

*The Lure Mask

HAROLD **MAC GRATH**

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in the sunshine.

this encounter.

a pedestal.

breath. It glowed like a copper beech

"Madam?" he faltered. He spoke

English and not very firmly.

The woman turned. Hillard took a

step backward and blundered against

She was masked! Masked! Only her wouth and chin

were visible, and several little pieces of court plaster effectually disguised

these. There was a mystery. He to

come blindfolded and she to wear a mask-extraordinary!

"And this," she said ironically, "is

the gentleman who leaned out of the

He brought all his faculties together,

for he knew he would need them in

fallen out of it-well, it could not have mattered. I should not have

been more at your feet than I am

now." This was very good, considering how dry his tongue was.

Hillard reached a chair successful-ly enough, but he never could rec-

ollect how. He sat down as a bashful

man sits down in a crowded ballroom,

with his knees drawn in tightly and

Presently she laughed with malice.

roomy, I am uneasy. Perhaps you

recall to my subconsciousness a period

to my former existence on earth, or, if

"A mistake. Your ancestor should

Irishmen of the name of Hillard."
"They were in disguise. But ! have

a generous strain of Irish blood in me;

otherwise I shouldn't have had the

courage to follow up an adventure like

"Thanks. The compliment is rather

"My compliments cannot possibly be

more ambiguous than your appearance.

Surely there will be an hour for un-

"It has already begun, Mr. Hillard."

nature gave to me. I wish she had

He took note of her teeth and felt a

the others were firm and elistening

white. It was a pity, for a woman's

teeth are as much her glory as her

Silence. The ruddy light on her hair

"Your hair." with a simplicity which silenced her. "You have the most

"If it is I shall never be sure of

anything again. Am I in prosaic New

York? Have you not by some carpet

magic transported me to old Europe?

If a dozen conspirators came in in

cowls to render me the oath I should

"There is no magic, only a mask."

"And there is no way of seeing be-

"None-absolutely none. I am told

that you are a gentleman, so I am

confident that you will not stoop to

"Only the force of eloquence, if ever

I may lay claim to that again."
"You are beginning well, for I tell

you, Mr. Hillard, I shall expect but

the most brilliant wit from you to-

night. As for me, I shall only inter-

"I am not used to dancing without

"I agree to tell you. I wear this

And how

polate occasionally. Now, begin."

"You must learn. Dance!"

"Upon what-nothing?

not be at all surprised."

hind that?"

use force.

the pole."

fascinated him.
"What is it?" she demanded.

beautiful hair I have ever seen." "Thank you. And yet, for all you know, it may be a fine wig."

have been hanged."

ambiguous."

masking."

his feet at sympathetic angles,

(Continued.)

.. .. SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I-Jack Hilliard, wealthy New York clubman, hears a mysterious voice singing in the night under his window.

II-He inserts an advertisement in a personal ccolumn to find the singer. He receives a reply.

CHAPTER V.

THE MASK. " Y OININ' th' Elks?" asked the boy

when Hillard was well under way once more.
"No; it's a scauce. They are

going to call up my fate round a table." "Ugh! Aw, go-wan! Dey don't call up no ghosts wit' French cider and hot boids." The boy relapsed into si

By and by the carriage stopped. "Dis is where we alights, me loid!"

the boy jeered. "An' no lookin', mind." Hillard found the carriage steps and 1 aded safely. He stood for a mo-ment, listening. They were in a quiet part of the city; no elevated or surface | chair.' cars were near. He was assured that the location was exclusive. Garrets are not to be found in quiet places.

"Look out fer th' steps," said the boy, again taking Hillard by the hand.

"Louk out fer th' steps," said the you will, one of my ancestors."

"I fail to understand." "And you be careful of that basket," ain't lettin' it drop any."

Winding steps, thought the blindfolded man. He could recollect none. It seemed to him that they stood there five minutes before the door opened. When it did, the boy passed in the basket and resolutely pushed Hillard into the hall. The door closed gently, and the adventure was begun. Whither would it lead him?

"Take off the bandage the signor may now," said a voice in broken Eng-

"Thanks!" He tore the handkerchief from his eyes and blinked. The hall was so dimly lighted that he could see nothing distinctly.

"The signor's coat and hat."

He passed over these articles, shook the wrinkles from his trousers, smoothed his chin and stood at attention. The maid eyed him with abundant approv-



She was masked

al, then knocked timidly on the door leading to the drawing room.

"Avanti!" called a soft voice. Hillard gathered in his courage, opened the door and stepped inside. On a divan near a lamp sat a woman in black. Only a patch of white throat could be seen, for her shoulders were not bare and her arms only to the elbows. Her back was turned squarely, shall I know that my dancing pleases ly and firm; the nose bridged, and the But what a head! He caught his you?"

"Nothing more or less. Do not flat-"that she believed to be dead was not ter yourself that there is anything per- dead, only waiting to be rekindled. sonal or romantic on my side. I am bored."

"I am wholly in your tunds," he said. "and they are very beautiful hands." "Is there anything more beautiful than a cat's paw when the claws are hidden? Never judge a woman by her hands." Nevertheless she buried her hands in the depths of a down pillow. She had forgotten her rings. She slip-ped them off and managed to hide

"I promise to remember. Your letters"- he began diffidently. Where the deuce was his tongue? Was he to be tongued tied all the evening before this Columbine, who, with the aid of her mask, was covertly laughing at his awkwardness?

"My letters? A woman often writes what she will not say and says what she will not write. Did you not ask me to disillusion you?"

"Yes, but softly, softly. I begin to believe one thing-you brought me here to teach me a lesson. Gentlemen should never use the personal column."

"Nor should ladles read it. I am not saving any mercy for myself!" with laughter.

"Shall I begin with my past?" "Something less horrifying, if you

"I object to the word pice," he said. should have preferred milksop! Hadn't you better try some new kind of torture?

This time her laughter was relaxed and joyful. And somehow Hillard felt more at ease. He was growing accustorned to the mask. He stretched his legs and fingered his nether lip.

"Have you not somewhere an in visible cloak?

"I had one that night, which nature lent me," she answered readily. "I was so invisible to you that I heard "Supposing I had the policeman call out your name. I -well, it could not thank you for insisting that I was not chorus lady.

Here was a revelation which accounted for many things "I haven't been very fortunate so far in this adventure.

"That is rank ingratitude. I am of the opinion that fortune has highly favored you."

"But the mask-the mask! If you heard the policeman call my name you must have heard him speak of one "You are not comfortable in that Leddy Lightfinger."

"I did, indeed. And is it not pos-"That is true, and yet it is soft and tible that I am that very person? Hillard dropped his hand toward his watch. "Why do you hate Italy?" She sat straight, and what little he

One does not hate a country without a strong and vital reason. Was Gio-"And I along with him, you would vanni partly right, after all? Was this a kind of trap-a play to gain his

"Are you not Irish? I have known interest? Was her singing under his rishmen of the name of Hillard." window purely accidental? "Will you not sing?" he asked. This was un inspiration. Music might assist in melting her new peserve.

"You recollect, then, that I possess a

"It is all I have to recollect. Tell

"To the door and into the log again." "On my word, I'm half inclined to believe you to be an anarchist or a

red or something on that order." "Put yourself at ease. I am neither "So I am the one who is to be un-masked? Well, I have only the mask. There are no dynamite bombs in this There are no dynamite bombs in this been more liberal. But I shall see what can be done with it "

Her severity, her irony and her apparent lack of warmth were mere matters of calculation. Her plan was to.



"The song you sang under my window." pleased with his strong face and shapely head. The chin was square, but not heavy; the mouth humorous, kind-

mask tonight because I am taking a surreptitious leaf out of my book of not afraid to be alone with him, nor was it really necessary to wear a

"I will sing!" "That is more than I dared to hope," "What shall it be?" she asked.

"The song you sang under my win-"But that is for the male voice!"

"You sang it very well nevertheless. I have a good memory too." He leaned forward, his arms crossed on his knees. Was there ever in all the world such

an Arabian night?

She sang, but without that buoyant note of the first night. One after another he called out the popular airs of the old light operas. She had them all on her tongue's end.

Where had he seen that copy of Botticelli before? If only there was a little more light!

"Pardon me," he said. "You asked"— She repeated her question, wondering what had drawn his attention. "I like my grand opera after dinner.

After dinner I shall want Verdi, Berlioz, Gounod.' "But after dinner I may not care to

sing." She spoke in German. He was not expecting this tongue. Besides, his German had never been a

finished product. For all that, be made a passable reply. "You speak as many languages as a

Swiss hotel conclerge." "I wish I did. My mother had one idea in regard to my youth-I should speak four languages and eventually become a great diplomat. My mother had one of the loveliest voices. It was a joy to hear her speak, now Italian, now German, now French. We were great comrades. It was rare fun to go with her on an antique hunting expedition. They never fooled her nor got the better of her in a bargain." She liked the way be spoke of his

mother "But you." he said-"you are not Itulian?

She united Her fingers stirred over the keys again, and Grieg's "Papillon" fluttered softly from flower to flower

> (To be continued.) NOTICE OF SALE

In the matter of the estate of George M. Needles, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in purnance of an order of the county court of Jackson county. Oregon, made on the 14th day of October. 1909, in the matter of the above named estate, the undersigned administrator of the estate of said deceased will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, on Monday, the 25th day of October, 1909, at 10 o'eloek a. m., in front of what is known as the "Horseshoe Club Saloon," situated on Front street in the city of Medford, the entire stock of merchandise contained in suid saloon, consisting of a large amount of whisky in barrels, in bottles and otherwise, together with a variety of other kinds of liquor usually kept by retail vendors thereof; also including two pool tables, both in good condition, and each completely equipped with fixtures; also a stock of tobaccos, cigars, pipes, cigarettes, etc., and a full set of decanters, glasses and tumblers, and other articles used in connection with and in a saloon there figuors are sold by retail. For sudden tinge of regret. One may dis- inspire him with trepidation, to keep a more definite knowledge of the kind guise the face and hair, but the teeth him always at arm's length, for his and amount of liquors, fixtures, etc., are always the same. Two lower teeth own safety as well as hers. She knew to be disposed of at said sale, inquire on the right side appeared to be gone: something of men. She was secretly at the office of Colvig & Reames, Medford, Oregon.

Dated October 15th, 1909. CLARENCE L. REAMES. Administrator of the Estate of George M. Needles, Decensed.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the unlersigned will apply to the city couneil of the city of Medford, Oregon, the meeting thereof on October 19, 1909, for a license to sell spiritus, vinous and malt liquors in quantities less than a gallon, for the period of six months, at his place of business at Nos. 22 and 24 Front street, North, in said city.

* JOHN HARRINGTON.

Dated October 9, 1909.

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