

# THE Masquerader

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.  
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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The curtness of the answer might have displeased another woman. Eve seemed to take no offense.

"I had a talk with the Fraides today," she said, "a long talk. Mr. Fraide said great things of you, things I wouldn't have believed from anybody but Mr. Fraide." She altered her position and looked from Loder's face back into the fire.

He took a step forward. "What things?" he said. He was almost ashamed of the sudden, inordinate satisfaction that welled up at her words.

"Oh, I must tell you!" She laughed a little. "But you have surprised him." She paused, sipped her tea, then looked up again with a change of expression. "John," she said more seriously, "there is one point that sticks a little. Will this great change last?" Her voice was direct and even, wonderfully direct for a woman, Loder thought. It came to him with a certain force that beneath her remarkable character might possibly lie a remarkable character. It was not a possibility that had occurred to him before, and it caused him to look at her a second time. In the new light he saw her beauty differently, and it interested him differently. Heretofore he had been inclined to class women under three heads—idiots, amusements and incumbrances. Now it crossed his mind that a woman might possibly fill another place—the place of a companion.

"You are very skeptical," he said, still looking down at her. She did not return his glance. "I think I have been made skeptical," she said.

As she spoke the image of Chilcote shot through his mind—Chilcote, irritable, vicious, unstable—and a quick compassion for this woman so inevitably shackled to him followed it. Eve, unconscious of what was passing in his mind, went on with her subject.

"When we were married," she said gently, "I had such a great interest in things, such a great belief in life. I had lived in politics, and I was marrying one of the coming men—everybody said you were one of the coming men. I was so sure of it. You didn't make any secret love," she smiled, "but I think I had forgotten about love. I wanted nothing so much as to be like Lady Sarah—married to a great man." She paused, then went on more hurriedly: "For awhile things went right; then slowly things went wrong. You got your—your nerves."

Loder changed his position with something of abruptness.

She misconstrued the action. "Please don't think I want to be disagreeable," she said hastily. "I don't. I'm only trying to make you understand why—why I lost heart."

"I think I know," Loder's voice broke in involuntarily. "Things got worse, then still worse. You found interference useless. At last you ceased to have a husband."

"Until a week ago," she glanced up quickly. Absorbed in her own feelings, she had seen nothing extraordinary in his words.

But at hers Loder changed color.

"It's the most incredible thing in the world," she said. "It's quite incredible, and yet I can't deny it. Against all my reason, all my experience, all my inclination, I seem to feel in the last week something of what I felt at first." She stopped with an embarrassed laugh. "It seems that, as if by magic, life has been picked up where I dropped it six years ago." Again she stopped and laughed.

Loder was keenly uncomfortable, but he could think of nothing to say.

"It seemed to begin that night I dined with the Fraides," she went on. "Mr. Fraide talked so wisely and so kindly about so many things. He recalled all we had hoped for in you, and—and he blamed me a little." She paused and laid her hand on her forehead. "He said that when people have made what they call their last effort they should always make just one effort more. He promised that if I could once persuade you to take an interest in your work he would do the rest. He said all that and a thousand other kinder things, and I sat and listened. But all the time I thought of nothing but their uselessness. Before I left I promised to do my best, but my thought was still the same. It was stronger than ever when I forced myself to come up here." She paused again and glanced at Loder's averted head. "But I came, and then, as if by conquering myself I had compelled a reward, you seemed, you somehow seemed different. It sounds ridiculous, I know." Her voice was half amused, half deprecating. "It wasn't a difference in your face, though I knew directly that you were free from nerves."

Again she hesitated over the word. "It was a difference in yourself, in the things you said, more than in the way you said them." Once more she paused and laughed a little.

Loder's discomfort grew.

"But it didn't affect me then," she spoke more slowly. "I wouldn't admit it then. And the next day when we talked on the terrace I still refused to admit it, though I felt it more strongly than before. But I have watched you since that day, and I know there is a change. Mr. Fraide feels the same, and he is never mistaken. I know it's only nine or ten days, but I've hardly seen you in the same mood for nine or ten hours in the last three years." She stopped, and the silence was impressive. It seemed to plead for confirmation of her instinct.

Still Loder could find no response.

After waiting for a moment she leaned forward in her chair and looked up at him.

"John," she said, "is it going to last? That's what I came to ask. I don't want to believe till I'm sure. I don't want to risk a new disappointment."

Loder felt the earnestness of her gaze, though he avoided meeting it.

"I couldn't have said this to you a week ago, but today I can. I don't pretend to explain why. The feeling is too inexplicable. I only know that I can say it now and that I couldn't a week ago. Will you understand—and answer?"

Still Loder remained mute. His position was horribly incongruous. What could he say? What dared he say? Confused by his silence, Eve rose.

"If it's only a phase, don't try to hide it," she said. "But if it's going to last—if by any possibility it's going to last"—She hesitated and looked up.

She was quite close to him. He would have been less than man had he been unconscious of the subtle contact of her glance, the nearness of her presence, and no one had ever hinted that manhood was lacking in him. It was a moment of temptation. His own energy, his own intentions, seemed so near, Chilcote and Chilcote's claims so distant and unreal. After all, his life, his ambitions, his determinations, were his own. He lifted his eyes and looked at her.

"You want me to tell you that I will go on?" he said.

Her eyes brightened. She took a step forward. "Yes," she said; "I want it more than anything in the world."

There was a wait. The declaration that would satisfy her came to Loder's lips, but he delayed it. The delay was fateful. While he stood silent the door opened, and the servant who had been waiting for him entered.

He crossed the room and handed Loder a telegram. "Any answer, sir?" he said.

Eve moved back to her chair. There was a flush on her cheeks, and her eyes were still alertly bright.

Loder tore the telegram open, read it, then threw it into the fire.

"No answer!" he said laconically. At the brusqueness of his voice Eve looked up. "Disagreeable news?" she said as the servant departed.

He didn't look at her. He was watching the telegram withering in the center of the fire.

"No," he said at last, in a strained voice. "No; only news that I—that I had forgotten to expect."

## CHAPTER XI.

THERE was a silence, an uneasy break, after Loder spoke. The episode of the telegram was, to all appearances, ordinary enough, calling forth Eve's question and his own reply as a natural sequence, yet in the pause that followed it each was conscious of a jar, each was aware that in some subtle way the thread of sympathy had been dropped, though to one the cause was inexplicable and to the other only too plain.

Loder watched the ghost of his message grow whiter and thinner, then dissolve into airy fragments and flutter up the chimney. As the last morsel wavered out of sight he turned and looked at his companion.

"You almost made me commit myself," he said. In the desire to hide his feelings his tone was short.

Eve returned his glance with a quiet regard, but he scarcely saw it. He had a stupefied sense of disaster, a feeling of bitter self-commiseration that for the moment outweighed all other considerations. Almost at the moment of justification the good of life had crumbled in his fingers, the soil given beneath his feet, and with an absence of logic, a lack of justice unusual in him, he let resentment against Chilcote sweep suddenly over his mind.

Eve, still watching him, saw the darkening of his expression and with a quiet movement rose from her chair.

"Lady Sarah has a theater party tonight, and I am dining with her," she said. "It is an early dinner, so I must think about dressing. I'm sorry you think I tried to draw you into anything. I must have explained myself badly." She laughed a little to cover the slight discomfiture that her tone betrayed, and as she laughed she moved across the room toward the door.

Loder, engrossed in the check to his own schemes, incensed at the suddenness of Chilcote's recall and still more incensed at his own folly in not having anticipated it, was oblivious for the moment of both her movement and her words. Then quite abruptly they intruded themselves upon him, breaking through his egotism with something of the sharpness of pain following a blow. Turning quickly from the fireplace, he faced the shadowy room

across which she had passed, but simultaneously with his turning she gained the door.

The knowledge that she was gone struck him with a sense of double loss. "Wait!" he called, suddenly moving forward. But almost at once he paused, chilled by the solitude of the room. "Eve!" he said, using her name unconsciously for the first time.

But the corridor, as well as the room, was empty; he was too late. He stood irresolute; then he laughed shortly, turned and passed back toward the fireplace.

The blow had fallen, the inevitable came to pass, and nothing remained but to take the fact with as good a grace as possible. Chilcote's telegram had summoned him to Clifford's inn at 7 o'clock, and it was now well on toward 6. He pulled out his watch—Chilcote's watch, he realized with a touch of grim humor as he stooped to examine the dial by the light of the fire—then, as if the humor had verged to another feeling, he stood straight again and felt for the electric button in the wall. His fingers touched it, and simultaneously the room was lighted.

The abrupt alteration from shadow to light came almost as a shock. The feminine arrangement of the tea table seemed incongruous beside the sober books and the desk laden with papers—incongruous as his own presence in the place. The thought was unpleasant, and he turned aside as if to avoid it, but at the movement his eyes fell on Chilcote's cigarette box with its gleaming monogram, and the whimsical suggestion of his first morning rose again. The idea that the inanimate objects in the room knew him for what he was, recognized the interloper where human eyes saw the rightful possessor, returned to his mind. Through all his disgust and chagrin a smile forced itself to his lips, and, crossing the room for the second time, he passed into Chilcote's bedroom.

There the massive furniture and somber atmosphere fitted better with his mood than the energy and action which the study always suggested. Walking directly to the great bed, he sat on its side and for several minutes stared straight in front of him, apparently seeing nothing; then at last he apathetically passed from him, as his previous anger against Chilcote had passed. He stood up slowly, drawing his long limbs together, and recessed the room, passing along the corridor and through the door communicating with the rest of the house. Five minutes later he was in the open air and walking steadily eastward, his hat drawn forward and his overcoat buttoned up.

As he traversed the streets he allowed himself no thought. Once, as he waited in Trafalgar square to find a passage between the vehicles, the remembrance of Chilcote's voice coming quickly, guarding himself from an involuntary glance at the place of their meeting. The Strand, with its untold ceaseless life, came to him as something almost unfamiliar. Since his identification with the new life no business had drawn him east of Charing Cross, and his first sight of the narrower stream of traffic struck him as garish and unpleasant. As the impression came he accelerated his steps, moved by the wish to make regret and retrospection alike impossible by a contact with actual forces.

Still walking hastily, he entered Clifford's inn, but there almost unconsciously his feet halted. There was something in the quiet immutability of the place that sobered energy, both mental and physical; a sense of changelessness—the changelessness of inanimate things, that rises in such solemn contrast to the variability of mere human nature, which a new environment, a new outlook, sometimes even a new presence, has power to upheave and remold. He paused, then with slower and steadier steps crossed the little court and mounted the familiar stairs of his own house.

As he turned the handle of his own door some one stirred inside the sitting room. Still under the influence of the stones and trees that he had just left, he moved directly toward the sound and, without waiting for permission, entered the room. After the darkness of the passage it seemed well lighted, for, besides the lamp with its green shade, a large fire burned in the grate and helped to dispel the shadows.

As he entered the room Chilcote rose and came forward, his figure thrown into strong relief by the double light. He was dressed in a shabby tweed suit; his face looked pale and set with a slightly nervous tension. But, besides the look and a certain added restlessness of glance, there was no visible change. Reaching Loder, he held out his hand.

"Well?" he said quickly.

The other looked at him questioningly.

"Well? Well? How has it gone?"

"The scheme? Oh, excellently!" Loder's manner was abrupt. Turning from the restless curiosity in Chilcote's eyes, he moved a little way across the room and began to draw off his coat. Then, as if struck by the inevitability of the action, he looked back again. "The scheme has gone extraordinarily," he said. "I could almost say absurdly. There are some things, Chilcote, that fairly bowl a man over."

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Fame.

Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity, who drink of that flood of glory as of a river and refresh our wings in it for future flight—Hazzitt.

When a man falls in love it really feels as though he were falling upward.

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Hundreds of imitation brands are on sale that look like Schnapps tobacco. The outside of the imitation plugs of tobacco is flue cured the same as Schnapps, but the inside is filled with cheap, flimsy, heavily sweetened air cured tobacco. One chew of Schnapps will satisfy tobacco hunger longer than two chews of such tobacco. The color, size and shape of the tags, plugs and packages of certain imitation brands of tobacco have been made so much like Schnapps that they have often been accepted by buyers under the belief that they were getting Schnapps. Sufficient proof has been secured to establish the fact that certain brands are infringements and in violation of the trade mark laws, yet the trade will continue to be imposed upon by these infringers until the suit already entered and now pending to protect Schnapps is decided. A great many of these imitations are

claimed to be "just as good" as Schnapps, but there is only one genuine Schnapps. Be sure the letters on the tag, and stamped on the plug under the tag spell S-C-H-N-A-P-P-S and then you have it—the most wholesome tobacco produced, with just enough sweetening to preserve the mild, juicy, stimulating quality of the leaf tobacco. Expert tests prove that this flue cured tobacco, grown in the famous Piedmont region, requires and takes less sweetening than any other and has a wholesome, stimulating, satisfying effect on chewers.

If the tobacco you are chewing don't satisfy you more than the mere habit of expectorating, stop fooling yourself and chew Schnapps tobacco. Schnapps is like the tobacco chewers formerly bought costing from 75c. to \$1.00 per pound; Schnapps is sold at 50c. per pound, in 5c. cuts, strictly 10c. and 15c. plugs.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

## A Big Sale in Union.

In the district Court of the United States, for the District of South Carolina.

In the matter of W. T. Beatty and Frank G. Austell, co-partners, trading as W. T. Beatty & Co., Bankrupts.

To the creditors of W. T. Beatty & Co., of Union, in the county of Union and district aforesaid, bankrupts:

Notice is hereby given that on the 11th day of March, 1907, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, from the store of Jno. M. Little, trustee of said estate, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder

entire stock of goods, wares and merchandise of said estate, consisting of a general line of dry goods, clothing, shoes, gents' furnishings goods and notions, all in good condition, and inventories at a low market value, at \$5,000.00.

The said trustee will sell in bulk or in parcels as he may deem best.

Any objection to said sale must be made before me at my office, Columbia, S. C., on the 8th day of March, 1907, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

Jno. J. Earle, Referee in Bankruptcy.

8-31.

## Notice to Horse Breeders.

Brownstone, belonging to the Hackney Horse Breeders' association, will stand at Union, S. C., the following season. Terms as follows: \$3 down and \$20 to be paid if foal results. If not, \$5 will be refunded by the association. Horse will be found at Crawford & Aycock's stable, Union, S. C. 9-3mo.

## Notice of Bridge Letting.

The Board of County Commissioners will meet at Harris bridge, on Brown's creek, Friday, March 8, 1907, for the purpose of letting to lowest responsible bidder the building of an 80-foot steel bridge. Plans and specifications to be exhibited at bridge on day of letting. Will be let at public outcry at 11 o'clock a. m.

T. J. Betenbaugh, Supervisor U. C.

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## CITATION TO KINDRED AND CREDITORS.

State of South Carolina, County of Union.

By W. W. Johnson, Esq., Probate Judge.

Whereas, John D. Smith has made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of John D. Lake, deceased,

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said John D. Lake, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Union, S. C., South Carolina, on the 11th day of March, next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal this 21st day of February, Anno Domini 1907.

W. W. Johnson, Probate Judge.

Published on the 2nd day of February, 1907, in the Union Times. 8-21.

J. A. BROWN,

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REAL ESTATE, STOCKS AND BONDS.

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## Union & Glenn Springs Railroad Company

No. 1 leaves Union 7:30 a. m., arrive at Buffalo 7:45 a. m.

No. 2 leaves Union 12:30 p. m., arrive at Buffalo 12:45 p. m.

No. 3 leaves Union 3:45 p. m., arrive at Buffalo 4:00 p. m.

No. 4 leaves Buffalo at 8:45 a. m., arrive at Union 9:00 a. m.

Evening.

No. 4 leaves Buffalo at 1:30 p. m., arrive at Union 1:45 p. m.

No. 6 leaves Buffalo at 4:45 p. m., arrive at Union 5:00 p. m.

Between Union and Pride.

Morning.

No. 34 leaves Union at 9:30; leaves Buffalo 9:45; leaves Neal Shoals 10:05; leaves Red Point 10:15; arrives at Pride 10:25 a. m.

No. 33 leaves Pride 10:55; leaves Red Point 11:05; leaves Neal Shoals 11:15; leaves Gregory's 11:30; leaves Crawford's 11:45; leaves Monarch 11:40; arrives at Union 11:50 a. m.

Evening.

No. 32 leaves Union 5:15; leaves Monarch 5:30; leaves Crawford's 5:45; leaves Gregory's 5:55; leaves Neal Shoals 6:05; leaves Red Point 6:15; arrives at Union 6:20 p. m.

No. 31 leaves Pride 6:00; leaves Red Point 6:10; leaves Neal Shoals 6:20; leaves Gregory's 6:30; leaves Crawford's 6:40; leaves Monarch 6:45; arrives at Union 6:55 p. m.

I. R. DICKERT, G. M.

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