OUR SERIAL.

HEARTS AND MASKS

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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

With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

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CHAPTER VII.

"Look here, sir," cried the chief, standing up and balling his fist, "I want you to explain yourself, and mighty quick. You can't come into my presence in this manner."

"Bah! You have just permitted the cleverest rascal in the state to slip through your butter-fingers. I am Haggerty."

The chief of police sat down suddenly.

The consummate daring of it! Why the rascal ought to have been in command of an army. On the Board of Strategy he would have been incomparable!

There followed a tableau that I shall not soon forget. We all stared at the real Haggerty much after the fashion of Medusa's victims. Presently the tension relaxed, and we all sighed. I sighed because the thought of jail for the night in a dress-suit dwindled in perspective; the girl sighed for the same reason and one or two other things; the chief of the village police and his officers sighed because darkness had suddenly swooped down on them; and Hamilton sighed because there were no gems. Haggerty was the one among us who didn't sigh. He scowled blackly.

This big athlete looked like a detective, and the abrupt authority of his tones convinced me that he was. Haggerty was celebrated in the annals of police affairs; he had handled all sorts of criminals, from titled impostors down to petty thieves. He was not a man to trifle with, mentally or physically, and for this reason we were all shaking in our boots. He owned to a keen but brutal wit; to him there was no such thing as sex among criminals, and he had the tenacity of purpose that has given the bulldog considerable note in the pit. But it was quite plain that for once he had met his match.

"I don't see how you can blame me," mumbled the chief. "None of us was familiar with your looks, and he showed us his star of authority, and went to work in a business-like way—By George! and he has run away with my horse and carriage!"—starting from his chair.

"Never mind the horse. You'll find it safe at the railway station," snarled Haggerty. "Now, then, tell me everything that has happened, from beginning to end."

And the chief recounted the adventure briefly. Haggerty looked coldly at me and shrugged his broad shoulders. As for the girl, he never gave her so much as a single glance. He knew a gentlewoman without looking at her twice.

"Humph! Isn't he a clever one, though?" cried Haggerty, in a burst of admiration. "Clever is no name for it. I'd give a year of my life to come face to face with him. It would be an interesting encounter. Hunted him for weeks, and today laid eyes on him for the first time. Had my clumsy paws on him this very afternoon. He seemed so willing to be locked up that I grew careless. Biff! and he and his accomplice, an erstwhile valet, had me trussed like a chicken and bundled into the clothes-press. Took my star, credentials, playing-card, and invitation. It was near eleven o'clock when I roused the housekeeper. I telegraphed two hours ago."

"Telegraphed!" exclaimed the chief, rousing himself out of a melancholy dream. (There would be no mention of him in the morrow's papers.)

"Yes, telegraphed. The despatch lay unopened on your office-desk. You're a good watchdog—for a hen-coop!" growled Haggerty. "Ten thousand in gems to-night, and by this time he is safe in New York. You are all a pack of blockheads.

"Used the telephone, did he? Told you to hold these innocent persons till he went somewhere to land the accomplice, eh? The whistle of the train meant nothing to you. Well, that whistle ought to have told you that there might be a mistake. A good officer never quits his prisoners. If there is an accomplice in toils elsewhere, he makes them bring him in, he does not go out for him. And now I've got to start all over again, and he in New York, a bigger catacomb than Rome ever boasted of. He's not a common thief; nobody knows who he is or what his haunts are. But I have seen his face; I'll never forget him."

The chief tore his hair, while his subordinates shuffled their feet uneasily. Then they all started in to explain their theories. But the detective silenced them with a wave of his huge hand.

"I don't want to hear any explanations. Let these persons go," he commanded, with a jerk of his head in our direction. "You can all return to town but one officer. I may need a single man," Haggerty added thoughtfully.

"What are you going to do?" asked the chief.

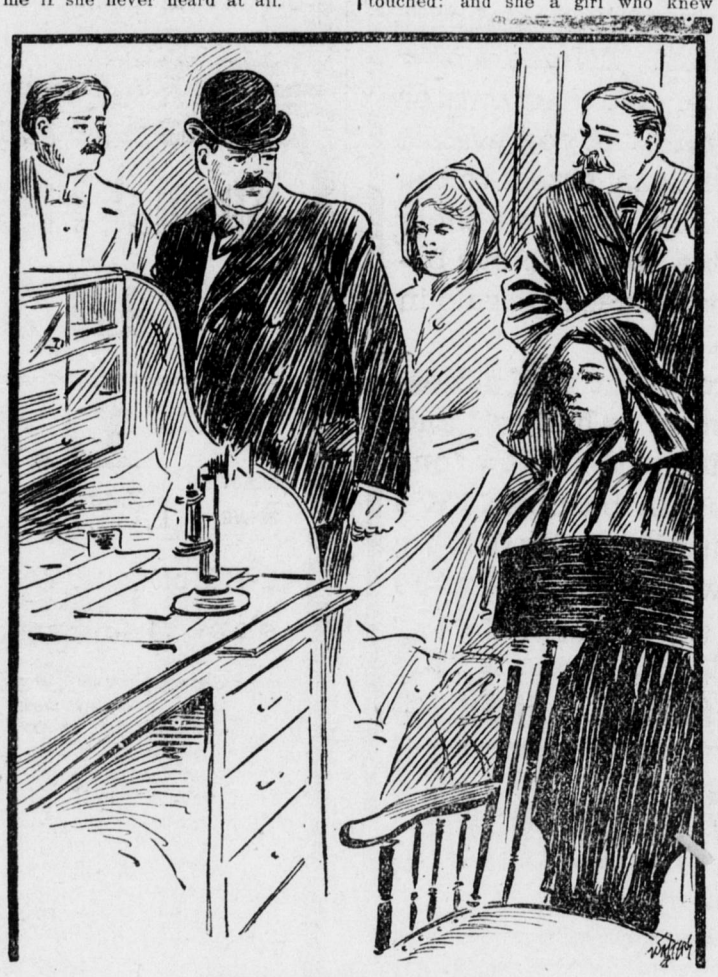
"Never you mind. I have an idea; it may be a good one. If it is, I'll telephone you all about it when the time comes."

He stepped over to the telephone and called up central. He spoke so low that none of us overheard what he said; but he hung up the receiver, a satisfied smile on his face.

The girl and I were free to go whither we listed, and we listed to return at once to New York. Hamilton, however, begged us to remain, to dance and eat, as a compensation for what we had gone through; but Miss Hawthorne resolutely shook her head; and as there was nothing in the world that would have induced me to stay without her, I shook my head, too. It seemed to me I had known this girl all my life, so closely does misfortune link one life to another. I had seen her for the first time less than eight hours before; and yet I was confident that as many years, under ordinary circumstances, would not have taught me her real worth.

"Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds will never forgive me," said Hamilton dismally, "if she hears that I've been the cause, indirectly and innocently, of turning you away."

"Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds need never know," replied the girl, smiling inscrutably. "In fact, it would be perfectly satisfactory and agreeable to me if she never heard at all."



Haggerty Looked Coldly at Me.

"I will call a conveyance for you," said the defeated M. F. H. "I shall never forgive you Dicky."

"Yes, you will, Teddy. A loving-cup, the next time we meet at the club, will mellow everything."

Quarter of an hour later Miss Hawthorne and I, wrapped in buffalo-robes, our feet snugly stowed away in straw, slid away, to the jangle and quarrel of sleighbells, toward Moriarty's Hollywood Inn. The moon shone; not a cloud darkened her serene and lovely countenance. The pearly whiteness of the world would have aroused the poetry in the most sordid soul; and far, far away to the east the black, tossing line of the sea was visible.

"What a beautiful night!" I volunteered.

"The beginning of the end."

"The beginning of the end? What does that mean?"

"Why, when you first spoke to me, it was about the weather."

"Oh, but this isn't going to be the end; this is the true beginning of all things."

"I wish I could see it in that light; but we can not see beauty in anything when hunger lies back of the eyes. I haven't had anything to eat, save that single apple, for hours and hours. I was so excited at Mouquin's that I ate almost nothing."

"You are hungry? Well, we'll fix that when we get to Moriarty's. I'll find a way to waking him up, in case he's asleep, which I doubt. There will be cold chicken and ham and hot coffee."

"Lovely!"

"And we shall dine with the gods. And now it is all over and done, it was funny, wasn't it?"

"Terribly funny!"—with a shade of irony. "It would have been funnier still if the real Haggerty hadn't turned up. The patrol had arrived."

"But it didn't happen. I shall never forget this night,"—romantically.

"I should be inordinately glad to forget it completely,"—decidedly.

"Where's your romance?" I asked.

"I'd rather have it served to me between book-covers. As I grow older my love of repose increases."

"Do you know," I began boldly, "it seems that I have known you all my life."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Why, I might really have known you all my life, and still not have known you as well as I do this very minute,—and less than a dozen hours between this and our first meeting. You are as brave as a paladin, wise as a serpent, cool, witty—and beautiful!"

"Shall I ask the driver to let me out?" Then she laughed, a rollicking joyous laugh.

"What is so funny?"

"I was thinking of that coal-bin."

"Well, I didn't permit a lonely potato to frighten me," I retorted .

"No, you were brave enough—among the potatoes."

"You are beautiful!"

"I am hungry."

"You are the most beautiful girl—"

"I want something to eat."

"—I ever saw! Do you think it possible for a man to fall in love at first sight?'

"Oh, nothing is impossible on Tom Fool's night. Positive, fool; comparative, fooler; superlative, foolest. You are marching on with your degrees, Mr. Comstalk."

"You might call me Dicky," I said in an aggrieved tone.

"Dicky? Never! I should always be thinking of paper collars."

"'I wish I were witty like that!'"

She snuggled down beneath the robes.

An artist's model, thought I. Never in this world. I now understood the drift of her uncle's remark about her earning capacity. The Alice Hawthorne miniatures brought fabulous prices. And here I was, sitting so close to her that our shoulders touched: and she a girl who knew intimately emperors and princesses and dukes, not to mention the worldly-rich. I admit that for a moment I was touched with awe. And it was beginning to get serious. This girl interested me marvelously. I summoned up all my courage.

"Are—are you married?"

"No-o."

"Nor engaged to be married!"

"No-o. But you mustn't ask all these questions."

"How would you like to ride around in a first-class motor-car the rest of your days?"

She laughed merrily. Possibly it was funny.

"Are you always amusing like this?"

"Supposing I were serious?"

"In that case I should say you had not yet slipped off your fool's motley."

This directness was discouraging.

"I wonder if the ten of hearts is lucky, after all," I mused.

"We are not in jail. I consider that the best of good fortune."

"Give me your card," said I.

She gave me the card, and I put it with mine.

"Why do you do that?"

"Perhaps I want to bring about an enchantment,"—soberly.

"As Signor Fantoccini, or as Mr. Comstalk?"

"I have long since resigned my position in the museum; it was too exciting."

She made no rejoinder; and for some time there was no sound but the music of the bells.

Finally we drew up under the colonial porte-cochere of Hollywood Inn and were welcomed by the genial Moriarty himself, his Celtic countenance a mirror of smiles.

"Anything in the house to eat?" I cried, shaking the robes from me.

"Anything ye like, if you like cowld things. I can hate ye a pot of coffee on the gasolene-burner, and there's manny a vintage in the cillars."

"That will be plenty!"—joyfully, helping Miss Hawthorne to alight.

"Sure, and ye are from the Hunt Club!"—noting our costumes. "Well, well! they niver have anny too much grub. Now, I'll putt ye in a little room all be yersilves, with a windy and a log fire; cozy as ye plaze. Ye'll have nearly two hours to wait for the car-r from the village."

To be Continued.

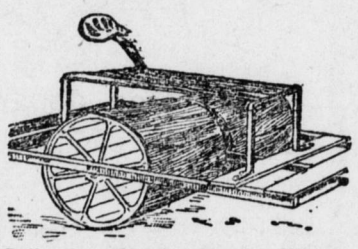
FARM AND GARDEN

HOME-MADE LAND ROLLER.

One Which Will Do Good Service in Pulverizing the Soil.

With four old mowing machine wheels, with the earth slugs cut off, an axle and a sickle bar, a very satisfactory roller can be made after the manner shown in the accompanying illustration. One-half inch holes were drilled every four inches, about the outside rim of each wheel. Two by four oak planks three feet six inches long with half-inch holes bored close to the end, were bolted on the old mowing machine wheels, being careful not to let the two by four project over the edge of the wheel.

In the center an old sickle bar with guards off was used with a two-inch hole in the center. The ends were turned half around to fasten to the frame. This bar was placed between the two sections of the roller. The



Roller from Mowing Machine Wheels.

ends of the center shaft were inserted in boxes in the two outside pieces of the frame, which was made of four by four hardwood material. Four two by eight planks were used for the front and rear of the frame.

A platform was made on which the seat was attached by taking an old wagon tire and bending it in position shown. Platform was placed on these bars and an old mowing machine seat bolted for the rider. An old mowing machine tongue was used for the tongue on the roller. When a roller is devised in this manner, says Prairie Farmer, it is much easier for a team to turn around than is the common log roller.

TREATING GRAIN FOR SMUT.

How It Is Done with Formaldehyde Solution.

For the benefit of those who have not already treated seed grain for smut with formaldehyde, I will state my experience in doing so, writes a correspondent of The Farmer. Three years ago I had 300 bushels of wheat that was so smutty that I could not sell it at the elevator but had to grind it and use it for hog feed. I did not buy different seed the following year but treated the grain I had in the following manner and it cleaned it so effectively that very little smut is to be found in the grain now. I made a solution as the directions with the formaldehyde stated, in a barrel about half full or more with water. By having a board slant onto the edge of the barrel and placing the dripping sacks on the board, the solution which drips from them will all run back into the barrel. By having two coarse sacks, one submerged in the barrel and the other on the board dripping, it does not take very long to treat enough grain for the following day's seeding, thus giving it one day's time to dry. I consider this less work than sprinkling and shoveling and far surer of getting all the grain treated. Have also treated oats with very good results. I treat oats the same way only they have to be stirred more on the floor and left longer to dry as it is very difficult to sow swollen oats. I also believe in cleaning all seeds in the best possible way, but if they are found to contain foul seed it is safest not to use it for seed at all. From costly experience I have learned the old saying to be true: "As we sow so shall we reap."

Growing Better Corn.

Now for a better stand of corn. Over much of the corn belt it is estimated that not more than two-thirds of a stand of corn is secured. The fault is largely with the seed. It is not graded or sorted so that the planter will drop uniformly. It is surprising how many different shape kernels are found on a single ear, and when all of these are put into the planter boxes the most you can expect is uneven drops. Not only use good seed, but size it so that two, three or four kernels may be dropped in 95 hills out of 100.

Have Faith in the Farm.

Make farming a business. Put money and brains into the farm with the expectation that it will return a profit. To manage a farm in a half-hearted way, being afraid to invest a dollar on improvements or to apply sufficient fertilizer for fear that it will not pay, is a sure way of having one's fears realized. If the effort is made to make the farm better year by year it is pretty certain to be a success.

Don't Waste.

The manure made from fattening steers is too valuable and much too costly to permit waste. Keep the sheds well bedded so that as much of the manure as possible will be saved. Too often feeding is done out of doors and every rain or thaw drains away great streams of costly fertilizer. Stop these drains.

OVER $1,000 A YEAR AND "LIVING."

That Is the Story of a Michigan Farmer Who Lives in Western Canada.

Olds, Alberta, Dec. 10, 1906.

Mr. M. V. McInnes, Detroit, Michigan:

Dear Sir and Friend—It will be four years next May since I came to Olds, and have lived here ever since.

Since I came here wheat has run from 25 to 45 bu. per acre, oats from 65 to 115, that I know of. I raised that last year, 115 bu. to the acre of the finest oats I ever saw, and oats that I sowed 31st day of May this year went 72½ to the acre and weighed 41 lbs. to the bushel. My barley went 40 bu. last year and 50 this year, and was not sown until the latter part of May. I had 3 acres of potatoes this year and sold 700 bushels and put 275 bu. in the cellar, and no bugs to pick.

We have a fine Government Creamery at Olds. Our cows made $41 per head and I didn't feed any grain; only prairie hay, so you see we are doing well. We have the patent for our homestead now and am very thankful that we came to Alberta. We have made a little over $1,000 each year besides making our living. I would not go back to Michigan to live for anything. If I had my choice of a ticket to Olds or a 40-acre farm in Michigan I would take the ticket and in two years I could buy any of them 40-acre farms. This is the country for a poor man, as well as a man with money.

I will close, thanking you for our prosperity, I remain yours truly,

(Signed) OTTO YETTING,

Olds, Alberta, Canada. Box 159.

Information as to how to secure low rates to the free grant lands of Western Canada can be secured of any Canadian Government agents.

Detective's Parable.

Hilary K. Adair, the well-known detective, was complimented in Galveston, Tex., on an arrest that he had made. The arrest had been mysteriously achieved and Mr. Adair was asked to explain it. This, though, he refused to do.

"There are so many ways of catching criminals," he said, laughing. "You know what the old man told his wife? She first said to him:

"'Don't talk, John. You can't say I ever ran after you.'

"'True,' the old man assented. 'And you can't say the trap ever runs after the mouse, either, but it gathers him in just the same.'"

FIFTEEN YEARS OF ECZEMA.

Terrible Itching Prevented Sleep—Hands, Arms and Legs Affected—Cuticura Cured in 6 Days.

"I had eczema nearly fifteen years. The affected parts were my hands, arms and legs. They were the worst in the winter time, and were always itchy, and I could not keep from scratching them. I had to keep both hands bandaged all the time, and at night I would have to scratch though the bandages as the itching was so severe, and at times I would have to tear everything off my hands to scratch the skin. I could not rest or sleep. I had several physicians treat me but they could not give me a permanent cure nor even could they stop the itching. After using the Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura Ointment and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent for about six days the itching had ceased, and now the sores have disappeared, and I never felt better in my life than I do now. Edward Worell, Band 30th U. S. Infantry, Fort Crook, Nebraska."

Long-Lived Bishops.

Prelates and bishops are certainly what insurance men call "good risks," no matter what the form of their faith. Still active are the Methodist Bishop Bowman at 90, the Episcopal Bishop Huntington at 88, the Catholic Archbishop Williams at 85, the Catholic Bishop McQuaid at 84 and the Methodist Bishop Andrews at 82.

TWO YEARS IN BED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Stubborn Rheumatism When Other Treatment Gave No Relief.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been curing the most stubborn cases of rheumatism for nearly a generation and thousands of grateful patients have given testimony that cannot be ignored.

Mr. Robert Odbert, a machinist, living at 201 Cameron Street, Detroit, Mich., had a very distressing experience with rheumatism for about two years. He makes the following statement: "About the year 1887 I felt the effects of rheumatism which gradually grew worse until I was compelled to give up work for a time. The years of '97 and '98 I was confined to my bed most of the time. I was under doctors' treatment but found no relief. My legs were swollen from the hips downward and red blotches appeared all over them. Frequently they pained me so that I had to bind them tightly with strips of linen. This sometimes relieved the pain but at other times failed to do so. At times I had to crawl to my work, using two crutches. During these spells I suffered greatly from pain around my heart which I attributed to the rheumatism.

"At last my mother wrote me and asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did and in a short time I found myself getting better and have had no trouble since. I may here add that I consider myself perfectly cured. I have not had the least sign of the disease since and feel better now than I ever did. For these reasons I recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one affected the same as I was."

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

STAYS CURED.

Old Friends Praise Dr. David Kennedy's Remedy, the Best Kidney and Liver Medicine.

Mr. F. Christie, of 14 Swan street, Albany, N. Y., in 1886 was a very sick man. He suffered from a most aggravated case of dyspepsia. He gave Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy a thorough trial and it cured him absolutely. In 1906 (20 years after), Mr. Christie says he still remains well in health. His cure in 1886 was a permanent one. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is not a secret or "patent" medicine. List of ingredients given on request. Successful for 31 years. Makes permanent cures.

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Burglars Steal Heavy Stove.

While the family of Henry Martin, of East Fourteenth street, New York, was absent at a theater, burglars broke into the house and stole a heating stove weighing 600 pounds.

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Careless Umbrella Owners.

Over 22,000 umbrellas, lost in London, are taken to police headquarters every year.

There is some good, even in those who appear at the worst.

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If one is rich enough to repaint his buildings every year for the pleasure of having a change of color scheme, the quality of the paint used may cut little figure. But if it is desirable to cut the painting bills down to the least amount possible per year, it is of the utmost importance that the paint be made of Pure White Lead and the best of Linseed Oil. There are imitations in the form of alleged White Lead, and there are substitutes in the form of ready-prepared paints.

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"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Sent free upon request.

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of wheat from the harvest of 1906 means good money to the farmers of Western Canada when the world has to be fed. Cattle Raising, Dairying and Mixed Farming are also profitable callings. Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access. Taxes low.

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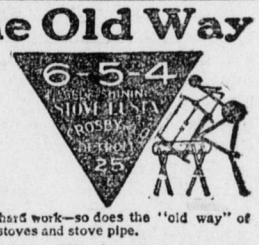
The Old Way TO SAW WOOD



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