

HEARTS AND MASKS

By HAROLD MacGRATH

With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The ten of hearts again! Hang the card! And then with a sigh of relief I recollected that in all probability he, like Columbine, had heard me call out the card to Hamilton.

She was sitting all alone in a corner near by, partly screened by a pot of orange trees. I crossed over and sat down by her side.

She turned, and I caught sight of a wisp of golden hair.

"That is very original," said she. "Who in the world would have thought of passing comments on the weather at a masque!

"Oh, I am coming to that. I am even going to make love to you."

CHAPTER III.

When they give you a mask at a ball they also give you the key to all manner of folly and impudence. Even stupid people become witty, and the witty become correspondingly daring.

As I recollected the manner in which I had self-invited the pleasure of my company to this carnival at the Blankshire Hunt club, I smiled behind my mask.

Out of my mind slipped the previous adventures of the evening. I forgot, temporarily, the beautiful unknown at Mouquin's.

"I am madly in love with you," I began. "I have followed you often; I have seen you in your box at the opera; I have seen you whirl up Fifth avenue in your fine barouche; and here at last I meet you!"

"My beautiful barouche! My box at the opera! the girl mimicked. "What a cheerful Ananias you are!"

"Disillusioned in ten seconds!" I cried, dismally. "How could you?"

"Have you no romance? Can you not see the fitness of things? If you have not a box at the opera, you ought at least to make believe you have. History walks about us, and you call the old style archaic! That hurts!"

"Ode's bodkin, you don't tell me!" There was a second ripple of laughter from behind the mask. It was rare music.

"I could fall in love with you!" "There once was a Frenchman who said that as nothing is impossible, let us believe in the absurd. I might be old enough to be your grandmother,"—lightly.

"Perish the thought!" "Perish it, indeed!" "The mask is the thing!" I cried, enthusiastically. "You can make love to another man's wife—"

"Or your own, and nobody is the wiser,"—cynically. "We are getting on."

"Yes, we are getting on, both in years and in folly. What are you doing in a monk's robe? Where is your motley, gay fool?"

"I have laid it aside for the night. On such occasions as this, fools dress as wise men, and wise men as fools; everybody goes about in disguise."

"How would you go about to pick out the fools?"—curiously. "Beginning with myself—"

"His name is also Candor!" "Look at yonder Cavalier. He wabbles like a ship in distress, in the wild effort to keep his feet untangled from his rapier. I'll wager he's a wealthy plumber on week-days. Observe Anne of Austria! What arms! I'll lay odds that her great-grandmother took in washing. There's Romeo, now, with a pair of legs like an old apple tree. The freedom of criticism is mine to-night! Did you ever see such ridiculous ideas of costume? For my part, the robe and the domino for me. All lines are destroyed; nothing is recog-

"Your voice lacks the proper and requisite anxiety. It is always the married woman who enjoys the mask with thoroughness. She knows her husband will be watching her; and jealousy is a good sign."

"You are a philosopher. Certainly you must be married."

"Well, one does become philosophical—after marriage."

"But are you married?" "I do not say so?" "Would you like to be?"

"I have my share of feminine curiosity. But I wonder,"—ruminatingly, "why they do not give masquerades oftener?"

"That is easily explained. Most of us live masquerading day by day, and there might be too much of a good thing."

"That is a bit of philosophy that goes well with your robe. Indeed, what better mask is there than the human countenance?"

"If we become serious, we shall put folly out of joint," said I, rising. "And besides, we shall miss the best part of this dance."

She did not hesitate an instant. I led her to the floor, and we joined the dancers. She was as light as a feather, a leaf, the down of the thistle; mysterious as the Cumaean Sibyl; and I wondered who she might be. The hand that lay on my sleeve was as white as milk, and the albert-shaped horn of the finger-tips was the tint of rose leaves. Was she connected with the ticket in my pocket? I tried to look into her eyes, but in vain; nothing could I see but that wisp of golden hair which occasionally brushed my chin as with a sur-



"Look at Yon Cavalier, He Wabbles Like a Ship in Distress."

nizable. My, my! There's Harlequin, too, walking on parentheses."

The Blue Domino laughed again. "You talk as if you had no friends here,"—shrewdly.

"But which is my friend and which is the man to whom I owe money?" "What! Is your tailor here, then?" "Heaven forbid! Strange, isn't it, when a fellow starts in to pay up his bills, that the tailor and the undertaker have to wait till the last."

"The subject is outside my understanding."

"But you have dressmakers." "I seldom pay dressmakers."

"Ah! Then you belong to the most exclusive set!" "Or perhaps I make my own dresses—"

"Sh!" Not so loud. Suppose some one should overhear you?" "It was a slip of the tongue. And yet, you should be lenient to all."

"Kind heart! Al, I wonder what all those interrogation points mean—the black domino there?" "Possibly she represents Scandal."

"Scandal, then, is symbolized by the interrogation point?" "Yes. Whoever heard of scandal coming to a full stop, that is to say, a period?"

"I learn something every minute. A hundred years ago you would have been a cousin to Mlle. de Necker."

"Or Mme. de Stael." "Oh, if you are married—"

"I shall have ceased to interest you?" "On the contrary. Only marriage would account for the bitterness of your tone. What does the Blue Domino represent?"

"The needle of the compass." She stretched a sleeve out toward me and I observed for the first time the miniature compasses woven in the cloth. Surely, one does not rent a costume like this.

"I understand now why you attracted me. Whither will you guide me?"—sentimentally. "Through dark channels and stormy seas, over tropic waters, 'into the haven under the hill.'"

repetitious caress. If only I dared remain till the unmasking! I pressed her hand. There was an answering pressure, but its tenderness was destroyed by the low laughter that accompanied it.

"Don't be silly," she whispered. "How can I help it?" "True; I forgot you were a fool in disguise."

"What has Romance done to you that you should turn on her with the stuffed-club, Practically?" "She has never paid any particular attention to me; perhaps that is the reason."

As we neared the corner I saw the Honorable Julius again. He stretched forth his death's-head mask.

"Beware the ten of hearts!" he croaked. Hang his impudence! . . . The Blue Domino turned her head with a jerk; and instantly I felt a shiver run through her body. For a moment she lost step. I was filled with wonder. In what manner could the ten of hearts disturb her? I made up my mind to seek out the noble Roman and learn just how much he knew about that disquieting card.

The music ceased. "Now, run away with your benedictions," said the Blue Domino breathlessly.

"Shall I see you again?" eagerly. "If you seek diligently." She paused for a moment, like a bird about to take flight. "Positive, fool; comparative, fooler; superlative, fooliest!"

And I was left standing alone: What the deuce did she mean by that? After all, there might be any number of blue dominoes in the land; and it seemed scarcely credible that a guest at the Hunt Club would go to a costumer's for an outfit. (I had gone to a costumer's, but my case was altogether different. I was an impostor.) I hunted up Imperial Rex. It was not long ere we came face to face, or, to speak correctly, mask to mask.

To be Continued.

Captured a Prize. Gunner—The gridiron hero is all smiles. Guyer—Yes; he has captured a gridiron heroine. Gunner—A gridiron heroine? Guyer—Yes; a college girl who really knows how to broil a beefsteak.—Chicago Daily News.

WRITTEN BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Springfield Oct. 8, 1850

Dear Sir I have been examining your Bill and tracing the case some times. There is some confusion in the description of the land as given in the Bill, which I suppose comes by mistake. It enables me to correct the same, before filing the Bill, and give you a more exact description of all the tracts. I do not think any of them will be necessary pending the suit, and consequently no bond is necessary except the ordinary bond for cost, a blank for which I leave with you. Have the bond filled, and executed by some one for whom you are responsible, and send it back to me. Mine own name actually is possessor of the land at the time it was conveyed by Henry S. Davis. Am we obliged to put Lincoln on his oath? Can we not prove our own title? Please answer these questions when you write me. Yours as ever A. Lincoln

An autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln, writer more than half a century ago to his life-long friend, Thomas J. Turner, of Freeport, Ill., afterward a colonel in an Illinois regiment, is here reproduced as an object of national interest.

The value of this letter to the families to whom it has descended—like an apostolic succession—may be estimated from the fact that it has passed from deathbed to deathbed as a sacred charge in the Turner generations, the

man to whom it was written treasuring the series of Lincoln's correspondence in order to bequeath to members of his family souvenirs whose value he foresaw with prophetic eye.

Any letter of Abraham Lincoln's would be of interest to the people of Illinois, especially one written before the period of war and turmoil, when the Springfield lawyer was engaged in the vocations of peace. The owner of the letter—a Freeport man—is now living in Chicago.

Famous Illinois Tavern.

Where Lincoln, When a Circuit Riding Lawyer, Swapped Stories.

With the demolition of the old Kelley tavern, torn down to make room for a barn, there passed one of the famous old hostleries of Illinois. Built in 1839, the old tavern became the stopping place of all west bound travelers, it being the only hotel between Danville and Urbana on the state road.

For years it enjoyed great popularity, especially during its ownership by Joseph Kelley, who operated it from 1840 until 1864. During the '50s it was the regular stopping place of the old time circuit riding lawyers, among whom were Abraham Lincoln and Judge David Davis. Both Lincoln and Davis were warm friends of Kelley, whose ready wit and great fund of stories made him a favorite with both men. Kelley was a great story teller, and during the months intervening between the April and September terms of court he searched assiduously for "new stories to tell Abe."

Often Lincoln's coming, being heralded about the surrounding country, drew scores of farmers to the hotel, and not infrequently residents of Urbana drove down to enjoy the contest between the two great story tellers. However well equipped with new material was Mr. Kelley he always found himself vanquished by Mr. Lincoln, whose fund of anecdotes seemed inexhaustible. Old residents say that the two champions frequently told stories almost all night, Lincoln sitting in an immense armchair, with wide rockers and a buffalo robe cushion, known to the household as "Abe's chair." The old chair is still in the possession of the Kelley family, one of its most cherished heirlooms.

The old tavern played an important part in the social life of the community. Here during the winter months assembled all the young people for miles around to dance and enjoy themselves. In the yard were held the turkey shoots on Thanksgiving and Christmas, when the pioneers assembled to prove their wonderful skill with their old muzzle loading firearms. Whisky on these occasions flowed freely, and some famous fights have occurred about the old building, but for the most part the early settler was good natured, even in his cups, and no serious damage was done in these encounters.

With the coming of the railroads and the passing of the stage coach the old tavern suffered a lamentable falling off in business, and after a precarious existence it was closed and the building became the home of a tenant farmer. Later it was used for the storage of grain and farm implements. Falling into decay, it has at last been torn down, after an existence of 75 years, many of its timbers going into the new barn.

As Wallace Saw Lincoln.

Famous Author Wrote Entertainingly of First Meeting.

The charm of Lew Wallace's Autobiography consists not only in the fact that the author was a famous general and famous novelist, but that so many of his recollections are reminiscent of the great.

One of the most fascinating descriptions is that of his first sight of Abraham Lincoln. It was in 1850, at a tavern in Danville, Ill.

Wallace writes as follows: "There was one of the contestants who arrested my attention early, partly by his stories partly by his appearance. Out of the mist of years he comes to me now exactly as he appeared then.

"His hair was thick, coarse and defiant; it stood out in every direction. His features were massive, nose long, eyebrows protrusive, mouth large, cheeks hollow, eyes gray and always responsive to the humor. He smiled all the time, but never once did he laugh outright. His hands were large, his arms slender and disproportionately long. His legs were a wonder, particularly when he was in narration; he kept crossing and uncrossing them, sometimes it actually seemed he was trying to tie them into a bow-knot.

"Altogether, I thought him the gauntest, quaintest and most positively ugly man who had ever attracted me enough to call for study. Still, when he was in speech, my eyes did not quit his face. He held me in unconsciousness.

"About midnight his competitors were disposed to give in; either their stories were exhausted, or they were tacitly conceding him the crown. From answering them story for story, he gave two or three to their one. At last he took the floor and held it. And, looking back, I am now convinced that he frequently invented his replications; which is saying he possessed a marvelous gift of improvisation.

"Such was Abraham Lincoln. And to be perfectly candid, had one stood at my elbow that night in the old tavern and whispered: 'Look at him closely. He will one day be president and the savior of his country,' I had laughed at the idea but a little less heartily than I laughed at the man.

"Afterward I came to know him better, and then I did not laugh."

Lincoln Then and Now.

Tall, swart, ungainly, gaunt, he stood before us.

Chaffed by the mob for his unsightliness.

Now like a very god he towers o'er us, beloved for his tender knightliness.

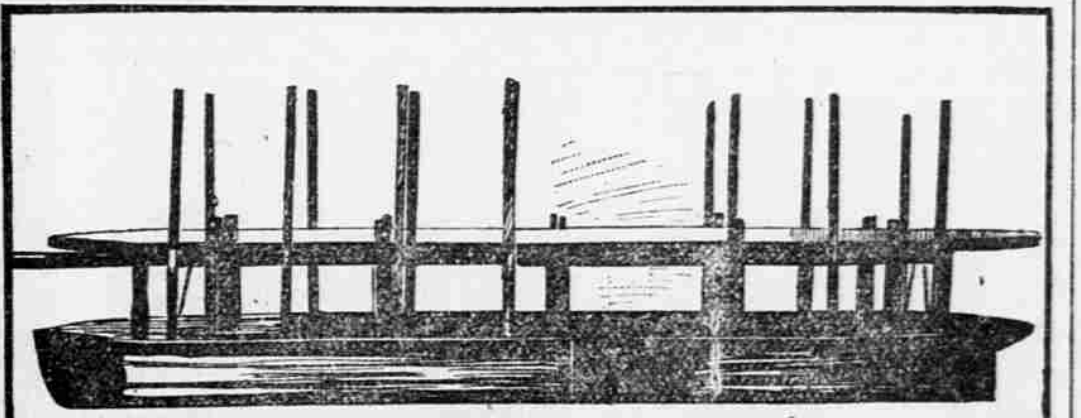
A laughing-stock his figure when we knew him.

A shrine for all that's best in us since then.

Revering 'e'en the blessed soil that grew him—

A model he for all his fellow men. —Baltimore American.

MODEL OF LINCOLN'S ONLY PATENT



One of the most valuable of the government's unique collection of patent models, the finest in the world, is No. 6,469, granted May 22, 1849 to Abraham Lincoln for method of lifting vessels over shoals. The device consists of the application to a river steamer, of two or more collapsible floats made

like bellows, worked from sides of boat by upright poles. When a vessel so equipped strikes shoal water the bellows are inflated by pressure on the poles, which is supposed to raise the boat clear of the bottom. When the bellows are to be deflated a windlass raises the poles.—N. Y. World.

NERVOUS HEADACHES

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Cure Most Cases and Should Interest Every Sufferer.

Nobody who has not endured the suffering caused by nervous headache can realize the awful agony of its victims. Worst of all, the ordinary treatment cannot be relied upon to cure nor even to give relief. Some doctors will say that if a person is subject to these headaches there is nothing that can be done to prevent their recurrence.

Nervous headaches, as well as neuralgia, are caused by lack of nutrition—the nerves are starved. The only way to feed the nerves is through the blood and it is in this way that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished so many remarkable cures.

Mrs. Addie Merrill, of 39 Union Street, Auburn, Me., says: "For years I suffered from nervous headaches, which would come on me every five or six weeks and continue for several days. The pain was so severe that I would be obliged to go to bed for three or four days each time. It was particularly intense over my right eye. I tried medicines but got no relief. I had no appetite and when the headache passed away I felt as if I had been sick for a month. My blood was thin and I was pale, weak and reduced in weight.

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a paper and decided to try them. I first noticed that they began to give me an appetite and I commenced to gain in weight and color. My headaches stopped and have not returned and I have never felt so well as I do now."

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

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 6, 1907.

MOUNTAIN GUIDES FAIL HER.

Miss Peck Will Make Another Attempt Upon the Highest Andean Peak.

Miss Annie Peck, whose chief pleasure is climbing mountains, has returned to New York from Peru, beaten in her attempt to climb the highest of the Andes, beaten not by the mountain itself, but the worthlessness of the men she employed as guides and porters on the expedition. She is convinced that she would have reached the summit but for the faults of her men and says she is going back with Swiss mountain men to make another attempt.

As it was she reached a height of 18,000 feet, being then about 2,000 feet above the summit. This was at her first attempt. One of her men deserted and the rest got drunk on the alcohol which was carried as fuel for cooking. Besides they were all afraid of the trip and especially as they approached the top of the mountain, of which they have a superstitious dread. The second attempt was like the first, except that the men gave out sooner and so less progress was made before the attempt had to be abandoned.

FEARFUL BURNING SORES.

Boy in Misery 12 Years—Eczema In Rough Scales, Itching and Inflamed—Cured by Cuticura.

"I wish to inform you that your wonderful Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it became. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed, and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering, it nearly breaks my heart. His screams could be heard downstairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial. I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold, and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent, my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

His Practical Idea.

A benevolent old man who lived on his farm in Iowa never refused shelter to any who might ask it of him. His many friends remonstrated with him about this characteristic, knowing that many unscrupulous hoboes would avail themselves of the opportunity, and that there was great danger of the old man being robbed. To these remonstrances the old man replied that he believed in "practical Christianity."

"But," said one of his friends, "this seems very impractical. Suppose one of these men took it into his head to rob you one night?"

"My dear young friend," was the reply, "I bid all enter in the name of God, but I prove my belief in practical Christianity by locking up their pants during the night."

Don't be too sure of the man who boasts of being sure of himself.