M'COOK, - - NEBRASKA

HEARTS MASKS

HAROLD MacGRATH

With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

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

(Copyright, 1905, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.) CHAPTER IV.

In other words, we had departed the scene of festivities none too soon. I could readily understand why the door had been locked; it was not to keep us in the cellars: rather it was to prevent any one from leaving the ball room by that route. Evidently our absence had not been noticed, nor had any see .: our precipitate flight. I sighed gratefully.

For several minutes we stood silent and motionless on the landing. At length I boldly struck a match. The first thing that greeted my blinded gaze was the welcome vision of a little shelf lined with steward's candles. One of these I lighted, and two others I stuffed into the pocket of my Capuchin's gown. Then we tiptoed softly down the stairs, the girl tugging fearfully at my sleeve.

There was an earthly smell. It was damp and cold. Miles and miles away (so it seemed) the pale moonshine filtered through a cobwebbed window. It was ghostly; but so far as I was concerned. I was honestly enjoying myself, strange as this statement may seem. Here was I, setting forth upon an adventure with the handsomest, wittiest girl I had ever laid eyes upon. If I extricated her neatly, she would always be in my debt; and the thought of this was mighty pleasant to contemplate.

"Do you know the way out?" I confessed that, so far as I knew, we were in one of the fabled labyrinths of mythology.

"Go ahead," she said bravely. "I ask only to die in your highness' service,"-soberly.

"But I do not want you to die; I want you to get me out of this cellar; and quickly, too.'

"I'll live or die in the attempt!" "I see nothing funny in our predicament,"-icily.

"A few moments ago you said that our angles of vision were not the same; I begin to believe it. As for me. I think it's simply immense to find myself in the same boat with you."

"I wish you had been an anarchist, or a performer in a dime museum."

"You might now be alone here. But, pardon me; surely you do not lack the full allotment of the adventurous spirit! It was all amusing enough to come here under false pretenses."

"But I had not reckoned on any one's losing jewels."

"No more had I." "Proceed. I have the courage to trust to your guidance." "I would that it might be al-

ways!"-with a burst of sentiment that was not wholly feigned. "Let us go on,"-impatiently. "I shall not only catch my death of

cold, but I shall be horribly compromised." "My dear young lady, on the word there than mine." I suggested. of a gentleman, I will do the best I can to get you out of this cellar. If tic," said the girl. I have jested a little, it was only in

the effort to give you courage; for I haven't the slightest idea how we are going to get out of this dismal hole." We went on. We couldn't see half a dozen feet in front of us. The gloom beyond the dozen feet was Stygian to her. and menacing. And the great grim shadows that crept behind us as we ically.

proceeded! Once the girl stumbled and fell against me.

"I stepped on something that-that

moved!"-plaintively. a bin of them over there. Where the

deuce are we?" "If you swear, I shall certainly scream!" she warned.

"But I can swear in the most elegant and approved fashion."

"I am not inclined to have you that I was forced to smile. demonstrate your talents." "Aha! Here is the coal-bin. Per-

haps the window may be open. If so, we are saved. Will you hold the candle for a moment?"

Have you ever witnessed a cat time.' footing it across the snow? If you have, picture me imitating her. Cauinto a roaring treadmill. Sssssh! amusing. Rrrir! In a moment I was buried to the knees and nearly suffocated. I became angry. I would reach that

"Hush! Hush! The noise, the -with a nod toward the apple bin. noise!" whispered the girl, waving

the candle frantically. But I was determined. Again I tried. This time I slipped and fell on my hands. As I strove to get up, the cord on my gown became tangled about my feet. The girl choked; nice name." whether with coal dust or with laughter I could not say, as she still had asked impulsively. on her cambric mask.

"Forgive me," she said. And then you." I knew it was not the coal dust.

promise to forget.'

"Merciful heavens! you must not try that again. Think of the noise!"

"Was I making any noise?"-rubbing the perspiration from my forehead. (I had taken off my mask.) "Noise? The trump of Judgment so." Day will be feeble compared to it.

Surely some one has heard you. Why not lay that board on top of the A good idea. I made use of it at once. The window was unlatched, lar, and had the semblance of a huge but there was a heavy wire-screen eistern with a door opening into it.

-nailed to the sills outside. There As we passed it, the vague perfume was no getting out that way. The of the grape drifted out to us. gods were evidently busy elsewhere.

"Nothing doing," I murmured, a bit discouraged.

"And even if there was, you really could not expect me to risk my if we ever get out of this cellar." neck and dignity by climbing through a window like that. Let us give up the idea of windows, and seek the cellar doors, those that give to tomato catsup. Give me your hand." the grounds. I declare I shall leave by no other-exit."

"It was very kind of you to and I quickly bent my head and kissed let me make an ass of myself like the hand. It was wrong, but I could that. Why didn't you tell me be-

"Perhaps it's the angle of vision again. I can see that we shall never agree. Seriously, I thought that if ultantly. "I see the cellar stairs on you got out that way, you might find ahead. If only those doors are open!" the other exit for me. I am sorry if my laughter annoyed you."

"I'll forgive you, but I will not said there were three tens of hearts." That meant that only one was out of order. Where did you get your card?"

> "That I shall tell you-later." "But are you really an impostor?" "I should not be in this cellar else."

"You are very mystifying." "For the present I prefer to remain

We tossed aside the apple cores, rose, and went on. It was the longest celler I ever saw. There seemed absolutely no end to it. The wine cellar was walled apart from the main cel-

"Let's have a bottle," I began. "Mr. Comstalk!"

"By absent-treatment!" I hastened to add. "You will make a capital comrade-

"Trust me for that!" I replied gaily.

"Be careful; there's a pile of empty bottles, yearning to be filled with But the moment the little digits closed over mine, a thrill seized me.

not help it. She never spoke nor withdrew her hand; and my fear that she might really be offended vanished. "We are nearly out of it," I said ex-

"Heaven is merciful to the fool, and we are a pair," she replied, sighing orations of the holy father. To have "Not at all, not at all. But wouldn't gratefully. "It seems strange that no- the right to wear the Vatican ribbon, it be wise to save a little laughter body should be in the cellar on a night or to be called count, it was necessary to make merry with when we get like this. Hark! They are playing to obtain a confirmation of title. This again up stairs in the ball room."

I stepped out of the bin and re- "And wondering a whole lot where



Calmly Munching the Apples.

lieved her of the candle; and we | that third ten of hearts has gone."

"You did look funny," she said. "Please don't!" I begged. Soon we came to a bin of cab-

bages. I peered in philosophically. "I might find a better head in "Now you are trying to be sarcas-

We went on.

'Here's a bin of nice apples.'

Apples! Well, my word, she was a cool one! I picked up one, polished it on my sleeve, and gave it

"And plucky, too," I supplemented. admiringly. "Most women would be "What's the matter?" I asked, start- in a weeping state by this time." "Perhaps I am waiting till it is

all over." "You had better take off your mask." 'Possibly it was a potato; there's In fact I felt positive that the sight of polite but muffled tones. her exquisite face would act like a

tonic upon my nerves. "I am doing very well with it on. I can at least keep my face clean." She raised the curtain and took a liberal bite of the apple-so nonchalantly

"Here's a box." said I: "lets sit down while we eat. We are safe tranquil voice from behind the light. enough. If any one had heard the

And there we sat, calmly munching the apples, for all the world as if the tiously I took one step, then another; iron hand of the law wasn't within a to be outdone in the matter of formal and then that mountain of coal turned thousand miles of us. It was all very

> "Are-are you the man they are hunting for?" she asked abruptly. "I never stole anything more terrible than green apples-and ripe ones"

"Pardon me! I feel very guilty in asking you such a question. You I could feel her heart beating even haven't told me your name."

"Haven't I? My name is Richard Comstalk. My friends call me Dicky." "Dicky," she murmured. "It's a

"Won't you have another apple?" I

An idea came to me. "Hamilton

"But, listen. How are we to get back to the trolley? We certainly can not walk the distance in these

"Oh, that carryall will come to our rescue. We are weary and are leaving early, don't you know. That part is simple; the complicated thing is to shake the dust of this cellar."

"What a big furnace!" she ex-"Wait a moment!" she cried. claimed, as we came into view of the huge heating apparatus. "And there's more coal."

A man stepped out from behind the furnace and confronted us. A red bandana covered the lower part of his "I'm hungry," she said, apologet- face and his hat was pulled down over his eves. But I recognized him instantly. It was the fellow with the villainous pipe! Something glittered ominously at the end of his out-

> "If you make any noise, sir, I'll have to plug you, sir," he said in

stretched arm.

The candle slipped from my fingers, and the three of us stood in darkness!

CHAPTER V.

There was a clicking sound, and the glare of a dark-lantern struck my blinking eyes. "Pick up the candle, sir," said the

I obeyed readily enough. Fate was racket in the coal bin, the cellar downright cruel to us. Not a dozen would have been full of police by this feet away was liberty; and now we were back at the beginning again, with the end nowhere in sight.

"Shall I light it, sir?" I asked, not politeness.

"Yes, sir, doubtless you will need it." I struck a match and touched the "Burglar?" said I. (For all my ap-

parent coolness, my heartbeats were away up in the eighties!) The girl snuggled close to my side.

faster than mine.

"Burglar?" I repeated. "Indeed, no, sir," - reproachfully. "Mine is a political job."

"A political job?" thunderstruck. "Yes, sir; I am an inspector of cellars."-grimly. "I couldn't get around "My appetite is appeased, thank to this here cellar earlier in the day, sir, and a fellow's work must be done."

To be Continued.

The revelations regarding fraudulent paint materials which have been made by the Agricultural Experiment Station of Fargo, N. D., and published by Prof. E. F. Ladd, state commissioner, have occasioned almost as much of a sensation as the exposure of adulteration in food products did when the latter first began to appear. It has been shown that kegs marked "Pure White Lead" often contain other substances such as chalk, barytes, silica, etc., and that oil supposed to be linseed often contains petroleum adulterants, to say nothing of water in large proportions. Sometimes, socalled "White Leads" contain not an iota of genuine White Lead.

The farmer is a large user of paint. No one is more interested than he is, that the label should enable him to get what he supposes he is paying for. There should be a law in every state requiring that all paint packages be labeled exactly according to their contents. That would enable every paintbuyer to buy intelligently.

SOME NEW FRENCH KNIGHTS.

Queen of Holland Has Agreed to Recognize Vatican Titles.

Among the lucrative sources of revenue of the pope before the separation of church and state in France was the toll or tax on titles of nobility and decorations. Since the rupture the French government no longer recognizes the ennobling titles and decgave much perplexity to the candidates.

The question has just been settled. Queen Wilhelmina has consented to validate such titles and distinctions. The result has been an amusing pilgrimage to The Hague-and also in an increase in the price of these pontifical favors.

In the last few weeks the French Knights of the Golden Spur, of the Holy Sepulcher, of Christ, of Gregory the Great, of Pius IX. have greatly increased.

HOME-MADE CATARRH CURE.

Sufferers Should Make This Up and Try It Anyway.

Any one can mix right at home the best remedy of its kind known. The name "Cyclone" is given to the following prescription, it is supposed, because of its promptness in driving from the blood and system every vestige of catarrhal poison, relieving this foul and dread disease, no matter where located. To prepare the mixture: Get from any good pharmacy one half-ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon and three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Shake well and use in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at

bedtime. This is a harmless, inexpensive mixture, which has a peculiar action upon the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys, assisting them to filter and strain from the blood and system all catarrhal poisons, which, if not eradicated, are absorbed by the mucous membrane, and an open sore or ca-

tarrh is the result. Prepare some and try it, as it is the prescription of an eminent catarrh specialist of national reputation.

The "Thunderer."

Judge Rentoul's reference on the bench to the Times as the "Thunderer" reminds us how remarkably this nickname has persisted. The Morning Post is no longer "Jeames;" the Standard has not been "Mrs. Gamp" since the decease of the Morning Herald-the "Mrs. Harris" to whom it would allude as an independent authority, and the two represented the same proprietor. But the Times is still the "Thunderer." It owes that name to Captain Edward Sterling, who is said to have begun a Times article with the words: "We thundered forth the other day an article on the subject of social and political reform."-London Chronicle.

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and receive sample of "perfect balance ration grass seed," together with Fodder Plants, Clover, etc., etc., and big Plant and Seed Catalog free.

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In Eagle Eyes. "Where's the bahbah?" asked the soft young chap from the east.

"I'm the barber, sonny," drawled the big man in the wide hat and red

"And do you know how to clip "I should say so. Just stand about ten paces, and if I can't clip off every

lock in 12 shots, I'll set up the lick-

er."-Chicago Daily News. The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of

goods were new. Artillerymen approve of highballs.

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To be a great man it is necessary to turn to account all opportunities .-Rochefoucauld.

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That is LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. Similarly named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablet is a WHITE PACKAGE with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c. "Is your husband up yet?" askedthe sour-faced woman at the door. "I expect he is," was the reply. "I'd like to see him for a few minutes."

"So would I. He hasn't come home

yet."-Milwaukee Sentinel. By following the directions, which are plainly printed on each package of Defiance Starch, Men's Collars and Cuffs can be made just as stiff as desired, with either gloss or domestic finish. Try it, 16 oz. for 10c, sold by

Natural Washing Preparation.

all good grocers.

Near Ashcroft, in British Columbia. are a number of small lakes, whose shores and bottoms are covered with a crust containing borax and soda in such quantities and proportions that when cut it serves as a washing compound. The crust is cut into blocks and handled in the same manner as ice. and it is estimated that one of the lakes contains 20,000 tons of this ma-

1847-1907.

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to-day the world's standard plasters. This invention has been one of the greatest blessings imaginable and affords the quickest, cheapest and best means ever discovered for healing

and relief of certain ailments. Allcock's are the original and genuine porous plasters and are sold by Druggists all over the world.

Toime and Toide. Mrs. Hooligan was suffering from the common complaint of having more

to do than there was time to do it in. She looked up at the clock and then slapped the iron she had lifted from the stove back on the lid with a clatter. "Talk about toime and toide waitin' fer no man," she muttered as she hurried into the pantry; "there's toimes they waits, an' toimes they don't. Yishterday at this blessed min-

a quarther to twelve."-Everybody's. Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its great-

Most people would fall short if measured by the golden rule.

er strength than other makes.

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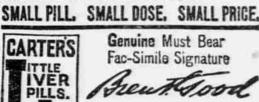
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