

HEARTS MASKS HAROLD MacGRATH Author of "The Man on the Box," etc. With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

all these people away."

le light of reverence. It was a pic-

found the right woman, the one

You're a good little woman," said

"Surely you love her!"

CHAPTER VIII .--- Continued. She slipped it mechanically over her finger.

"But you, my dear Mr. Comstalk!" the cried, turning his shining eyes upon me, while his fingers deftly re-placed the gems in the bag.

'I have no jewelry," I replied, tossing aside the cigarette

"But you have something infinitely "But you have something infinitely better. I am rather observant. In Friard's curio-shop you carelessly ex-hibited a wallet that was simply chok-ing to death with long yellow-boys. You have it still. Will you do me the honor?"—stretching out his slim white hond white hand.

I looked at William; he nodded. There wasn't the slightest chance for me to argue. So I drew out my wal-let. I extracted the gold-bills and made a neat little packet of them. It hurt, hurt like the deuce, to part with

them. But-! "Game, William. Isn't he? Most men would have flung the wallet at

"Oh, he is game, sir; never you doubt it, sir," said the amiable Wil-Jiam.

I have some silver in change," I suggested with some bitterness. "Far be it that I should touch silver," he said generously, did this rogue. "Besides, you will need some thing to pay for this little supper and the fare back to New York." My bills disappeared into his pocket. "You will observe that I trust you implicitly. haven't even counted the money. William sniggered.

"And is there anything further?" I inquired. The comedy was beginning

to weary me, it was so one-sided. "I am in no particular hurry," the rogue answered, his sardonis smile returning. "It is so long since I have chatted with people of my kind." I scowled.

"Pardon me, I meant from a social point of view only. I admit we would not be equals in the eye of the Pres-

And then followed a scene that re minds me to this day of some broken fantastic dream, a fragment from some bewildering nightmare.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTERIX. For suddenly I saw his eyes widen and flash with anger and apprehen-sion. Quick as a passing sun-shadow, his hand swept the candelabrum from the table. He made a swift backward spring toward the door, but he was a little too late. The darkness he had created was not intonse enough, for there was still the ruddy glow from the logs; and the bosom of his dress-shirt made a fine target. Besides, the eyes that had peered into the window were accustomed to the night

Blang! The glass of the window shivered and jingled to the floor, and a sharp report followed. The rogue cried out in fierce anguish, and reeled against the wall. William whipped out his revolver, but, even from his favorable angle, he was not quick enough. The hand that had di-rected the first bullet was ready to

eond crashed inward, and an officer fear-lessly entered, a revolver in cach I returned it to my wallet, but with-regard for me to—to the burglar—

where the last call had been from, perhaps that was it. They are always behind good actions and bad and, learning that it came from Holly wood Inn, he took his chance. The Heigh-ho! oom was soon filled with servants Once we were seated in the 'onely

car, the girl broke down and cried as if her heart would break. It was only and stable-hands, the pistol-shot hav-ing lured them from their beds. The hav-The ff her heart would break. It was only He her tears unnerved me. wounded man was very pale. He the general reaction, be sat with his uninjured hand tightly her tears unnerved me.

a little pool of blood slowly formed at taking her hand in mine. She made is side on the floor. But his eyes no effort to repulse me. "I am sorry. hone brightly. The rascal was a gallant beggar, and "A basin of water and some linen!" I for one shouldn't have been sorry to ried the girl to Morlarty. "And send see him get away. There, there! You're the bravest, tenderest girl in all this world; and when I told him I "To yer rooms, ivery one of ye!" napped Moriarty, sweeping his hands. 'Tis no place for ye, be off!'' He loved you, God knows I meant it! It is one of those inexplicable things. aurried the servants out of the room, and presently returned with a basin You say I have known you only eight hours? I have known you always, hours? of water, some linen and balm. We watched the girl as she bathed and bandaged the wounded arm; and only I had not met you. What are eight hours? What is convention, formality? We two have lived a lifence or twice the patient smiled. Hagtime in these eight hours. Can't you gerty looked on approvingly, and in William's eyes there beamed the gensee that we have?" "To shoot a human being!" she

sobbed. Her head fell against my shoulder. I do not believe she was moving here and there is her exquisite gown. Ah, the tender mercy! I knew that, come what might. I had strange

perate predicament, and he would have shot Haggerty had the detective been careless in his turn; and he wouldn't have amied to maim, either." ever placed upon earth. Had I only found one!" He turned whimsically I said nothing: and

Failed to Agree.

WASOUT 47 HOURS

Seven Jurymen Voted for Verdict of Guilty of First Degree Murder and Five for Acquittal.

New York .--- Hopelessly divided-en for a verdict of guilty murder in the first degree even of murder in the first degree and five for acquittal on the ground of insanity—the jury which since January 23 had been trying Harry K. Thaw reported Friday after 47 hours and 8 minutes of deliberation that it could not possibly agree upon a ver-dict. The 12 men were promptly dis-charged by Jusice Fitzgerald, who declared that he believed their task was hopeless. Thaw was remanded to the Tombs without heil to await a was hopeless. Thaw was remanded to the Tombs without bail to await a second trial on the charge of having

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When this new triat with the case place no one connected with the case could express an opinion. District Attorney Jerome declared that there vere many other persons accused of nomicide awaiting trial and Thaw would have to take his turn with the rest. As to a possible change of venue, both the district attorney and counsel for Thaw declared they would make no such move. Thaw, surrounded by the members

Thaw, surrounded by the members of his family, received the news in absolute silence. When it became known that the jury was about to make its report and that the case would be disposed of Thaw called his wife to a seat by his side and sat with his arm thrown about her until he was commanded to stand and face the jurcs. Smilling and confident as the jurors. Smiling and confident as he entered the court room, he sank limply into his chair when Foreman Deming B. Smith, in response to a question by Clerk Penny as to wheth-er a verdict had been agreed upon, said: "We have not."

Thaw when he had returned to the Tombs gave out the following state-

"I believe that every man in the "I believe that every man in the jury possessing average intelligence, excepting possibly Mr. Bolton, com-prehend the weight of evidence and balanced it for acquittal. All my family bid me good-bye with cour-age. I trust we may all keep well." To his attorneys Thaw said he was deeply disappointed. "But I could hardiy expect any-thing else in view of the events of the

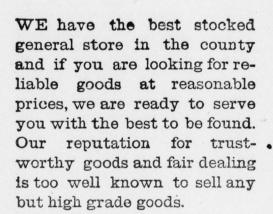
thing else in view of the events of the past few days," he added. Earlier in the day Thaw had given

another statement in which he out said he desired that his fate should be judged upon the "written" laws of the state of New York. He declared that he believed that the evidence adduced had convinced even District Attorney Jerome of his innocence under the strict letter of the law. The story of the proceedings in the

jury room as they were learned last night far outranked in interest the brief court proceedings which brought the famous trial to a close. brought the famous trial to a close. It developed that the jury had consid-ered everything connected with the case except "the unwritten law." Bas-ing their judgment entirely upon the evidence, they voted either for or against murder in the first degree when they cast their first ballot. The first vote was 8 to 4 in favor of con-viction. Then the jury tried to reach a common ground upon a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree, the punishment for which ranges to a punishment for which ranges to a maximum of 20 years' imprisonment. The men in favor of acquittal—largeon the ground of insanity, it is said-would not change their ballots and in the end won over to their side one of the eight who favored convic-

tion.

During the nearly 48 hours of delib-C. Harney, NO. 9, a manufacturer of planos. The final ballot, taken just before the jury reported its disagreement in court, was as follows: For conviction of murder in the first degree: Messrs. Deming B. Smith, foreman; George Pfaff, No. 2; Charles H. Fecke, No. 3; Harry C. Brearley, No. 6; Charles D. Newton No. 8; Joseph B. Bolton, No. 11, and Bernard Gerstman, No. 12. For acquittal on the ground of in



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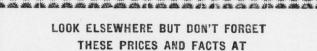
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time her sobs had ceased. "I know I haven't done anything

We Watched the Girl.

the girl as I spoke.

she heard. She pinned the ends of the bandages carefully.

asked Haggerty, looking down at his risoner.

The prisoner shrugged.

"You've the making of a fine man n you," went on Haggerty generously. 'What caused you to slip up?" "That subject is taboo," replied the

"But I want to beg your par-"It was all due to a chance shot at in a popular novel."

"Surely I do!" I looked bravely at especially gallant to-night; no fightbe girl as I spoke. But she never gave any sign that just moved me around like a piece of stage scener

A smile flashed and was gone. It "And what brought you to this?" was a hopeful sign.

"But the results are the same. You have admitted to me that you are neither engaged nor married. you take me on—on approval?" Won't

"Mr. Comstalk, it all seems so like a horrid dream. You are a brave man, and, what is better, a sensible one, for you submitted to the inevitdon for underestimating your cun. able with the best possible grace. But

ever go back." said I. "It seems

I returned it to my wallet, but with the stableau, which lasted fulling and minder his marker, was finally disturbed by the entrance of Haggerty himself.
I't's all in the game, sir, "--with a look at Haggerty that expressed in a splintered bone. I am a dead shot. A fine night!"--tritumphantly. "It's have the builting. "Takk too much," supplemented bone. I am a dead shot. A fine night!"--tritumphantly. "It's here a long chase, and I never was sure of the finish. You're the eleverest this many a day. I don't even know who you are yet. Well, well well round that up in time."
Not till the candles again sputtered with light, and William was securely with light. and William was securely with light.
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weilf weil round that up in time." Not till the candles again sputtered with light, and William was securely handcuffed and disarmed, did I received the pick of the jewels. This is a sor-did world." "Ye'er car-r is coming!" should world in the window. So the girl and I passed out of Hol-lywood in, leaving Haggerty with his mysterious prisoners, I can't reason there was a salty taste on my tongue. "Horrible!" cried the girl, covering her eyes. The master rogue and his valet were led but into the assembly-room, and we beluctantly followed. I saw it all now. When Haggerty called central at the club, he ascertained the dub, he ascertained the pick of the jewels. This is a sor-were led but into the assembly-room, and we beluctantly followed. I saw to central at the club, he ascertained the section the day but the space of a woman; the had spoken of a woman; the had spoken of a woman; the pick of the jewels. This is a sor-the pick of the jewels. This is a sor-were led but into the assembly-room, and we beluctantly followed. I saw the had spoken of a woman; the pick of the jewels. This is a sor-the pick of the jewels. The jewels. The master rogue and his valet the had spoken of a woman; the had spoken of a woman; the pick of the jewels. The pick of the jewels. The sore the pick of the jewels. This is a sor-the pick of this jewels. The pick of the jewels. The master rogue and his valet the had spoken of a woman; the pick of the jewels. Th

yout in case you should not suit my needs?" "You could return me," said I iaugh-ing. Eut she didn't. (THE END.) How She Broke the Cup. Signera Veronelli (seeking a serv-ent)-Why were you sent away from your has place? "Because I broke a coffee cup." "Was that the only reason?" "Certainly, except that on that ac-count my mistres had a little 能着 隆碧 發送 設計 能考 意義 能推 能清 to Argentine

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