

# The Tribune

F. M. KIMMELL, Publisher.

McCOOK,

NEBRASKA.

## HEARTS AND MASKS

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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

With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

(Copyright, 1906, by Bobba-Merrill Co.)

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"What do you know about the ten of hearts?" I began with directness. "I am a shade; all things are known to me."

"You may be a lamp-shade, for all I care. What do you know about the ten of hearts?"

"Beware of it," hollowly. From under his toga he produced a ten of hearts!

My knees wobbled, and there was a sense of looseness about my collar. The fellow knew I was an impostor. Why didn't he denounce me?

"Is the back of your card anything like this one?"—ironically. "I dare say it isn't. But have your good time, grave monk; doubtless you are willing that the fiddlers shall be paid." And wrapping his toga about him majestically, he stalked away, leaving me staring dumfoundedly after his receding form.

Discovered!

The deuce! Had I been attired like yon Romeo, I certainly should have taken to my heels; but a fellow can not run in a Capuchin's gown, and retain any dignity. I would much rather be arrested than laughed at. I stood irresolute. What was to be done? How much did he know? Did he know who I was? And what was his object in letting me run my course? I was all at sea. Hang the grisly old Roman! I shut my teeth! I would see the comedy to its end, no matter what befell. If worst came to worst, there was always Teddy Hamilton to fall back on.

I made off toward the smoking room, rumbling imprecations against the gods for having given me the idea of attending this masquerade, when it would have been cheaper and far more comfortable to go to the theater.

But as soon as I entered the smoking room, I laughed. It was a droll scene. Here we were, all of us, trying savagely to smoke a cigar or cigarette through the flabby aperture designated in a mask as the mouth. It was a hopeless job; for myself, I gave it up in disgust.

Nobody dared talk naturally for fear of being identified. When a man did open his mouth it was only to commit some banal idiosyncrasy, for which, during office hours, he would have been hailed to the nearest insane asylum and labeled incurable. Added to this was heat matching Sahara's and the oppressive odor of weltering paint.

By Jove! Only one man knew that the back of my card was unlike the others; the man who had picked it up in old Friard's curio-shop, the man who had come to Blankshire with me! I knew now. He had been there buying a costume like myself. He had seen me on the train, and had guessed the secret. I elbowed my way out of the smoking room. It wouldn't do me a bit of harm to ask a few polite questions of Mr. Caesar of the sardonic laugh.

But I had lost the golden opportunity. Caesar had gone to join the shades of other noble Romans; in vain I searched high and low for him. Once I ran into Hamilton. His face was pale and disturbed and anxious.

"What's the trouble, Hamilton?" I asked, with forced gaiety.

He favored me with a penetrating glance. "The very devil is the trouble," he growled. "Several of the ladies have begun to miss valuable jewels. Anne of Austria has lost her necklace and Queen Elizabeth is without a priceless comb; altogether, about ten thousand dollars."

"Robbery?" I looked at him aghast. "That's the word. Curse the luck! There is always something of this sort happening to spoil the fun. But whoever has the jewels will not get away with them."

"What are you going to do?" "I have already sent for the village police. Now I shall lock all the doors and make every man and woman produce cards for identification,"—abruptly leaving me.

Thunderbolts out of heavens! My knees and collar bothered me again; the first attack was trifling compared to this second seizure. How the devil was I to get out?

"Are you searching for me?" inquired a soft voice at my elbow. I turned instantly. The Blue Domino had come back to me.

"I have been searching for you everywhere," I said gallantly.

"Oh! but that is a black one. Never mind; the fib was well meant."

I led her over to a secluded nook, within a few feet of the door which gave entrance to the club cellars. This door I had been bearing in mind for some time. It is well to know your topography. The door was at the left of the band platform. There was a twin door on the other side. We sat down.

"Have you heard the news?" I asked.

"No. Has some one been discovered making love to his own wife by mistake?"

"It's serious. Anne of Austria and Queen Elizabeth have been robbed of some jewels."

"A thief among us?"

"A regular Galloping Dick. I'm a thief, myself, for that matter."

"You?" she drew away from me a bit.

"Yes. My name is Procrastination."

"Ah, my grave Capuchin, we do not steal time; we merely waste it. But is what you tell me true?"

"I am very sorry to say it is. The jewels were worth something like ten thousand dollars."

"Merciful heavens!"

"It is true, infernally true,"—looking around to see if by chance Caesar had reappeared on the scene. (How was I to manage my escape? It is true I might hie me to the cellars; but how to get out of the cellars!) "Have you seen Julius Caesar?" I asked.

"Caesar?"

"Yes, Miss Hawthorne—"

The Blue Domino swung about and leaned toward me, her hands tense upon the sides of her chair.

"What name did you say?"—a strained note in her voice.

"Hawthorne," I answered, taking out the slip of pasteboard. "See! it says that one blue domino was rented of Monsieur Friard at five-thirty this afternoon."

"How did you come by that ticket?" she demanded.

"It was a miracle. I purchased a mask there, and this ticket was wrapped up in my bundle by mistake."

"And I beheld the girl I had met in Mouquin's!"

"You?"

"Silence! So this is the meaning of your shuffling those cards? Oh, it is certainly droll!" She laughed.

"And are you Miss Hawthorne?"

"I am still in the mask, sir; I shall answer none of your questions."

"This is the finest romance in the world!" I cried.

"You were talking about getting out," she said. "Shall I lend you my domino? But that would be useless. Such a prestidigitator as Signor Fantoccini has only to say—Presto! and disappear at once."

"I assure you, it is no laughing matter."

"I see it from a different angle."

An artist's model, and yet a guest at this exclusive function?

A commotion around the stage distracted us. Presently we saw Teddy Hamilton mount the stage and hold up his hands.

"Attention, ladies and gentlemen!" he called.

Silence gradually fell upon the motley groups of masqueraders.

"A thief is among us. I have had all the exits closed. Everybody will be so kind as to present cards at the main entrance. Three ten-spots of hearts have been tallied on the comparing lists. We have been imposed upon. The police are on the way. Very sorry to cause you this annoyance. The identity of the holders of the cards will be known only to those of us on the committee."

Silence and then a murmur which soon became a buzzing like that of many bees.

"The Blue Domino suddenly clutched my arm."

"Please take me away, take me away at once! I'm an impostor, too!"

Two of us!

This was disaster. I give you my solemn word, there was nothing I regretted so much as the fact that I hadn't gone to the theater.

But I am a man of quick thought and resource. In the inelegant phrasing of the day, me for the cellars!

"Come," said I to the girl; "there's only one chance in a hundred, but we'll take it together."

"Together? Where?"

"Why to the cellars. I've a pocketful of matches. We can make a try. For, if there's a thief around, and we are caught and proved impostors—Well, I leave you to imagine!"

"I will go with you," she replied resolutely.

The gods were with us. The door leading to the cellars was not locked. I opened it, passed the girl before me, and closed the door.

"I am frightened!" she whispered.

"So am I," I offered, to reassure her.

"You are not afraid of rats, are you?"

"No!"

"Bully!" I cried. Then I laughed.

"How can you laugh? It is horrible!" she protested.

"You would come, though I heard your uncle warn you. Look at it the way I do. It's a huge joke, and years from now you'll have great fun telling it to your grandchildren."

"I wish, at this moment, I could see so far ahead—What was that?"—seizing my arm.

Click!

Somebody had locked the door behind us!

To be Continued.

Willing to Overlook it.

"You!" exclaimed the indignant old gentleman, "you want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, it was only a few years ago that you were caddying for me."

"Yes," the young man replied, "but I don't intend to let that stand in the way. I hope I am philosopher enough to understand that a very bad golfer may make a fairly good father-in-law."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

And I beheld the girl I had met in Mouquin's!

"You?"

"Silence! So this is the meaning of your shuffling those cards? Oh, it is certainly droll!" She laughed.

"And are you Miss Hawthorne?"

"I am still in the mask, sir; I shall answer none of your questions."

"This is the finest romance in the world!" I cried.

"You were talking about getting out," she said. "Shall I lend you my domino? But that would be useless. Such a prestidigitator as Signor Fantoccini has only to say—Presto! and disappear at once."

"I assure you, it is no laughing matter."

"I see it from a different angle."

An artist's model, and yet a guest at this exclusive function?

A commotion around the stage distracted us. Presently we saw Teddy Hamilton mount the stage and hold up his hands.

"Attention, ladies and gentlemen!" he called.

Silence gradually fell upon the motley groups of masqueraders.

"A thief is among us. I have had all the exits closed. Everybody will be so kind as to present cards at the main entrance. Three ten-spots of hearts have been tallied on the comparing lists. We have been imposed upon. The police are on the way. Very sorry to cause you this annoyance. The identity of the holders of the cards will be known only to those of us on the committee."

Silence and then a murmur which soon became a buzzing like that of many bees.

"The Blue Domino suddenly clutched my arm."

"Please take me away, take me away at once! I'm an impostor, too!"

Two of us!

This was disaster. I give you my solemn word, there was nothing I regretted so much as the fact that I hadn't gone to the theater.

But I am a man of quick thought and resource. In the inelegant phrasing of the day, me for the cellars!

"Come," said I to the girl; "there's only one chance in a hundred, but we'll take it together."

"Together? Where?"

"Why to the cellars. I've a pocketful of matches. We can make a try. For, if there's a thief around, and we are caught and proved impostors—Well, I leave you to imagine!"

"I will go with you," she replied resolutely.

The gods were with us. The door leading to the cellars was not locked. I opened it, passed the girl before me, and closed the door.

"I am frightened!" she whispered.

"So am I," I offered, to reassure her.

"You are not afraid of rats, are you?"

"No!"

"Bully!" I cried. Then I laughed.

"How can you laugh? It is horrible!" she protested.

"You would come, though I heard your uncle warn you. Look at it the way I do. It's a huge joke, and years from now you'll have great fun telling it to your grandchildren."

"I wish, at this moment, I could see so far ahead—What was that?"—seizing my arm.

Click!

Somebody had locked the door behind us!

To be Continued.

Willing to Overlook it.

"You!" exclaimed the indignant old gentleman, "you want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, it was only a few years ago that you were caddying for me."

"Yes," the young man replied, "but I don't intend to let that stand in the way. I hope I am philosopher enough to understand that a very bad golfer may make a fairly good father-in-law."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Saved by a Song.

A boy was amusing himself by watching the birds that were flying around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a rough bough of an apple tree near by.

The boy picked up a stone, and got ready to throw it at the bird. The bird's throat swelled, and forth came the song: "A-link, a-link, a-link, bobolink, bobolink, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet, I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link; don't throw it, throw it, throw it."

And the boy did not throw the stone, but dropped it on the ground.

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up and replied, "Couldn't 'cos he sang so."

Puck.

### A Big Bargain for 12 Cents Postpaid.

The year of 1906 was one of prodigious plenty on our seed farms. Never before did vegetable and farm seeds return such enormous yields.

Now we wish to gain 200,000 new customers this year and hence offer for 12c postpaid:

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| 1 pk. Garden City Beet.....                         | 10c |
| 1 " Earliest Ripe Cabbage.....                      | 10c |
| 1 " Earliest Emerald Cucumber.....                  | 15c |
| 1 " La Crosse Market Lettuce.....                   | 15c |
| 1 " 13 Day Radish.....                              | 10c |
| 1 " Blue Blood Tomato.....                          | 15c |
| 1 " Juicy Turnip.....                               | 10c |
| 1000 kernels gloriously beautiful flower seeds..... | 15c |

Total.....\$1.00

All for 12c postpaid in order to introduce our warranted seeds, and if you will send 10c we will add one package of Berliner Earliest Cauliflower, together with our mammoth plant, nursery stock, vegetable and farm seed and tool catalog.

This catalog is mailed free to all intending purchasers. Write to-day.

John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box W, La Crosse, Wis.

### Used Him as Eraser.

The late Dr. Henry Martyn Field some years ago related at a Williams alumni dinner a rather amusing incident of his freshman days at college.

Being only 12 years old when he entered he had not reached the point where the natural friction between the big boy and the small boy ceases and he was at particular feud with one of his fellows, a stalwart country youth fresh from the farm.

One day young Field went early to the classroom and put upon the big blackboard a very exasperating caricature of his enemy, with his name beneath. When the aggrieved party saw what had been done he said not a word, but catching up his youthful tormentor, he used him as an eraser and after rubbing out the offensive picture quietly took his seat.

### Of Interest to Women.

Every woman naturally should be healthy and strong, but a great many women, unfortunately, are not, owing to the unnatural condition of the lives we lead.

Headache, backache and a general tired condition are prevalent amongst the women of to-day, and to relieve these conditions women rush to the druggists for a bottle of some preparation supposed to be particularly for them, and containing—nobody knows what. If they would just get a box of Brandreth's Pills, and take them regularly every night for a time, all their trouble would disappear, as these pills regulate the organs of the feminine system. The same dose always has the same effect, no matter how long they are used.

Brandreth's pills have been in use for over a century, and are for sale everywhere, plain or sugar-coated.

### Henry Clay and Lew Wallace.

"Mr. Clay was of a personality once seen never to be forgotten. Tall, slender, graceful, he had besides the air majestic which kings affect, imagining it exclusive property."

"Throughout Mr. Clay's performance my eyes scarcely left his countenance, which, as he proceeded, sank from sight until, by the familiar optical illusions, nothing of it remained but the mouth, and that kept enlarging and widening until it seemed an elastic link holding the ears together. Indeed, at this late writing, my one distinct recollection of the man and his speech is the mouth and its capacity for infinite distension."—Autobiography of Lew Wallace.

### Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty.

Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

### Work and Pray.

When we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it; the form of your prayer should be the rule of your life; every petition to God is a precept to man. Look not, therefore, upon your prayers as a method of good and salvation only, but as a perpetual motion of duty. By what we require of God we see what He requires of us.—Jeremy Taylor.

### In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Also Gives Away Libraries.

James J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, Mass., is a rival of Andrew Carnegie in the giving away of libraries. He has been doing this for years. His libraries are smaller than Carnegie's and are given to small communities, to ministers and educators who cannot afford to purchase them.

## CANADA'S GOOD TIMES.

The Immigration During 1906 Was 216,000.

While it is well to heed every word of caution from the leaders in commerce and finance and to avoid all speculative ventures that lack a solid business foundation, it is clearly evident that there is no conspicuous weak spot in Canada's present era of prosperity. The Toronto Globe says: "The Dominion has in a commercial sense plenty of money, and our leading financial institutions are in a position to lend freely in the United States. The chief productive enterprises of Canada are not buoyed up by an era of dangerous speculation, but are following substantial business methods and finding safe and continuous markets for their goods. We are not bolstering up any industries by extensive export bonuses that must impoverish the people as a whole, and ultimately lead to collapse through the failure of the artificial aid. There is no extreme protection in Canada such as would create great fortunes for a few at the expense of the general public and lead to disruption and catastrophe. The prosperity of Canada has no artificial foundation being based on a healthy and substantial expansion of trade and industry, with a proportionate extension of productive settlement to new areas."

It is true that we are borrowing extensively for railway construction, but every line will bring new territory within the limits of profitable occupation, and will create prosperous settlements to bear the burdens and repay the outlay. We are not exhausting mineral resources, for it is quite reasonable to assume that, although mineral wealth is never permanent, ours will during the measurable future develop a far greater productive capacity than at present. Our timber wealth can be made continuous by a judicious policy. And agriculture, the real foundation of our prosperity, is expanding with every new expenditure on railway construction. We are not in the flush of a railway mania that could bring its punishment through the useless duplication of lines. The gigantic railway enterprises that now stimulate every line of business in Canada will create a new Dominion, and thus render easy the heavy burdens of debt now freely assumed. Canada's era of prosperity has been unprecedented, but there is no sign of weakness and no cause for lack of confidence. While our growth is normal and healthy, we need have no alarm at its rapidity." This article might have gone on to relate the great growth that is taking place in Central Canada, where thousands of Americans have made their homes during the past few years. The past calendar year has given to Canada by importation an addition of 216,000 to its population. Of this the United States contributed 63,781. The agents of the Canadian government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, say that this number will be largely increased during 1907.

### Connecticut's Bad Record.

Connecticut is usually regarded as a safe and pleasant place to live in, and yet it had 43 murders in 1906, where Maine had only two. To be sure, Connecticut has more people than Maine, but not so very many more; it has fewer than 1,000,000, while Maine has 725,000. It is fair to state that it was an unusually bad year for the old Nutmeg state in this respect, as its 43 murders are more than it ever had before in a single year, and 17 more than the annual average for the last decade.—Kennebec Journal.

### 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 greater strength than other makes.

### Great Merchant Born on Farm.

Like many other monarchs of trade, William Whiteley, the London merchant who was murdered recently, was born on a farm. It was his boast that he stood ready to fill any order, no matter how unprecedented. A story is told of two army officers who went into his great London store and one of them asked for six elephants. They were forthcoming and the man who had bet they wouldn't be there paid, though it turned out that the winner had arranged with Whiteley in advance.

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hail's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hail's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hail's Family Pills for constipation.

### Many Americans Go to Canada.

Consul Harry A. Conant writes from Windsor that the total immigration from the United States into Canada for the four months of the fiscal year—July, August, September and October—was 17,907, as compared with 12,664 for the same period the year before.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Drug stores refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

While man wants but little here below, he never gets quite enough.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

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

Trappers' Supplies Sold Cheap. Write for catalog and circular No. 2. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

It's a waste of time to cut the acquaintance of a man who is insult proof.

Defiance Starch is the latest invention in that line and an improvement on all other makes; it is more economical, does better work, takes less time. Get it from any grocer.

Some valuable farthings were sold at Sotheby's auction rooms (London) recently. A Charles II. pewter farthing sold for \$50, and an Oliver Cromwell farthing in copper for \$