



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

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

She slipped it mechanically over her finger.
"But you, my dear Mr. Comstalk!" he cried, turning his shining eyes upon me, while his fingers deftly replaced the gems in the bag.
"I have no jewelry," I replied, tossing aside the cigarette.
"But you have something infinitely better. I am rather observant. In Friard's curio-shop you carelessly exhibited a wallet that was simply choking to death with long yellow-boys. You have it still. Will you do me the honor?"—stretching out his slim white hand.

I looked at William; he nodded. There wasn't the slightest chance for me to argue. So I drew out my wallet. 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 my head."
"Oh, he is game, sir; never you doubt it, sir," said the amiable William.

"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 something 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. I 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 sardonic 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 Presbyter."
And then followed a scene that reminds me to this day of some broken, fantastic dream, a fragment from some bewildering nightmare.

CHAPTER IX.
For suddenly I saw his eyes widen and flash with anger and apprehension. 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 intense 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 directed the first bullet was ready to direct the second.

All this took place within the count of ten. The girl and I sat stiffly in our chairs, as if petrified, it was all so swiftly accomplished.
"Drop it," said a cold, authoritative voice, and I saw the vague outlines of Haggerty's face beyond the broken window-pane.

William knew better than to hesitate. His revolver struck the floor dully, and a curse rolled from his lips. Instantly a heavy body precipitated itself against the door, which crashed inward, and an officer fearlessly entered, a revolver in each hand. This tableau, which lasted fully a minute, was finally disturbed by the entrance of Haggerty himself.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss," he said heartily; "it's all over. I'm sorry for the bullet, but it had to be done. The rascal has nothing more serious than a splintered bone. I am a dead shot. A fine night!"—triumphantly. "It's been a long chase, and I never was sure of the finish. You're the cleverest rogue I have seen my good fortune to meet this many a day. I don't even know who you are yet. Well, well! we'll round that up in time."
Not till the candles again sputtered with light, and William was securely handcuffed and disarmed, did I remember that I possessed the sense of motion. The smoke of powder drifted across the flickering candles, and there was a salty taste on my tongue.

"Horrible!" cried the girl, covering her eyes.
The master rogue and his valet were led out into the assembly-room, and we reluctantly followed. I saw it all now. When Haggerty called up central at the club, he ascertained

where the last call had been from, and, learning that it came from Hollywood Inn, he took his chance. The room was soon filled with servants and stable-hands, the pistol-shot having lured them from their beds. The wounded man was very pale. He sat with his uninjured hand tightly clasped above the ragged wound, and a little pool of blood slowly formed at his side on the floor. But his eyes shone brightly.
"A basin of water and some linen!" cried the girl to Moriarty. "And send all these people away."
"To yer rooms, I'vey one of ye!" snapped Moriarty, sweeping his hands. "Tis no place for ye, he off!" He hurried the servants out of the room, and presently returned with a basin of water, some linen and balm.

We watched the girl as she bathed and bandaged the wounded arm; and once or twice the patient smiled. Haggerty looked on approvingly, and in William's eyes there beamed the gentle light of reverence. It was a picture to see this lovely creature playing the part of the good Samaritan, moving here and there in her exquisite gown. Ah, the tender mercy! I knew that, come what might, I had strangely found the right woman, the one woman.

"You're a good little woman," said the rogue, his face softening; "and a good woman is the finest thing God ever placed upon earth. Had I only found one!" He turned whimsically toward me. "Are you engaged to marry this little woman?"
"No."
"Surely you love her!"

"I know I haven't done anything

perhaps that was it. They are always behind good actions and bad Heish-ho!

Once we were seated in the lonely car, the girl broke down and cried as if her heart would break. It was only the general reaction, but the sight of her tears unnerved me.

"Don't cry, girl; don't!" I whispered, taking her hand in mine. She made no effort to repulse me. "I am sorry. The rascal was a gallant beggar, and I for one shouldn't have been sorry to see him get away. There, there! You're the bravest, tenderest girl in all this world; and when I told him I loved you, God knows I meant it! It is one of those inexplicable things. You say I have known you only eight hours? I have known you always, only I had not met you. What are eight hours? What is convention, formality? We two have lived a lifetime in these eight hours. Can't you see that we have?"

"To shoot a human being!" she sobbed. Her head fell against my shoulder. I do not believe she was conscious of the fact. And I did not care a hang for the conductor.
I patted her hand encouragingly. "It had to be done. He was in a desperate predicament, and he would have shot Haggerty had the detective been careless in his turn; and he wouldn't have aimed to maim, either."
"What a horrible night! It will haunt me as long as I live!"

I said nothing; and we did not speak again till the first of the Blankshire lights flashed by us. By this time her sobs had ceased.

"I know I haven't done anything



We Watched the Girl.

"Surely I do!" I looked bravely at the girl as I spoke.

But she never gave any sign that she heard. She pinned the ends of the bandages carefully.
"And what brought you to this?" asked Haggerty, looking down at his prisoner.

The prisoner shrugged.
"You've the making of a fine man in you," went on Haggerty generously. "What caused you to slip up?"
"That subject is taboo," replied the thief. "But I want to beg your pardon for underestimating your cunning."

"It was all due to a chance shot at the telephone."
"I kept you guessing."
"Merrily, too. My admiration is wholly yours, sir," returned Haggerty, picking up the telephone exchange-book. He rang and placed his lips to the transmitter, calling a number.

"Hello! It is the chief of the Blankshire police? Yes? Well, this is Haggerty. That idea I hinted to you was a mighty good one. Prepare two strong cells and have a doctor on hand. What? Oh, you will find your horse and carriage at Moriarty's. Good-bye!"
My money was handed over to me. I returned it to my wallet, but without any particular enthusiasm.

"It's bad business, William," said I.
"It's all in the game, sir!"—with a look at Haggerty that expressed infinite hatred. "In our business we can't afford to be careless."
"Or to talk too much," supplemented his master, smiling. "Talk, my friend, rounds me up with a bullet in the arm, and a long sojourn behind stone walls. Never talk. Thank you, too, Mr. Comstalk, for the saving grace of humor. If it were possible, I should like to give Miss Hawthorne the pick of the jewels. This is a sorrowful world."

"Ye'er carr is coming!" shouted Moriarty, running to the window.
So the girl and I passed out of Hollywood Inn, leaving Haggerty with his mysterious prisoners. I can't reason it out, even to this day, but I was genuinely sorry that Haggerty had arrived upon the scene. For one thing, he had spoiled the glamour of the adventure by flinging it with blood. And on the way to the car I wondered what had been the rogue's past, what had turned him into this hardy, perfidious path. He had spoken of a woman;

especially gallant to-night; no fighting, no rescuing, and all that. They just moved me around like a piece of stage scenery.
A smile flashed and was gone. It was a hopeful sign.

"But the results are the same. You have admitted to me that you are neither engaged nor married. Won't you take me on—on approval?"
"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 inevitable with the best possible grace. But you talk of love as readily as a hero in a popular novel."
"I never go back," said I. "It seems incredible, doesn't it, that I should declare myself in this fashion? Listen, for my part, I believe that all this was written,—my Tom-foolery in Mouquin's, my imposture and yours, the two identical cards,—the adventure from beginning to end."

Silence.
"Suppose I should say," the girl began looking out of the window, "that in the restaurant you aroused my curiosity, that in the cellars my admiration was stirred, that the frank manner in which you expressed your regard for me—to the burglar—awakened—"

"What?" I cried eagerly.
"Nothing. It was merely a supposition."
"Hang it; I love you!"
"Are you still the Capuchin, or simply Mr. Comstalk?"

"I have laid aside all masks, even that which hides the heart."
She turned and looked me steadily in the eyes.
"Well!" said I.
"If I took you on—on approval, what in the world should I do with you in case you should not suit my needs?"
"You could return me," said I laughing.

But she didn't.
(THE END.)

How She Broke the Cup.
Signora Veronelli (seeking a servant)—Why were you sent away from your last place?
"Because I broke a coffee cup."
"Was that the only reason?"
"Certainly, except that on that account my mistress had a little wound on the head."—H. Riso.

NO VERDICT.

Jury in the Thaw Trial Failed to Agree.

WAS OUT 47 HOURS

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

New York.—Hopelessly divided—seven for a verdict of guilty 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 verdict. The 12 men were promptly discharged by Justice Fitzgerald, who declared that he believed their task was hopeless. Thaw was remanded to the Tombs without bail to await a second trial on the charge of having murdered Stanford White.

When this new trial would take place no one connected with the case could express an opinion. District Attorney Jerome declared that there were many other persons accused of homicide 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 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 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 whether a verdict had been agreed upon, said: "We have not."

Thaw when he had returned to the Tombs gave out the following statement: "I believe that every man in the jury possessing average intelligence, excepting possibly Mr. Bolton, comprehend the weight of evidence and balanced it for acquittal. All my family bid me good-bye with courage. I trust we may all keep well."

To his attorneys Thaw said he was deeply disappointed.
"But I could hardly expect anything else in view of the events of the past few days," he added.

Earlier in the day Thaw had given out another statement in which he 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. It developed that the jury had considered everything connected with the case except "the unwritten law." Basing 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 conviction. 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 maximum of 20 years' imprisonment. The men in favor of acquittal—largely on 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 conviction.

During the nearly 48 hours of deliberation only eight ballots were cast. The jury spent the two night sessions dozing in their chairs. The entire story of what transpired in the jury room from the time the 12 men retired at 5:17 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon until they finally decided Friday afternoon that the prospects of a verdict were too remote to warrant longer discussion of the facts, was told by one of the jurors, Henry C. Harney, No. 5, a manufacturer of pianos. 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. Ficke, No. 3; Harry C. Bregley, No. 6; Charles D. Newton, No. 8; Joseph B. Bolton, No. 11, and Bernard Gerstman, No. 12.
For acquittal on the ground of insanity: Messrs. Oscar A. Pink, No. 4; Henry C. Harney, No. 5; Malcolm S. Fraser, No. 7; Wilbur F. Steele, No. 9, and John S. Dennee, No. 10.

Juror Bolton said: "There was no question of the unwritten law or of 'dementia Americana' in our deliberations. We considered the case from a purely legal standpoint."

Delegates to The Hague are Named. Washington, D. C.—The following American delegates to The Hague conference have been named: Joseph A. Choate, former ambassador to Great Britain. Gen. Horace Porter, former ambassador to France. E. M. Ross, of Arkansas, former president of the American Bar association. David Jayne Hill, American minister to the Netherlands. Brig. Gen. George B. Davis, judge advocate general. U. S. A. Rear Admiral Sperry, U. S. N. William I. Buchanan, formerly minister to Argentine Republic and to Panama.

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