell me what you and this lady are doing in this lonesome cellar."

"Say 'sir,' when you address me."

"Yes, sir."

"The lady and I were playing hide-and-seek."

"Nice game, sir,"—grinning. "Were you trying to hide under the coal?"

"Oh, no; I was merely exploring it."

"Say 'sir,' when you address me."

"Sir."

"You're a cool hand, sir."

"I am gratified to learn that our admiration is mutual. But what are you doing here?"

"I was ascertaining if the law was properly observed, sir," shaking with silent laughter.

"But what puzzles me," I went on, "is the fact that you could gather the gems in that garb." For I was positive that this was the Galloping Dick every one was looking for.

"I don't understand a word you say, sir. I'm an inspector of cellars, sir, not a jeweler. So you and the lady was playing hide-and-seek? Come, now, what is your graft? Is all the push here to-night?"

"That depends,"—cursing under my breath that I wore a gown which hampered my movements. For, truth to tell, I was watching him as a cat watches a mouse.

"Well, sir, we of the profession never interfere with gentlemanly jobs, sir. All I want of you is to help me out of here."

"I am not a burglar."

"Oh, I understand, sir; I understand completely. A gentleman is always a gentleman, sir. Now, you can return to that coal bin. I was just about to make for it when you lit that candle."

"Why not leave by the cellar doors?"

"I have my reasons, sir; most satisfactory reasons, sir. I prefer the window. Get along!"—his tones suddenly hardening.

I got along.

"The lady may sit down, sir," he said courteously.

"Thank you, I will," replied the girl, plumping down on an empty winecase. (She afterward confessed that if she had not sat down on the cellar floor, as a sort of paralysis had seized her knees.)

I stepped into the coal bin and rested the candle on the little shelf for that purpose. I was downright anxious to see the fellow safely away. There wasn't room in that cellar for the three of us. His presence doubly endangered us and multiplied the complications. I was in no position to force the gems from him. A man who has ten thousand dollars' worth of jewels on his person doesn't stop at shooting; and I possessed a healthy regard for my skin. I opened the window and caught it to the ceiling by a hook I found there.

"There is a stout screen, my man."

"Take this, sir, and cut it out,"—handing me a pair of wire clippers, holding his lantern under his arm meanwhile. The muzzle of the revolver, during all this time, never wavered in its aim at my head.

I went to work at the screen and presently it fell inward.

"Is that satisfactory?"—with impressive irony.

"You are the most perfect gentleman that I ever see, sir!"

The girl laughed hysterically.

"Now what?" The fun was beginning to pall on me.

"Step out of the bin and stand aside. Sit down by the lady. Maybe she's a bit frightened."

I obeyed him to the letter.

"Thanks!" With the agility of a cat he leaped up and wriggled through the window. He turned. "Good night, sir. Sometime maybe I'll do the same for you, sir."

"Go to the devil!" I snarled.

"My, my! What a temper, sir! I wouldn't have thought it of you, and a nice lady in speaking distance!"

He disappeared.

The girl laid a hand on my arm.

"You have acted very sensibly, Mr. Comstalk. If you had not, it is quite certain he would have shot you."

"It would have been a good thing for me if he had. He has gone, and the jewels have gone with him. I hadn't the least chance; the wretch! He probably came disguised as a plumber, and nobody suspected him."

"But if he possessed the ten of hearts, why should he have left this way?"

"Possibly my idea was only an imitation of his. There must have been at least a dozen tens of hearts. My dear young lady, I would give a good

deal if you were well out of this. I believed my plan was for the best, and instead I have simply blackened the case against us. I have been too adventurous. The situation looks very serious just now. Of course, in the long run, we shall clear ourselves; but it will take some fine arguing to do it, and possibly half a dozen lawyers."

"It is a terribly embarrassing predicament, but since we started out together, we'll hang together." She held out her hand to me. "It will be fun to extricate ourselves with full honors."

"You're a brick!" And I pressed her hand tightly.

"Now, I wonder why the burglar didn't try those cellar doors?" she murmured.

"By Jove, I'll soon find out! Come on! There's hope yet."

This time we reached the stone steps without interference. I gave the candle to the girl, cautiously put a shoulder against one of the doors, and gave a gentle heave. It was not locked. Through the thin crack I looked out upon the bright world of moonshine and crystal. Instantly I permitted the door to settle into its accustomed place. I readily understood the burglar's reasons. Seated upon a box, less than a dozen feet away, and blissfully smoking one of the club's cigars, sat a burly policeman. So they had arrived upon the scene!

"What is it?" asked the girl, as I motioned her to retreat.

"The worst has come; the police!"—dramatically.

"Gracious heavens, this is frightful! We shall never get out now. Oh dear!



"What Can I Do for You?"

Why did I ever come? It will be in the papers, with horrid pictures. We ought not to have left the ball room. Our very actions will tell heavily against us. Awful!"

"Now, don't you worry. They will not take any notice of you, once they set eyes upon me. Homo sum! They are looking for me. There's only one superfluous ten of hearts. I have it!"

"But I shall be found with you, and the stupid police will swear I am an accomplice." She wrung her hands.

"But no jewels will be found upon us," I argued half-heartedly.

"They will say we have already disposed of them."

"But the real burglar—"

"They will say that he came into the cellar at our bidding."

This girl was terribly reasonable and direct.

"Hang it! I know Teddy Hamilton, the M. F. H. He'll go with my bail, and yours, too, for that matter. Come, let's not give up. There must be some other way out."

"I wish I might believe it. Why did I come?"—a bit of a wall stealing into the anger in her voice.

"This is Tom Fool's Night, and no mistake," I assented ruefully.

"But I am a bigger fool than you are; I had an alibi, and a good one."

"An alibi? Why on earth, then, did you follow me? What is your alibi?"

"Never mind now. We should still be in this miserable cellar,"—briefly.

"What a night! I am so ashamed! I shall be horribly compromised."

"I'll take the brunt of it all. I'm sorry; but, for the love of Heaven, don't cry, or I shall lose what little nerve I have left."

"I am not crying!" she denied emphatically. "My inclination is to shriek with laughter. I'm hysterical. And who wouldn't be, with police officers and cells staring one in the face? Let us be going. That policeman outside will presently hear us whispering if we stand here much longer."

There was wisdom in this. So, once again I took the candle, and we marched back. There wasn't a single jest left in my whole system, and it didn't look as if there was ever going to be another supply. We took the other side of the furnace, and at length came to a flight of wooden

stairs, leading somewhere into the club. It was our last chance, or we should be obliged to stay all night in some bin; for it would not be long before they searched the cellars. If this flight led into the kitchen, we were saved, for I could bluff the servants. We paused. Presently we ascended, side by side, with light but firm step. We reached the landing in front of the door without mishap. From somewhere came a puff of air which blew out the candle. I struck a match viciously against the wall—and blundered into a string of cooking-pans! It was all over, the agony of suspense!

Blang! Rumpity-bumpity-blang-blang!

I have heard many stage thunders in my time, but that racket beat anything and everything this side of sieges.

Instantly the door opened and a policeman poked his head in. Before I had time to move, he grabbed me by the arm and yanked me into the ball-room! The girl and I had made a complete circuit of the cellars, and had stumbled into the ball-room again by the flight opposite to that by which we left it. Cheerful prospect, wasn't it? The adventure had ceased to have any roll side to it.

"Aha!" cried the base minion of the law. "Here you are, then! Hello, everybody! Hello!" he bawled.

Caught! Here we were, the Blue Domino and myself, the Grey Capuchin, both of us in a fine fix. Discovery and ejection I could have stood with fortitude and equanimity; but there was bad business afoot. There wasn't any doubt in my mind what was going to happen. As the girl said,

of war, but the examination of her papers brought no incriminating evidence to light and she was about to be let go when the British gunboat Ferret steamed into the harbor and changed the whole aspect of the case.

While cruising off the mouth of the harbor, the crew on the latter boat had been relieving the monotony by fishing for shark, which abounded in those waters. In the course of the exciting sport an unusually large fellow was caught, and when he had been hauled on board, the first thing done was to investigate the curiosity shop of his interior, for every sailor knows the stomach of the average shark is bound to contain evidences of his wicked and wayward life. And so it was in this case, for among other things found was a bundle of papers, the appearance and condition of which indicated that they had not been long in the stomach of the big fish, for the inside of the roll was scarcely damp from contact with the water.

Lieut. Michael Pitton, commander of the boat, and into whose hands the papers were at once placed, instantly recognized their character, and surmising that they had been thrown overboard by some brig when it had been captured, he started immediately for Port Royal.

Lieut. Pitton quickly acquainted the authorities with the new evidence which had so miraculously come into his possession, and the Nancy was again taken into custody. The case was tried at Kingston, where the true papers of the Nancy were put in evidence, and as a result the brig was confiscated and her skipper fined and sent to prison.

So remarkable were the incidents in connection with this case that the papers were preserved at Kingston. Lieut. Pitton had the jaws of the shark mounted. They were for some time on display at Port Royal with this label written by the lieutenant attached:

"Lieut. Pitton recommends these jaws for a collar for neutrals to swear through."

A few years later they were taken to London, and are now in possession of the United Service Institution, where they may be seen by visiting Americans who are interested enough in the story of the "Shark Papers" to look them up.

there would be flaring head-lines and horrid pictures. We were like to be the newspaper sensation of the day. Arrested and lodged in jail! What would my rich, doting old uncle say to that, who had threatened to disinherit me for lesser things! I felt terribly sorry for the girl, but it was now utterly impossible to help her, for I couldn't help myself.

And behold! The mysterious stranger I had met in the curio-shop, the fellow who had virtually haunted me for six hours, the fellow who had masqueraded as Caesar, suddenly loomed up before me, still wearing his sardonic smile. At his side were two more policemen. He had thrown aside his toga and was in evening dress. His keen glance rested on me.

"Here he is, Mr. Haggerty!" cried the policeman cheerfully, swinging me around.

A detective! And Heaven help me, he believed me to be the thief! Oh, for Aladdin's lamp!

CHAPTER VI.

I stood with folded arms, awaiting his approach. Nonchalance is always respected by the police. I must have presented a likely picture, however—my face blackened with coal dust, cobwebs stringing down over my eyes, my Capuchin gown soiled and rent. The girl quietly took her place beside me.

"So you took a chance at the cellars, eh?" inquired the detective urbanely. "Well you look it. Will you go with us quietly, or shall we have to use force?"

"In the first place, what do you and your police want of me?" I returned coolly.

He exhibited his star of authority. "I am Haggerty of the Central Office. I want you for several things."

Several things? I stared at him stupidly. Several things? Then it came to me, with a jar like an earthquake. The story in the newspaper returned to my vision. Oh, this was too much, altogether too much! He took me to be the fashionable thief for whom half the New York police force were hunting. My sight swam for a moment in a blur.

To be Continued.

## THE "SHARK PAPERS"

### DESTROYED IN THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE AT KINGSTON.

#### Documents Found in Fish's Belly Which Convicted Captain of American Brig of Carrying Contraband of War.

When the earthquake, and the fire which followed, devastated Kingston, Jamaica, there was destroyed, among other things, a relic and reminder of by-gone days which is of special interest to Americans. Few perhaps of those living to-day, or even of those who have visited Kingston itself, know the story of the famous "Shark Papers," and how they brought conviction to an American sea captain. It is a sort of Jonah and the whale story, with the corroborating evidence of the truth of the story to be found in the existence to-day of the head of the shark which figured so prominently in the case, and which just in the nick of time supplied the evidence needed.

If the papers, which the accommodating fish swallowed as they were thrown overboard, and later gave up after it had been caught by an English gunboat are destroyed, there still remains the jaws of the fish to bear their mute testimony to the truth of as remarkable a sea tale, with its almost miraculous coincidences, as was ever told.

For over a century the Institute of Jamaica has treasured the famous papers which have probably been destroyed in the fire which followed the wrecking of the building by the earthquake.

The story of these cherished ship's papers is worth repeating, especially to an American, who is always able to appreciate a good story, even if it is one on his own countrymen. It seems that in 1799 the American brig Nancy had been causing the British a deal of trouble, and was suspected of carrying contraband of war, but had always been able to escape detection, and in the last case in which her captain was convicted and the brig confiscated by the triumphant Englishmen she would have escaped again had not circumstances stranger than the wildest fiction combined to place in the hands of the court at Kingston the evidence which was needed to convict of the violation of international law.

It seems that the Nancy had been overhauled and brought into Port Royal under suspicion of being engaged in the carrying of contraband

of war, but the examination of her papers brought no incriminating evidence to light and she was about to be let go when the British gunboat Ferret steamed into the harbor and changed the whole aspect of the case.

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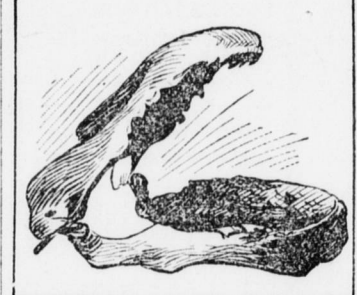
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The Jaws of the Shark That Swallowed the Papers.

### A DANGEROUS CASE.

#### Permanently Cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—Best Kidney and Liver Medicine.

In 1886 W. J. Bilyou, of Hyde Park, N. Y., was cured permanently of rheumatism and biliousness by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. His case was a severe and dangerous one. He said at that time: "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has no equal." Now, in 1906 (20 years after), Mr. Bilyou says: "My health is good. My best wishes for Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy makes permanent cures. Wonderfully successful for over 31 years.

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

Simply write to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle and say that you saw this liberal offer in this paper. Large bottles \$1.00, at all druggists.

### MAJOR'S PURPOSE IN CUBA.

#### Had No Idea of Going There to Do the Cannibal Act.

An officer of the army tells how Maj. Whipple of the Second Massachusetts regiment, a veteran of the civil war, hastened to Washington when the Spanish war broke out and offered his services to President McKinley.

But all officers, as well as men, had to undergo a physical examination, and it was stated to Maj. Whipple that he would have to place himself in the hands of the examining doctors at Worcester.

Now, Maj. Whipple, while a man of great bodily strength and perfect health and activity, was a little deficient in the matter of teeth. An examining surgeon proposed to exclude him on that account.

Whereupon the major waxed wroth. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'm going to Cuba to shoot Spaniards, not to eat 'em!"

The major went.—Harper's Weekly.

### MADE HIS MEANING PLAIN.

#### Indian's Answer a Real Triumph of Quiet Sarcasm.

George Vaux, Jr., of Philadelphia, has been appointed a member of the board of Indian commissioners. Mr. Vaux told a reporter the other day an Indian story.

"There was a certain commissioner," he said, "who treated the Indians with rude scorn. One day a chief entertained this man in his tepee, telling him over the tobacco many quaint legends.

"One legend concerned a plague of grasshoppers. The chief told eloquently how grasshoppers overran the land, eating the grain, and how the medicine men averted a famine by offering a silver grasshopper to the Great Spirit, whereupon all that deluge of grasshoppers disappeared.

"But the commissioner scoffed at the tale.

"Are you Indians such fools," he said, "as to believe such rubbish?"

"O, no," said the chief, gravely, "or we'd long ago have offered the Great Spirit a silver pale face."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Warned by Fish.

Many anglers have great faith in fish as weather prophets. If a storm is approaching, they say, the fish stop biting, and they won't bite again until the storm is past. They also foretell the near approach of cold weather. Hours before it comes fish leave the shallow waters in-shore and seek deeper water, which, owing to its depth, will stay warm and keep an equable temperature after the shallower and surface waters are cold.

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.—Bacon.

### THE WHOLE FAMILY.

#### Mother Finds a Food for Grown-Ups and Children as Well.

Food that can be eaten with relish and benefit by the children as well as the older members of the family, makes a pleasant household commodity.

Such a food is Grape-Nuts. It not only agrees with and builds up children, but older persons who, from bad habits of eating, have become dyspeptic.

A Phila. lady, after being benefited herself persuaded her husband to try Grape-Nuts for stomach trouble. She writes:

"About eight years ago I had a severe attack of congestion of stomach and bowels. From that time on, I had to be careful about eating, as nearly every kind of food then known to me, seemed to cause pain.

"Four years ago I commenced to use Grape-Nuts. I grew stronger and better, and from that time I seldom have been without it; have gained in health and strength and am now heavier than I ever was.

"My husband was also in a bad condition—his stomach became so weak that he could eat hardly anything with comfort. I got him to try Grape-Nuts, and he soon found his stomach trouble had disappeared.

"My girl and boy, 3 and 9 years old, do not want anything else for breakfast but Grape-Nuts, and more healthy children cannot be found." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

### It Cures While You Walk.

#### Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The king of the Belgians is said to be fonder of traveling about incognito than any other European monarch, and indulges this propensity to the fullest.

David Belasco drinks an occasional cup of black coffee while at work. The noted playwright has been known to toll steadily at his desk for 20 hours at a stretch, taking nothing but strong coffee—a large cup every second or third hour.

### Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Winston Churchill when he has an important piece of writing before him eats very little meat and cuts his allowance of tobacco in half. He finds that this regime gives unusual clarity to his mind.

### GENERAL BREAKDOWN

#### A Condition Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the Great Blood Tonic, Have Been Curing for Years.

There is no more perplexing trouble for a physician to treat than debility, cases, especially in women, in which there is no acute disease but in which the patient every day sinks lower and lower despite changes of medicine and similar experiments.

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore health under these conditions is no speculation but the fact has been proved in hundreds of cases similar to that of Mrs. Sarah Ramsey, of 1008 St. John St., Litchfield, Ill. She says: "I never felt well after my first child was born. I had a gnawing pain in my stomach and could not hold any food down. My head ached a great deal and sometimes the pain went all through my body. I had dizzy spells so that I could not stand and seemed to be half blinded with pain. These spells would often last for over an hour. My blood seemed to be in a very poor condition and my hands and feet were like ice. I seemed to be growing weaker and weaker and could not get around to do my work in the house. I was extremely nervous and the least excitement would bring on a dizzy spell.

"For a number of years I was under a doctor's care but seemed to get no better. I had heard about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began to take them. I soon felt better and gained in weight and strength. My nerves are strong now and I am a well woman in every way."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. A booklet of valuable information, entitled "Plain Talks to Women," sent free on request.

### SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

*Brewer's Blood*

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

**FREE** To convince any woman that PAXTINE Antiseptic will improve her health, we will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

**PAXTINE**

cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail; Trial size 10 cts. by mail.

Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

**A Positive CURE FOR CATARRH**

Ely's Cream Balm

is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail; Trial size 10 cts. by mail.

Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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