The Mardi Gras Mystery

By
H. BEDFORD-JONES

GRAMONT AND FELL

GRASONT AND FELL

STOPPHIS-During the height of the New O'lean carnival season Jachin Fell, wealthy though some wat mysredone citteen, and Driver of the season of the sea

"You money trickster! Do you thin! vould spare such a man as you? You draw your rents from the poor an draw your rents from the poor and destitute, your mortgages cover half the parishes in the state, and in your heart is neither compassion nor pity for man or woman. Bah! I could shoot you down without a qualtur!" In his voice was so deadly a mennec

In his voice was so deadly a menace that Maillard trembled.

"There is nothing of mine in that safe," he said, his voice a low growl.
"I have given it to my son to use. He is not here."
"That," said the Masquer calmly,

"That," said the Masquer calrily,
"is exactly why I desire you to open
it. Your son must make his contribution, for I keenly regret his absence.
If you are a cylminal, he is worse!
You rob and steal under shelter of
the law, but you have certain limitations, certain bounds of an almost outtions, certain bounds of an almost out-grown bonor. He has none. that son of yours. Why, he would not hesitate to turn your own tricks back upon you, to rob you, if he could! Open that safe or take the consequences; no more talk, now!"

he more tulk, now!"

The command cracked out like a whiplash. With a shrug of holplessness the banker turned and fumbled with the protruding knob of the safe. With one exception all eyes were fastened upon this amazing Masquer. The exception was Jachin Fell, who, suddenly alert and watchful, had turned bis attention to Mallard and the safe, a keen speculation in his gare as though he were wondering what that steel vault would produce. All were silent. There was some-

what that steel vanit would produce,
All were silent. There was something about this Midnight Masquer
that held them intentity. Ferhaps
some were inclined to, think him a
jester, one of the party masquerading
under the famous banditis guiser; if
so, his last words to Maillard had removed all such thought. That indicment had been deadly and terribleman true, as they knew. Bob Mailland
and true, as they knew. Bob Mailland
was no kreatly adulted by those
them to be a such that indicate
the statistic of the safe swung
open. The compartments appeared
empty.

"Take out the drawers and turn

open. The compared empty.

"Take out the drawers and turn them up over the table," commanded

"Take out the drawers and turn them up over the table," commanded the Masquer. Maillard obeyed. From the last drawer there fell out on the table a large envelope, sacied. The Masquer leaned forward, seized upon this en-velope, and crushed fit into his pocket. "Thank you," he observed," "That is all."

"D-n you!" cried Maillard, shaking a fist. "You'd try blackmeil, would you?"

The bandit regarded him a moment,

you?" The handit regarded him a moment, then laughed.
"If you knew what was in that envelope, my dear financier, you might not speek so hastily. If I knew what was in it, I might answer you. But I don't know. I only suspect—and hope. And now, my friends—an revolg!" the land of the land. The door slammed, the key clicked. He was gone!
Maillard was the first to wake into voice and action. "The other door!" he eried. "Into the dinig room—"
He flung open a second door and dashed into the dinig room—of the other was privately be of the control of the dinig room. The Maillard came to a sudden lait, and after him the others; through the night was pulsating, with great distinctness, the throbbing roor of an airplane motor! From Maillard broke a bitter cryst.

esting for an instant upon the group. A faint smile rested upon his rather harshly drawn features.

"I just found this," he announced, holding out a paper. "It was planed to the obtaide of the ilbrary door. I presume that your late visitor left it as a mement pook the paper, the other men rowelling around him.

"Ah, Mallard! The same handwriting as that of your letter!"

"Upon [the paper was penciled a single histy line:
"My compliments to Robert Malllard—and my thanks."

Bob Mallard sprang forward, angrily inspecting the paper. When he relinquished it. Fell calmy claimed it. "Confound the rogue!" mattered the banker's son, turning away. His features were pale, perhaps with angertates in that envelope—and they can be refissued."

The festivities were not broken up.



oddly enough there were no pin holes distinctness, the throbbling roar of an airplane motor! From Mailfard broke here! You gentlemen search the house. That fellow can't possibly have escaped, to summe the detective—I'll get the fools here! You gentlemen search the house. That fellow can't possibly have escaped, to summe the detective of the possibly and the surface. The house the men to air the house. The result was vain. No one had been seen to enter or leave the house. The result was vain. No one had been seen to enter or leave the house and certainly there had been no airplane about. The Masquer had now he was most indubitably not in the house. By all testimony, he had now he was most indubitably not in he house. By all testimony, he had neither entered it not left it!

Under the possibly the proposed of the proper still on the top of the proper still o

A faint smile crept to his lips at ha read the penciled words:

"I do not love you, Jachin Feli, The reason why, I cannot tell; But this I know, and know full well, I do not love you, Jachin Fell!"

Alarm for Vire.

William Skaggs was known as the most untreasworthy man in Klinkerville. He had never been caught in a mulcitop lie or in circulating even an unkind fact, only it seemed an unpossibility for him to distinguish between fact and fiction, once his to have was loosed. He was humbly awte or this shortcoming.

Once a small outbilldir; caught fire. He hurried for the water bucket, and called to his wife, "Isunout to the road and holler fire!"

"Holler yourself!" sil shouted back, while she ran with another pail.

"Me" he returned. "Whod come if I hollered fire. It like to know? If they did, they'd bring maches and "Certainly the fellow has wit, if not originality," muttered Mr. Fell, as he carefully stowed away the paper. The witting upon it was in the hand of the Midnight Masquer. they did, they'd bring matches and kindling!"—Philadelph'a Ledger.

CHAPTER IV.

Old-R shioned Farmet Realizes He Cc Id Never Keep Up With the Procession Today. "Procession Today."

"What kind of farming experience did you have?" asked he riporter.

"Well, you," repited the pillosopher, "I only had a light attack. When I lived on a farm all you had to do was plant, cultivate, mend, fences, hoe weeds, milk cows, slaughter pigs, doctor sick chickens, in windmills, so to town after the mail, frig. with light-nin' rod agents, atte diff county fair once a year, cut "head may be a superior of the county fair once a year, cut "head may be a superior of the procession of the p

able to keep up with a mode n farm er's social duties."—In lianapo la News

REA IZED HIS BAD FEPUTE

Untrustworthy Man Had Goo! Reason for Wanting His Wife to tive Alarm for Fire.

HAD NO BUSINESS TO CRAWL Motorist's Ingenious Plea Only Made Judge Look at the Case a Little More Sternly.

"How fast were you going?"
"Your honor, I was just crawling along."
"It's rather curious that most of the people who are charged in this court with speeding say the, were "crawling along."

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Wrigley's Adds a Zest and Helps Digest

Prompt.
"You are strong in your praise of the Brokers and Stokers Magazine." "I am."
"Yet they have never printed any "At."

with speeding say the were Chwiling along."
"Your honor, I'm a voicess' all aviator. An ordinary observer mil te have thought my car was 't aveiling 't high speed, but to me it was crawl."
"Ahem! I understand your joint of view exacty, and out of r', ieet to your hazardous precession, where apeed is essential to safety, 'ill fine you \$23 for crawling." Blir ngham Age-Heryld. "Xet they have never printed any of your poetry."
"No, but it doesn't take them two months to decide that my stuff won't do. They get it back to me in the next mail."—Louisville Courier-Jour-

Age-Herild.

A Riyal Contemporary Si s—
The gestle bee is humming and the
nummer girl's counting, while is a sprinking cart the street is going, brough, and
the host of city people that in
summer we shall keep'll soon be coming up to spend a month or two. The
hammock will be susying in the
breezes meant the treezes and the
farmer will go haying in the meandow
if he piguzes, and this 'rhum would
be completer if less rocks, were, the
meter—Bosta Transcript.

The Busy Wife. Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.
Nothing better than Cuticura Soap
daily and Olument now and then as
needed to make the complexion clear,
scalp clean and hands soft and white.
Add to this the fascinating, fragrant
Cuticura Talcum, and you have the
Cuticura Tollet Trio.—Advertisement.

If he pigazes, and this rhyme would be completer it less rocky were the meter.—Boston Transcript.

The Busy Wife.

Kriss—Why don't you get your wife to sew that button on y ar cost?

Kross—She is too usy. She is working on four picture puzzler, reading two bouthured stories, and collowing up are serial pictures in (ie movies.—Judge.

Every time a man fine has a serial picture of the control of the constantly in the control of the control

Every time a man thas his fortune told be gets rid of a small portion of much sitent contemplation and not it.

sister and sister-in-law take it and have only the highest praise for it. It has been a household word in my mother's house for years."— Mrs. KATHERYN LYND, 2431 Gladys Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG GIRLS NEED CARE

Mothers, watch your Daughters' Health

Hea h Is Happiness

The condition that the girl is theopassing through issociated, and may be a supported to the control of the con

Lydia E. Pinkhas s Private Taxt-Book upon "Allments Peculiar to Women" ill be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pink. am Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains va table information.

From the time a girl rear nes the age of twelve until wornambood tracking the second of the second o

Smart Animal.

"What makes your dog bowl when he hears jazz?" "Intelligence, I suppose," replied Mr. Grumpson.

At life's banquets the scum is often taken for the cream.



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