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The Lure of the Mask

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER X.

CARABINIERI.

"SIGNORI," began Hillard calmly, "before you act will you not do me the honor to explain this visit?"

"It is not he!" said one of the carabinieri. "It is the master, and not the servant. This is Signor Hillar, is it not?" he continued, addressing himself to Hillard. "The signor has a servant by the name of Giovanni?"

"Yes. And what has he done to warrant this visit?"

"It is a matter of seven years," answered the spokesman. "Your servant attempted to kill an officer in Rome. Luigi here, who was then interested in the case in Rome, thought he recognized Giovanni in the street today. Inquiries led us here."

"At any rate, it looks as though Giovanni had been forewarned of your visit," answered Hillard. "And may I ask what is the name of the officer Giovanni attempted to kill?"

"It is not necessary that you should know."

Hillard accepted the rebuke with becoming grace.

"And now, signor," with the utmost courtesy, "permit us to apologize for this intrusion. We shall wait in the hall, and if we find Giovanni we shall gladly notify you of the event."

"Hello! What's this?" exclaimed Hillard, going to the table when the officers had gone. It was a note addressed to him:

My Kind Master—The carabinieri are after me. But rest easy. I was not born to rot in a dungeon. I am going north. As for my clothes, send them to Giacamo, the baker, who lives on the road to El Deserta. He will understand. May the Holy Mother guard you should we never meet again!

Hillard passed the note to Merrihew.

"That's too bad. I've taken a great fancy to him. It seems that the peasant has no chance on this side of the water. His child a painted dancer in Paris and a price on his own head! It's hard luck. And the fellow who caused all this trouble goes free."

"He always goes free, Dan, here or elsewhere."

"Why, we'd have lynched him in America."

"That's possible. We are such an impulsive race," ironically. "Yes, no doubt we'd have lynched him, and these foreigners would have added another ounce of fact to their belief that we are still barbarians."

"I hadn't thought of that," Merrihew admitted.

Merrihew became impatient.

"Now out with it. Where and how did you learn that Kitty is in Venice?"

Hillard told him briefly.

"And so they are all in Venice, broke? By George, here's our chance—everlasting gratitude and all that! We'll bail 'em out and ship 'em home! How is that for a bright idea?"

"Let me see," said Hillard practically. "There are five of them—five hundred for tickets and doubtless five hundred more for unpaid hotel bills. It would never do, Dan, unless we wish to go home with them."

"But I haven't touched my letter of credit yet. I could get along on two thousand."

"Not with the brand of cigars you are smoking, 30 cents each."

"No; we can't bail them out, but we can ease up their bills till money comes from home. Not one of them by this time will have a watch. O'Mally will remain sober from dire necessity. Poor Kitty Killigrew! All the wonderful shops and not a stiver in her pockets!"

Merrihew paced the floor for some time, his head full of impossible schemes. He stopped in the middle of the room with an abruptness which portended something.

"I have it. Instead of going directly to Venice, we'll change the route and go to Monte Carlo. I'll risk my four hundred, and if I win"—

"Then the announcement cards, a house wedding and pictures in the New York papers. Dan, you are impossible. You have gambled enough to know that when you are careless of results you win, but never when you need the cash. But it is Monte Carlo if you say so. Two or three days there will cure you of your beautiful dream. After all," with a second thought, "it's a good cause, and it might be just your luck to win. The masquerading lady! Monte Carlo it is."

Merrihew danced a jig. Hillard stepped to the mirror and bowed profoundly. The jig ceased.

"Madame, permit me, a comparative stranger, to offer you passage money home. We won it at Monte Carlo. It is yours. Polite enough," mused Hillard, "but hanged if it sounds proper."

"To the deuce with propriety!" cried Merrihew buoyantly. "We'll start tomorrow?"

From her window Kitty looked down on the Campo, which lay patched with black shadows and moonshine. How still at night was this fairy city in the sea! There were no horses clattering over the stone pavements, no trains, no omnibuses. The stillness which was of peace lay over all things. And some of this had entered Kitty's heart.

But for one thing the hour would have been perfect. Kitty, ordinarily brave and cheerful, was very lonesome and homesick. The dismal failure of it all! She had danced, sung, spoken her lines the very best she knew how, and none had noticed or encouraged her. It was a bitter cup after all the success at home. If only she could take it philosophically like La Signorina!

And there were so many things she could not understand. Why should La Signorina always go veiled? Where did she disappear so mysteriously in the daytime? And those sapphires and diamonds and emeralds? Why live here with such a fortune hanging round her neck?

"Kitty?" The voice came from the doorway. Kitty was startled for a moment, but it was only La Signorina. Kitty furtively wiped her eyes.

"I am over here by the window. The moon was so bright I did not light the lamp."

La Signorina moved with light step to the window, bent and caught Kitty's face between her hands and turned it firmly toward the moon.

"You have been crying, cara!"

"I am very lonely," said Kitty.

"You poor little homeless bird!" La Signorina seized Kitty impulsively in her arms. "If I were not"— She hesitated.

"If you were not?"

"If I were not poor, but rich instead, I'd take you to one of the fashionable hotels. You are out of place here in this rambling old ruin."

"Not half so much as you are," Kitty replied.

"I am never out of place. I can live comfortably in the fields with the peasants, in cities in extravagant hotels. My mind is always at one height. Where the body is does not matter much."

There was a subtle hauteur in the voice. It subdued Kitty's inquisitiveness.

"Sometimes," said Kitty, drying the final tear—"sometimes I am afraid of you."

"And wisely. I am often afraid of myself. I always do the first thing that enters my head, and generally it

A good stroke sent the gondola up the canal.

is the wrong thing. Never mind. The old woman here will trust us for some weeks yet." She leaned from the window and called, "Pomp-e-o!"

From the canal the gondolier answered.

"Now then!" said the woman to the girl.

Kitty threw a heavy shawl over her head and shoulders, while the other wound about her face the now familiar dark gray veil, and the two went down into the Campo to the landing.

Pompeo threw away his cigarette and doffed his hat. He offered his elbow to steady the women as they boarded, and once they were seated a good stroke sent the gondola up the canal. Under bridges they passed. They glided by little restaurants where Venetians in olden days talked liberty for themselves and death to the Austrians, and at length they came out upon the Grand canal where the Rialto curves its ancient blocks of marble.

"There! This is better."

"It is always better when you are with me," said Kitty.

For years Kitty had fought her battles alone, independent and resourceful, and yet here she was leaning upon the strong will of this remarkable woman, and gratefully too.

"Now, my dear Kitty, we'll just enjoy ourselves tonight, and on our return I shall lay a plan before you, and tomorrow you may submit it to the men."

"I accept it at once without knowing what it is."

"What a beautiful palace!" Kitty cried presently, pointing to a house not far from the house of Petrarch. The moon poured broadly upon it. The gondola posts stood like sleeping sentinels, and the tide murmured over the steps.

Pompeo, seeing Kitty's gesture, swung the gondola diagonally across the canal.

"No, no, Pompeo!" La Signorina spoke in Italian. "I have told you never to go near that house without express orders. Straight ahead."

"Who lives there?" asked Kitty.

"Nobody," answered La Signorina, "though once it was the palace of a great warrior. How picturesque the gondolas look, with their dancing double lights!"

"The old palace interests me more than the gondolas," declared Kitty. But La Signorina was not to be trapped.

From the Grand canal they came out into the great canal of San Marco, the beginning of the lagoon.

"La Signorina"— began Kitty.

"There! I have warned you twice. The third time I shall be angry."

"Hilda, then. But I am afraid whenever I call you that. You do not belong to my world."

"And what makes you think that?" There was a smile behind the veil.

"I do not know unless it is that you are at home everywhere, in the Campo, in the hotels, in the theater or the palace. Now, I am at home only in the theater, in places which are unreal and artificial. You are a great actress, a great singer, and yet, as O'Mally would say, you don't belong." Kitty had forgotten what she had started out to say.

La Signorina laughed. "Pouf! You have been reading too many novels. To the molo, Pompeo."

At the molo, the great quay of Venice, they disembarked. The whilom prima donna dropped 50 centesimi into Pompeo's palm, and he bowed to the very gunwale of the boat.

"Grazie, nobilita."

"What does he say?" asked Kitty.

"He says 'Thanks, nobility.' If I had given him a penny it would have been thanks only. For a lira he would have added principessa—princess. The gondolier will give you any title you desire if you are willing enough to pay for it."

The Piazza San Marco, or St. Mark, is the mecca of those in search of beauty. Here they may lay the sacred carpet, kneel and worship. There is none other to compare with this mighty square, with its enchanting splendor, its haunting romance, its brilliant if pathetic history.

There were several thousand people in the square tonight, mostly travelers. The band was playing selections from Audran's whimsical "La Mascotte." The tables of the many cafes were filled, and hundreds walked to and fro under the bright arcades or stopped to gaze into the shop windows.

The two women saw no vacant tables at Florian's, but presently they espied the other derelicts—O'Mally, Smith and Worth—who managed to find two extra chairs.

Through her veil their former prima donna studied them carefully, with a purpose in mind. The only one she doubted was Worth. Somehow he annoyed her. She could not explain, yet still the sense of annoyance was always there.

"Gentlemen," she said during a lull, "I have a plan to propose to you all."

"If it will get us back to old Broadway let us have it at once," said O'Mally.

"Well, then, I propose to wait no longer for letters from home. My plan

A glorious green emerald lay in the palm of her hand.

is simple. They say that a gambler always wins the first time he plays. I propose that each of you will spare me what money you can, and Kitty and I will go to Monte Carlo and take one plunge at the tables."

"Monte Carlo!" O'Mally brought down his fist resoundingly. "That's a good idea. If you should break the bank think of the advertisement when you go back to New York."

"Be still," said Worth.

"Dash it, business is business, and without publicity there isn't any business." O'Mally was hurt.

"Mr. O'Mally is right," said La Signorina. "It would be a good advertisement. But your combined opinion is what I want."

The three men looked at one another thoughtfully, then drew out their wallets, thin and worn. They made up a purse of exactly $150, not at all a propitious sum. But, such as it was, O'Mally passed it across the table. This utter confidence in her touched La Signorina's heart. She turned aside for a moment and fumbled with the hidden chain about her neck. She placed her hand on the table and opened it. O'Mally gasped. An emerald—a glorious green emerald—lay in the palm of her hand.

"I shall give this to you, Mr. O'Mally," said the owner, "till I return. It is very dear to me, but that must not stand in the way."

"Ye gods!" cried O'Mally in dismay. "Put it away. I shouldn't sleep o' nights with that on my person. Keep it. We'll trust you anywhere this side of jail. But you're a brick, all the same." And that was as near familiarity as O'Mally ever came.

She turned to Smith, but he put out a hand in violent protest; then to Worth, but he smiled and shook his head.

She put the ring away. It was her mother's. She never would smile scornfully in secret at these men again.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "If I lose your money we will all go to Florence. I have another plan, but that will keep till this one under hand proves a failure."

O'Mally beckoned to a waiter.

"Tom!" warned Smith.

"You let me alone," replied O'Mally. "A quart of Asti won't hurt anybody."

Early the next morning she and Kitty departed for Monte Carlo in quest of fortune. Fortune was there, willing, but in a guise wholly unexpected.

(To be Continued.)

Echoes from Eden.

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest
"I've heard that joke before."
—Success Magazine.

Whatever troubles Adam missed
This must have made him sore—
When he and Mother Eve fell out
He couldn't slam the door.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam bore
He never had to grieve
Because a woman lived next door
Who coaxed the cook from Steve.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam bore
Of this you may be sure:
He never whipped a mistrained dog
Because he fiercly swore.
—New York Tribune.

Whatever trouble Adam had,
(We hope this thing will rhyme)
He never wept o'er punk like this
In the good old summer time.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the estate of James Morton Hewitt, late of the Township of Holland, in the County of Grey, Farmer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to "The Revised Statutes of Ontario" 1897, chapter 129, and amending acts that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said James Morton Hewitt, who died on or about the eighth day of September, 1910, are required on or before the twelfth day of November, 1910, to send by post prepaid or deliver to Messrs. Lucas, Raney & Wallace of the village of Markdale, Solicitors for Joseph Henry Hewitt and William John Hamilton, the Executors of the last will and Testament of the said James Morton Hewitt, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after such last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and that the said executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated the seventh day of October, A. D. 1910.

Lucas, Raney & Wallace,
Solicitors for the above-named executors. 6-3

Credit Sale

Of Farm Stock, Implements, Etc.

The undersigned will sell by public auction at Lot 26, con. 8, Euphrasia, on

Thursday, October 20th

The following chattels, viz: 1 good driver 7 years old; 1 Jersey cow 8 years old; 1 Durham cow 5 years old; 1 Durham cow 7 years old; 3 Durham cows 3 years old; 1 Durham cow 6 years old; Registered; 1 Durham cow 8 years old; (All the above cows are supposed to be in calf.) 1 cow 4 years old; fat cow; 5 steers 2 years old; 1 heifer 2 years old; 1 heifer 1 year old, reg.; 4 steers 1 yr. old; 1 heifer 1 yr. old; 1 roan bull calf reg. Durham; 5 spring calves; 2 top buggies; 2 cutters; 1 set bob sleighs; 1 sugar kettle; 1 buggy pole; 2 set double trees; 1 set mounted harness, nearly new; 1 set carriage harness, nearly new; 1 set single harness new; 1 set single harness, good repair; 1 piano organ; Ten chairs; 1 parlor suite; 1 Daisy churn; 1 Home Comfort Range; A quantity of hay; About 50 hens; Many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

TERMS—All sums of $10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months credit will be given on approved joint notes or 6 per cent off for cash in lieu of notes.

This is a positive genuine Sale as proprietor has disposed of his farm.

Alf. Parker, W. J. Shepherdson,
Prop. Auctioneer.

Credit Sale

Of Farm Stock, Implements, Etc.

The undersigned will sell by public auction at Lot 15, con. 8, Euphrasia, on

Tuesday, October 18th

The following chattels, viz: 1 brood mare 8 years old sup. to be in foal to "State Secretary;" 1 roadster mare sup. to be in foal to "Brigham Lord;" 1 aged horse; 1 mare 5 years old; 1 roadster horse rising 5 years old; 1 spring colt from Miss Hackney, "Brigham Lord;" 1 yearling colt from State Secretary; 1 mare 3 yr. old; 1 colt 2 yrs. this fall, "Prince of Kelton;" 15 cows all supposed to be in calf, coming in from Dec. till April; 1 two year old heifer with veal calf at foot; 9 Durham bull 3 years old; 3 head of butcher's cattle, 3 year olds; 1 head of 2-year-olds; stockers; 12 year olds; 14 spring calves; 2 sows; 1 two-year-old ram, Leicester; 2 lumber wagons; 2 buggies; 1 cart; 2 set bobsleighs; 2 cutters; 1 plow; 2 set spring tooth harrows; 1 set fine harrows; 1 set disk harrows, Noxon; Binder; Mower; Horserake; Seed drill; Roller; Harness; Root pulper; Set scales, 2000 lbs; A quantity of hay; A quantity of turnips; Many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

TERMS—All sums of $5.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months credit will be given on approved joint notes or 4 per cent off for cash in lieu of notes.

This is a positive genuine Sale as proprietor is giving up farming.

Robt. C. Johnston, Prop.

Rudd Mathews and J. A. Myles,
—Auctioneers.

Credit Sale

Of Farm Stock, Implements, Etc.

The undersigned will sell by public auction at Lots 109-110, Con. 3, E. of T. & S. R., Township of Artemesia, on

Thursday, October 20th

The following chattels, viz: 1 mare 10 years old, in foal; 1 colt rising 3 years old; 1 span of mare colts rising 2 years old, well matched; 1 spring colt; 2 heifers rising 3 years; 1 steer rising 3 yrs.; 2 steers rising 2 years; 2 spring pigs; 1 binder; 1 horserake; 1 wagon box and rack; 1 single buggy; 1 seed drill; 1 set iron harrows; 1 set spring tooth harrows; 1 plow; 1 turnip pulper; 1 set heavy sleighs; 1 set heavy harness; 1 pair horse blankets; 1 set of whiffletrees; A quantity of turnips; hay and potatoes; A quantity of straw, to be cut in place. Many other articles.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

TERMS—All sums of $5.00 and under, cash; over that amount 6 months credit will be given off approved joint notes or 6 per cent per annum off for cash in lieu of notes.

This is a positive genuine Sale as proprietor has disposed of his farm.

Albert Stafford, Rudd Mathews,
Prop. Auctioneer.

Credit Sale

Of Farm Stock, Implements, Etc.

The undersigned will sell by public auction at Lots 109-110, Con. 3, E. of T. & S. R., Township of Artemesia, on

Tuesday, October 25th

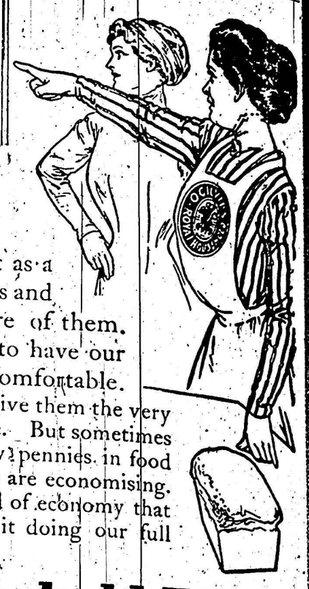
The Following Chattels, viz: 1 brown horse, 10 years old; 1 bay mare 5 years old; 1 colt rising 2 years, heavy; 1 spring colt; one thoroughbred Shorthorn cow, 3 years old, sup. to be in calf; 1 thoroughbred calf 4 months old; 1 cow 9 yrs. sup. to be in calf; 1 cow 6 yrs., sup. to be in calf; 2 cows 4 years, supposed to be in calf; 2 barrow cows; 3 steers rising 2 years old; 2 heifers rising 2 yrs. old; 6 spring calves; 1 brood sow sup. to be in pig; 12 young pigs; 1 Massey-Harris binder; one Massey-Harris mower; Massey-Harris seed drill; 1 Deering horse rake; Set iron harrows; Set disc harrows; 2 plows; Root cutter; Set 2,000 lb. scales; Fanning mill; one Waggon; Set bobsleighs; Top buggy; Cutter; Hay rack; Wood rack; Stone boat; Wheelbarrow; 2 set heavy harness; 1 robe; Set double driving harness; Set single driving harness; About 30 cords stove wood; About 2 acres of roots; About 15 tons of hay; A pile of cedar and spruce lumber; Numerous other articles; A number of fowl.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

Terms—All sums of $5.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months credit will be given on approved joint notes or 5 per cent off for cash in lieu of notes. Hay and wood cash.

R. J. Mercer, Rudd Mathews,
Prop. Auctioneer.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1910.



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E. WALKER, Markdale.

...n. Art-...oney—

...Emma ...Emma

...— Os. ...plants ...Collec- ...Walker; ...Walk- ...rs. J. ...Walker, ...Thi- ...ia—Os. ...actus— ...House ...Walker; ...; Col- ...— Os- ...d 2nd; ...s. J. ...n cut ...Thibau- ...Thibau- ...quet—

...on—Os. ...rochet ...er, P. ...lk—Os. ...work— ...Point ...Irvine; ...R.R. ...Net- ...fetting ...R. R. ...let—G. ...roidery ...s. J. ...lk—Os. ...roidery ...Samuel ...nger— ...Em- ...s., Mrs. ...ilk, on ...Em. ...n, on ...Walk- ...Tinted ...Irvine; ...Dun- ...Hucka- ...ndeau; ...Dun- ...piece, ...—Miss ...ion of ...Dundas; ...Walk- ...oidered ...oidered, ...ker, P. ...corset ...Web- ...Miss ...—Walker, ...Dun- ...low a. ...Irvine; ...; Dun- ...d cuff- ...Walker;

J. H. Stephenson

Ladies Fancy shawl—Os. Walker; Photo Frame—G. Dundas, Mrs. J. Irvine; Whisk holder—G. Dundas, Mrs. J. Irvine; Handkerchief and glove case—R. R. Smith; Collection useful articles—Os. Walker; Ladies' Fancy apron—R. R. Smith, H. Thibaudeau; Pillow Shams—P. Thibaudeau; Tray cloth—Miss Baines, G. Dundas; Set table mats—R. R. Smith; Pyrography on wood—R. R. Smith; Slippers, knitted—Samuel Walker, R. R. Smith; Wool Stockings— Os. Walker, Sam. Walker; Wool Socks—Os. Walker, Samuel Walker; Wool mitts, gents'—John Sutherland, Samuel Walker; Wool mitts, ladies'—Samuel Walker, R. R. Smith; Mat, hooked, rag—Thos. King, G. Dundas; Mat, hooked, yarn—G. Dundas; Patchwork quilt, silk—Thos. Elliott, Samuel Walker; Patchwork quilt, cotton—John Sutherland, Frank Taylor; Patchwork quilt, Log Cabin—Thos. King; Crochet counterpane—Mrs. J. Irvine; Knitted Counterpane—Os. Walker, Thos. King; Pair handmade blankets—Samuel Walker, O. Walker; Best collection of Fancy Work—Os. Walker, R. R. Smith; Quilt, Fancy—Thos. King, R. R. Smith.

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