



# HEARTS AND MASKS

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With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

We entered the general assembly-room. It was roomy and quaint, and somewhere above us was the inevitable room in which George Washington had slept. The great hooded fireplace was merry with crackling logs. Casually I observed that we were not alone. Over yonder, in a shadowed corner, sat two men, very well bundled up, and to all appearances, fast asleep. Moriarty lighted a four-branched candelabrum and showed us the way to the little private dining-room, took our orders, and left us.

"This is romance," said I. "They used to do these things hundreds of years ago, and everybody had a good time."

"It is now all very wicked and improper," murmured the girl, laying aside her domino for the first time; "but delightful! I now find I haven't the least bit of remorse for what I have done."

In that dark evening gown she was very beautiful. Her arms and shoulders were tinted like Carrara marble; and I knew instantly that I was never going to recover. I drew two chairs close to the grate. I sat down in one and she in the other. With a contented sigh she rested her blue-slipped feet on the brass fender.

"My one regret is that I haven't any shoes. What an adventure!"

"It's fine!" Two hours in the society of this enchanting creature! It was almost too good to be true. Ah, if it might always be like this—to return home from the day's work, to be greeted warmly by a woman as beautiful as this one! I sighed loudly.

Moriarty came with the chicken and ham and coffee.

"If ye would like, it won't be a bit of trouble to show ye George Washington's room; or"—with inimitable Irish drollery—"I can tell ye that he dined in this very room."

"That will serve," smiled the girl; and Moriarty bowed himself out.

His departure was followed by the clatter of silver upon porcelain. Of a truth, both of us were hungry.

"I was simply ravenous," the girl confessed.

"And as for me, I never dreamt I could be so unromantic. Now," said I, pushing aside my plate, and dropping sugar into my coffee, and vainly hunting in my pockets for a cigar, "there remains only one mystery to be cleared up."

"And what might this mystery be?" she asked. "The whereabouts of the bogus Haggerty?"

"The bogus Haggerty will never cross our paths again. He has skipped by the light of the moon. No, that's not the mystery. Why did you tell me you were an impostor; why did you go to the cellars with me, when all the while you were at the ball on Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds' invitation?"

She leaned on her elbows and smiled at me humorously.

"Would you really like to know, Signor? Well, it was an impostor." She sat with her back to the fire, and a weird halo of light seemed to surround her and frame her. "Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds accidentally dropped that invitation in my studio, a few days before she sailed for Europe. I simply could not resist the temptation. That is all the mystery there is."

"And they still think you were there rightfully!"

"You are no longer mystified?"

"Yes; there is yet another mystery to solve; myself. I knew it. Without rhyme and reason, I was in love; and without rhyme or reason, I was glad of it."

"Shall you ever be able to solve such a mystery?"—quizzically.

"It all depends upon you."

"Mr. Comstalk, you will not mar the exquisite humor of our adventure by causing me annoyance. I am sure that some day we shall be very good friends. But one does not talk of love on eight hours' acquaintance. Besides, you would be taking advantage of my helplessness; for I really depend upon you to see me safe back to New York. It is only the romance, the adventure; and such moonlight nights often superinduce sentimentality. What do you know of me? Nothing. What do I know of you? Nothing, save that there is a kindred spirit which is always likely to lead us into trouble. Down in your heart you know you are only temporarily affected by moonshine. Come, make me a toast!"—lifting her cup.

"You are right," said I. "I am a gentleman. But it was only consistent that, having been the fool, I should now play the ass. Here's!"—and I held up my cup.

But neither of us drank; there wasn't time.

For the door opened quietly, and in walked the two men we had seen upon entering the Inn. One of them gently

closed the door and locked it. One was in soiled every-day clothes, the other in immaculate evening dress. The latter doffed his opera hat with the most engaging smile imaginable. The girl and I looked up at him in blank bewilderment, and set our cups down so mechanically that the warm amber liquid splattered on the tablecloth.

Galloping Dick and the affable inspector of the cellars stood before us!

CHAPTER VIII.

"The unexpected always happens," began the pseudo-detective, closing his hat, drawing off his gloves and stuffing them into a pocket. "As a friend of mine used to say, it is the unexpected that always surprises us. We never expected to see these charming masques again, did we, William?"

"No, sir," said William, grinning affably, "we didn't. The gentleman was very nice and obliging to me, sir, when I was in the cellars."

"So I understand. Now," continued the late Mr. Haggerty, with the deadly affability of a Macaire, "I beg of you, Mr. Comstalk, I beg of you not to move or to become unduly excited. Physicians tell us that excitement wastes the red corpuscles, that is to say, the life of the blood."

"Your blood, sir, must be very thin," I returned coolly. But I cursed him soundly in my mind. William's bulging side-pocket convinced me that any undue excitement on my part would be exceedingly dangerous.

"William, you can always tell a gentleman," said the chief rogue ad-

"You have not entered this room, said the girl, her terror slipping from her, "simply to offer these banalities. What do you wish?"

"What perspicacity, William!" cried the rogue, taking out a cigarette case.

"I don't know what that word means, sir, but as you do, it seems to fit the occasion proper enough."

"It means, William, that this charming young lady scents our visit from afar."

"I had a suspicion, sir, that it might mean that," William leaned against the wall, his beady eyes twinkling merrily.

The master rogue lighted a cigarette at one of the candles.

"Pardon me," he said, "but will you join me?"—proffering the handsome gold case.

I took a cigarette and fired it. (I really wanted it.) I would show up well before this girl if I died for it. I blew a cloud of smoke at the candle-flame. There was a sparkle of admiration in the girl's eyes.

"Mr. Comstalk, my respect for you increases each moment." The rogue sat down.

"And to whom might this handsome case belong?" I asked, examining it closely.

"Oh, that has always been mine. There was a time,"—blowing rings at the candelabrum,— "when I was respected like yourself, rich, sought after. A woman and a trusted friend: how these often tumble down our beautiful edifices! Yes, I am a scamp, a thief, a rogue; but not because I need the money. No,"—with retrospective eyes—"I need excitement,



Rested Her Blue Slipped Feet on the Fender.

miringly. "A gentleman always recognizes his opportunities, and never loses his sense of the balance of things."

"And he is usually witty, too, sir," William assented.

The girl sat pale and rigid in her chair.

"What do you want?" I demanded savagely.

"For one thing, I should like to question the propriety of a gentleman's sitting down to dine with a lady without having washed his face. The coal-dust does not add to your manly beauty. You haven't a cake of soap about you, William, have you?"

"No sir," William's face expressed indescribable enjoyment of the scene.

The girl's mouth stiffened. She was struggling to repress the almost irresistible smile that tickled her lips.

"In times like these," said I, determined not to be outdone, "we are often thoughtless in regard to our personal appearances. I apologize to the lady."

"Fine, fine! I sincerely admire you, Mr. Comstalk. You have the true spirit of adventure. Hasn't he, William?"

"He certainly has, sir."

"Comes to a private ball without an invitation, and has a merry time of it indeed. To have the perfect sense of humor—that is what makes the world go round."

"Aren't you taking an extra risk in offering me these p. . . aries?" I asked.

"Risks? In what manner?"

"The man you so cleverly impersonated is at the club. I do not know what prompted me to put him on his guard."

The rogue laughed lightly. "I know Mr. Haggerty's habits. He is hustling back to New York as fast as he can. He passed here ten minutes ago in the patrol, lickety-clip! He wishes to warn all pawnbrokers and jewelers to be on the lookout for me to-morrow. Ten thousand in a night!"—jovially.

"A very tidy sum, sir," said William.

"A fourth of which goes to you, my good and faithful friend."

"Thank you, sir," replied William.

Two cooler rogues I never wish to meet!

"But wouldn't it be well, sir, to hasten?" asked William.

"We have plenty of time now, my son."

tremendous and continuous,—excitement to keep my vigilance and invention active day and night, excitement to obliterate memory.

"But we can't do it, my friend, we can't do it. Memory is always with us. She is an impartial Nemesis; she dogs the steps of the righteous and the unrighteous. To obliterate memory, that is it! And where might I find this obliteration, save in this life? Drugs? Pah! Oh, I have given Haggerty a royal chase. It has been meat and drink to me to fool the cleverest policeman in New York. Till yesterday my face, as a criminal, was unknown to any man or woman, save William here, who was my valet in the old days. I have gone to my clubs, dined, played billiards; a fine comedy, a fine comedy! To-morrow William and I sail for Europe. Miss Hawthorne, you wear one of the most exquisite rubies I have ever seen. Permit me to examine it."

The girl tore the ring from her finger and flung it on the table. I made a move as though to push back my chair.

"I wouldn't do it, sir," warned William quietly.

My muscles relaxed.

"Do not commit any rash action, Mr. Comstalk," said the girl, smiling bravely into my eyes. "The gentleman would not appreciate it."

The master rogue picked up the ring and rolled it lovingly about his palms.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" he murmured. "Finest pigeon-blood, too. It is easy worth a thousand. Shall I give you my note of exchange for it?"—humorously. The girl scorned to reply. He took out a little chamois bag and emptied its contents on the table. How they sparkled, scintillated, glowed; thousands in the whitest of stones! How he ever had got his fingers on them is something I shall never learn. "Aren't they just beautiful?" he asked naively. "Can you blame me for coveting them?" He set the ruby on top of the glittering heap. It lay there like a drop of blood. Presently he caught it up and—presented it to the girl, who eyed him in astonishment. "I only wanted to look at it," he said courteously. "I like your grit as much as I admire your beauty. Keep the ring."

To be Continued.

## WILD WINDS

### Traveled 300 Miles, Killing 20 Persons.

### IN THREE STATES.

#### Portions of Four Towns Were Devastated, the Loss to Property Exceeding \$500,000.

New Orleans, La.—A score of persons were killed Friday by a tornado which swept for 300 miles across portions of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. Parts of four towns were devastated, with damage exceeding \$500,000. The wind damaged houses, crops and telegraph wires throughout its course.

The tornado began at Alexandria, La., soon after 1 o'clock in the morning, killing four persons there, probably fatally injuring three and seriously injuring 13 others. Soon after daylight it neared the Mississippi river, killing five persons at Jackson, La., while at Bayou Sara, La., at least half a dozen others are reported killed. There was one fatal injury at Jackson.

The tornado next appeared at Carson, Miss., where great property damage was done, and disappeared about noon near Selma, Ala., where the inhabitants saw whirling clouds rise into the air as they crossed the river. A negro was reported killed near Selma.

Alexandria, a town of about 16,000 inhabitants, had a fearful experience. When the tornado struck, the electric lights went out, the cracking of falling buildings could be heard above the noise of the wind and vivid lightning flashes showed such sights as an empty Iron Mountain passenger train rolling over and over. Immediately after the wind spent its violence a heavy hail storm added to the general discomfort. The main portion of Alexandria escaped the worst of the tornado, which cut a path through the northern part of town, a residence quarter. A score of homes were demolished, 50 were damaged and altogether about 100 buildings were wrecked, including several business houses.

The Iron Mountain road lost its roundhouse. A freak of the wind drove a small section of a house into an empty passenger coach, wedging these two bodies almost inextricably together. In the woods about the town the tornado cut down trees and small cabins in a narrow line about nine miles long. Several houses were blown down at Pineville.

At Jackson, La., the insane asylum was wrecked with a loss of \$200,000. In addition to three female inmates many others were injured.

#### A PRINCELY GIFT.

Founder of Carnegie Institute Donates \$5,000,000 to it, as an Endowment.

Pittsburg, Pa.—W. N. Frew, of the board of trustees of the Carnegie institute, on Friday made public a letter he had received from Andrew Carnegie, in New York, announcing that Mr. Carnegie had made an endowment of \$6,000,000 to the institute. This gift is in addition to the \$4,000,000 given by Mr. Carnegie some time ago.

The previous endowment provided \$2,000,000 for the department of fine arts and museum and a like sum for the Carnegie schools of technology. The endowment yesterday provides \$4,000,000 for these three departments; \$1,000,000 for the purpose of erecting additions to the technical schools and \$1,000,000 to be used for the schools as an endowment fund when completed.

Mr. Carnegie also establishes a pension fund for the benefit of those connected with the institute, which after the death of the recipient is to be continued to the widow in all cases where needed.

#### REVIEW OF TRADE.

Distribution of Spring Merchandise Fully Equals the Most Sanguine Expectations.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: Trade responds to seasonable weather, distribution of spring merchandise fully equaling sanguine expectations and country merchants purchase liberally from wholesalers at leading centers. Reports from principal cities are uniformly favorable, active business being accompanied by further improvement in collections. Leading industries are fully occupied and no strikes of more than local significance have materialized thus far.

Manufacturers are busy on goods for early shipment and sample business for later seasons promises continued activity. Improved traffic conditions make deliveries more prompt. Few lines of finished steel can be delivered promptly, and quotations are consequently well maintained.

#### Steamer Burned to Water's Edge.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.—The steamer City of Troy, bound up the Hudson river, was burned to the water's edge here last night. All the passengers, some 65 in number, were landed safely. The steamer was completely destroyed.

#### Japan to Have Biggest Battleship.

London, Eng.—It is reported that the largest battleship in the world, to have a displacement of 21,000 tons, is to be built in England for the Japanese government. It will cost about \$11,250,000.

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