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The MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston, Author of "The Circle," etc. Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers

"Succeed? Oh, yes, he succeeded." She also smiled involuntarily. "Poor Ko Ko was stowed away under the luggage van, and after quite a lot of trouble he pulled him out. When it was all done the dog was quite unburied and livelier than ever, but the Englishman



She drew quite close to Loder and sidled gently to her knees.

had his finger almost bitten through. Ko Ko was a dear, but his teeth and his temper were both very sharp." She laughed once more in soft amusement.

Loder was silent for a second, then he too laughed—Chilcote's short, sarcastic laugh. "And you tied up the wound, I suppose?"

She glanced up, half displeased. "We were both staying at the little inn," she said, as though no further explanation could be needed. Then again her manner changed. She moved imperceptibly nearer and touched his right hand. His left, which was farther away from her, was well in the shadow of the cushions.

"Jack," she said carelessly, "it isn't to tell you this stupid old story that I've brought you here. It's really to tell you a sort of sequel." She struck his hand gently once or twice. "As I say, I met this man and we—we became very fond of each other. You understand? Then we quarrelled—quarrelled quite badly—and I came away. I've remembered him rather longer than I remember most people—he was one of those dogged individuals who stick in one's mind. But he has stayed in mine for another reason"— Again she looked up. "He has stayed because you helped to keep him there. You know how I have sometimes put my hands over your mouth and told you that your eyes reminded me of some one else? Well, that some one else was my Englishman. But you mustn't be jealous. He was a horrid, obstinate person, and you—well, you know what I think of you!" She pressed his hand. "But to come to the end of the story. I never saw this man since that long ago time—until the night of Blanche's party." She spoke slowly, to give full effect to her words. Then she waited for his surprise.

But the result was not what she expected. He said nothing, and, with an abrupt movement, he drew his hand from between her legs. "Aren't you surprised?" she asked at last, with a delicate note of reproach. He started slightly, as if recalled to the necessity of the moment. "Surprised?" he said. "Why should I be surprised? One person more or less at a big party isn't astonishing. Besides, you expect a man to turn up sooner or later in his own country. Why should I be surprised?"

She lay back luxuriously. "Because, my dear boy," she said softly, "it is a mystery! It's one of those fascinating mysteries that come once in a lifetime."

Loder made no movement. "You must explain," he said very quietly. Lillian smiled. "That's just what I want to do. When I was in my tent on the night of Blanche's party, a man came to be gazed for. He came just like anybody else and laid his hands upon the table. He had strong, thin hands like—well, rather like yours. But he wore two rings on the third finger of his left hand—a heavy signet ring and a plain gold one."

Loder moved his hand imperceptibly till the cushion covered it. Lillian's words caused him to surprise, scarcely even a trepidation. He felt now that he had expected them, even waited for them, all along.

"I asked him to take off his rings," she went on, "and just for a second he hesitated—I could feel him hesitate. Then he seemed to have made up his mind, for he drew them off. He drew them off, Jack, and guess what I saw! Do you guess?"

For the first time Loder involuntarily drew back to the corner of the couch. "I never guess," he said brusquely.

"Then I'll tell you. His hands were the hands of my Englishman! The rings covered the scars made by Ko Ko's teeth. I knew it instantly—the second my eyes rested on it. It was

the same scar that I had bound up dozens of times, that I had seen healed before I left Santasalaro." "And you? What did you do?" Loder felt it singularly difficult and unpleasant to speak. "Ah, that's the point. That's where I was stupid and made my mistake. I should have spoken to him on the moment, but I didn't. You know how one sometimes hesitates. Afterward it was too late."

"But you saw him afterward—in the rooms?" Loder spoke unwillingly. "No, I didn't—that's the other point. I didn't see him in the rooms, and I haven't seen him since. Directly he was gone I left the tent—I pretended to be hungry and bored—but, though I went through every room, he was nowhere to be found. Over"—she hesitated and laughed again—"once I thought I had found him, but it was only you—you, as you stood in that doorway with your mouth and chin hidden by Leonard Kaine's head. Wasn't it a quaint mistake?"

There was an uncertain pause. Then Loder, feeling the need of speech, broke the silence suddenly. "Where do I come in?" he asked abruptly. "What am I wanted for?"

"To help to throw light on the mystery? I've seen Blanche's list of people and there wasn't a man I couldn't place—no outsider ever—squeezes through Blanche's door. I have questioned Bobby Blessington, but he can't remember who came to the tent last. And Bobby was supposed to have kept count!" She spoke in deep scorn, but almost immediately the scorn faded and she smiled again. "Now that I've explained, Jack," she added, "what do you suggest?"

Then for the first time Loder knew what his presence in the room really meant, and at best the knowledge was disconcerting. It is not every day that a man is called upon to unearth himself.

"Suggest?" he repeated blankly. "Yes, I'd rather have your idea of the affair than anybody else's. You are so dear and sarcastic and keen that you can't help getting straight at the middle of a fact."

When Lillian wanted anything she could be very sweet. She suddenly dropped her half-petulant tone; she suddenly ceased to be a spoiled child. With a perfectly graceful movement she drew quite close to Loder and sidled gently to her knees.

This is an attitude that few women can safely assume. It requires all the attributes of youth, suppleness and a certain buoyant ease. But Lillian never acted without justification and as she leaned toward Loder, her face lifted, her slight figure and pale hair softened by the firelight, she made a picture that it would have been difficult to criticise.

But the person who should have appreciated it stared steadily beyond it to the fire. His mind was absorbed by one question—the question of how he might reasonably leave the house before discovery became assured.

Lillian, attentively watchful of him, saw the uneasy look, and her own face fell. But as she looked, an inspiration came to her—a remembrance of many interviews with Chilcote smoothed and facilitated by the timely use of tobacco.

"Jack," she said softly, "before you say another word I insist on your lighting a cigarette." She leaned forward, resting against his knee. At her words Loder's eyes left the fire. His attention was suddenly needed for a new and more imminent difficulty. "Thanks!" he said quickly. "I—I have no wish to smoke."

"It isn't a matter of what you wish, but of what I say." She smiled. She knew that with a cigarette between her lips was infinitely more tractable than Chilcote sitting idle, and she had no intention of ignoring the knowledge.

But Loder caught at her words. "Before you ordered me to smoke," he said, "you told me to give you some advice. Your first command must have prior claim." He grasped unhesitatingly at the less risky theme.

(To be continued.)

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A Boston congressman claims United States youths are being enlisted for the British army as they arrive in Britain.

HOW'S THIS?

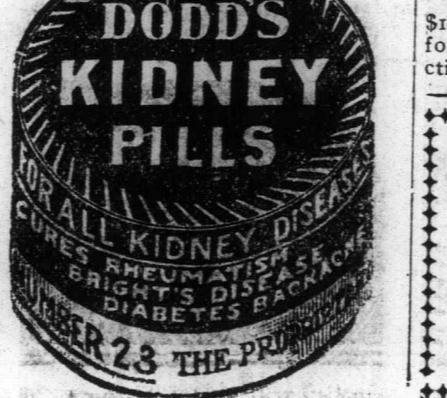
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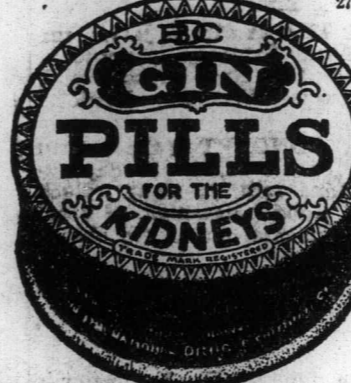
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The Chicago courts are asked to dissolve the Co-operative Farm League so long boosted down in Texas.



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EXPOSE IS PROMISED IN THE KAUFF CASE

Federal Star Sues New York Giants for \$5,000 Bonus.

New York, June 8.—Benny Kauff, the hard-hitting outfielder of the Brooklyn Federal League club, who jumped to the Giants one fine May afternoon, only to find that he had to return to the Brookfeds, is looking for a \$5,000 bonus which Manager McGraw and President N. Hempstead promised him the day he signed the New York contract.

The Ty. Cobb of the outlaws has secured Attorney John M. Ward, a diamond wizard in the days of Anson, Sam Crane and others around and over the Oser limit, to get him the \$5,000. Mr. Ward will take the case to court if Mr. Hempstead refuses to settle with Benny.

"We will give you \$5,000 if you sign this contract," Hempstead and McGraw are alleged to have told Benny. So Benny affixed his John Hancock. Then he asked for the \$5,000. Did he get it? He did not.

Kauff signed an agreement for the seasons of 1915-1916-1917, at a salary of \$8,000 per. The second he signed this contract he was to receive a bonus of \$5,000. Before the ink had dried Kauff asked for the bonus. Boston refused to play with Kauff. In the game. Then came the big squabble. Kauff finally was forced to return to the Brookfeds. Since that day he has been asking for his \$5,000. Asking hasn't brought it, so to-day Benny stepped into the limelight.

Kauff promises some very excellent reading matter in case he is forced to go into the courts to get his bonus. It's just possible that the New York club will settle with him rather than let the inside facts of his case get before the public.

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"TIZ" is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; "TIZ" is magical; "TIZ" is grand; "TIZ" will cure your foot troubles so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired. Think of it, no more foot misery; no more burning corns, callouses or bunions.

Get a 25 cent box at any drug store or department store, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 25 cents. Think of it!

The little son of James Newmac, of Brooklyn, dropped his mother's hand bag with \$600 in jewels, out of the window and it is lost.

Harry L. Ford telephone superintendent, got \$15 damages from a directory publisher at Wichita, Kan., for being labelled "Editor."

Mrs. Cora Plitworth was awarded \$10,000 against Mrs. Hargra Gireaux for alienation of a husband's attentions at Battle Creek, Mich.

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