

Gary News

Dr. Walsh returned at noon from a short visit in Chicago.

The strong wind of yesterday carried off the storm shelter recently constructed by the Fitzgerald brothers in front of their building.

W. F. Hodges, the attorney, is now plastering his house and expects to have it ready for occupancy in a week. This will be the first dwelling house to be completed here.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the oyster supper to be held at the north school building tomorrow evening. The older pupils are making a thorough canvass and the teachers are also lending their assistance.

A large number of teams are busy at work hauling out and distributing the train load of water pipe that arrived last week. The recent rain and cold has hardened the ground so that they are enabled to haul it a great deal easier than was anticipated when it was ordered.

During the heavy wind a part of the large glass on the south west window blew in and struck Miss Grace Sears, inflicting a slight flesh wound on her nose. No doctors being available other talent came to the rescue and she was soon over the effects of the peculiar accident, which caused more scare than harm.

Mr. Anderson of Anderson & Planta, a large firm of decorators in Chicago, spent most of today here looking over the ground, expecting to locate a large supply company here, who would make a specialty of cement block manufacture. He expects to locate on the Wabash if the proper switching facilities can be obtained.

Morris Kahan of Indiana Harbor looked after his interests here this afternoon. Mr. Kahan spent practically all of the summer in San Francisco, but concluded that business prospects were equally good or better here than there, hence his investment in Gary. He expects to begin at an early date the erection of a business block in Broadway, with a view to occupying it with a mercantile business by early spring.

Mrs. C. J. Cooper arrived last evening and took up her duties as assistant in the postoffice. Owing to the possibility of the winter proving too

severe, thus making the trips hard, Miss Eugenie Knotts will not be in the postoffice after this week. She has taken up the work here so well that her uncle, the postmaster, has the credit of having one of the best of the smaller offices in the district. There is but little doubt but that as soon as the required time has elapsed this office will be ready for advancement into a higher classification. The growth in the volume of business done has been far beyond any possible estimate that has been made, and there is no indication of its cessation.

"Judge" Fitzgerald qualified yesterday at Crown Point before Circuit Clerk Wheeler and upon his return found his first case awaiting him. The first man to be tried for an offense was an Austrian, who had never seen this place before noon yesterday. He was arrested shortly after alighting from the train and tried last evening, at the marshal's quarters in the jail building. Prosecutor Briggs attended to the prosecution of the offender. The attorney who appeared for the defendant advised him to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the court. After the introduction of evidence on the part of Officer Cate who made the arrest and of Attorney Wildermuth, who chanced to be a witness, the judge fined the offender five dollars and costs and closed the first case. Owing to his inability to speak English, Frank Brink, who operates the local dray line, acted as interpreter.

Officer Catey took in a forgetful young man who came in on the noon train today. He did not show in his appearance that he needed to be taken care of or taught common decency, but his subsequent conduct after alighting from the train proved it otherwise. He will be taken before a justice at the earliest possible moment and prosecuted on the charge against him. This will no doubt have the desired effect upon others who disregard matters of this kind. It is a singular fact that the municipal lodging house is being used more for outsiders than for its own people. The officers are to be commended for the results that are already evident from their work since their appointment. A rumored scandal on the part of the president of the board that if Gary didn't have anything else it was going to have an efficient police department, is bearing fruit.

Gary Oyster Bay. Served in any style, at all hours. Prospect avenue and Broadway. Frank Reiland, prop.

HEARTS and MASKS

BY HAROLD MACGRATH AUTHOR OF THE MAN ON THE BOX ETC.

these persons. Bring them to town the moment the patrol arrives. The gems are the most important things just now."

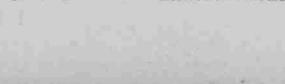
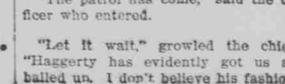
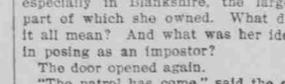
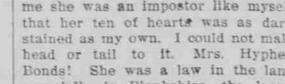
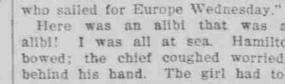
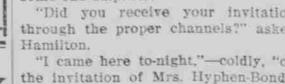
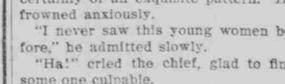
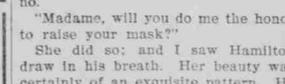
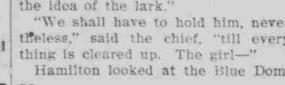
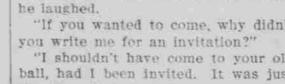
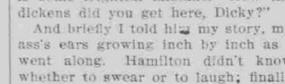
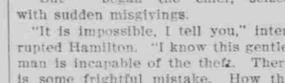
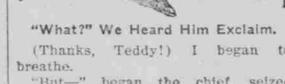
"Yes, sir. You can rely upon us, Mr. Haggerty. Billy, go down with Mr. Haggerty and show him my rig." "Good!" said Haggerty. "It's been a fine night's work, my lads, a fine night's work. I'll see that all got some credit. Permit no one to approach the prisoners without proper authority."

"Your orders shall be obeyed to the letter," said the chief importantly. He already saw his name figuring in the New York papers as having assisted in the capture of a great thief.

I cursed under my breath. If it hadn't been for the girl, I am ashamed to confess, I should have cursed out loud. She sat rigid and motionless. It must have been a cruel ordeal for her. But what was puzzling me was the fact that she made not the slightest effort to spring her alibi. If I had had one! Where was Hamilton? I scarcely inclined to the idea of sleeping in jail in a dress-suit.

Haggerty departed. A silence settled gloomily down on us. Quarter of an hour passed. The grim-visaged police watched us vigilantly. Half an hour, three-quarters, an hour. Far away we heard the whistle of an outgoing train. Would I had been on it! From time to time we heard faint music. At length there was a noise outside the door, and a moment later Hamilton and two others came in. When he saw me, he stopped, his eyes bulging and his mouth agape.

"Dicky Comstalk?" he cried helplessly. "What the devil does this mean?"—turning to the police. "Do you know this fellow, Mr. Hamilton?" asked the chief. "Know him? Of course I know him," answered Teddy; "and I'll stake my last dollar on his honesty."



able thief has materialized at all; this a common crook. Well, he's got him, at any rate, and the gems."

"You have, of course, the general invitation?" said Hamilton. "Here is it,"—and she passed the engraved card to him.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" said Hamilton humbly. "Everything seems to have gone wrong."

"Will you guarantee this man?" asked the chief of Hamilton, nodding toward me.

"I have said so. Mr. Comstalk is very well known to me. He is a retired army officer, and to my knowledge a man with an income sufficient to put him far beyond want."

"What is your name?" asked the chief of the girl, scowling. It was quite evident he couldn't understand her actions any better than I.

"Alice Hawthorne," with an oblique glance at me, I had been right!

"What is your occupation? I am obliged to ask these questions, Miss." "I am a miniature painter,"—briefly. Hamilton came forward. "Alice Hawthorne? Pardon me, but are you the artist who recently completed the miniature of the Emperor of Germany, the Princess of Hesse, and Mrs. Hypen-Bonds?"

"I am. I believe there is no further reason for detaining me." "Emperor of Germany?" echoed the now bewildered chief. "Why didn't you tell all this to Mr. Haggerty?"

"I had my reasons." Once again the door opened. A burly man in a dark business-suit entered. His face was ruddy and his little grey eyes sparkled with suppressed ire. He reminded me of Vautrin, the only difference being that Vautrin was French while this man was distinctly Irish. His massive shoulders betrayed tremendous strength. He was vastly angry about something. He went to the chief's desk and rested his hands upon it.

"You are a nice specimen for a chief of police, you are!" he began. "And who the devil are you?" bawled the chief, his choleric rising. "I'll tell you who I am presently."

"We all eyed him in wonder. What was going to happen now? "Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Hamilton?" asked the new-comer gruffly.

Hamilton signified that he was the gentleman by that name. "Some ladies at your ball have been robbed of their diamonds I understand?"

"About ten thousands dollars' worth." "Look here, sir," cried the chief, standing up and bawling his fist, "I want you to explain yourself, and mighty quick. You can't come into my presence in this manner."

"Bah! You have just permitted the cleverest rascal in the state to slip through your butter-fingers. I am Haggerty."

The chief of police sat down suddenly. CHAPTER VII. "The consummate darling of it! Why the rascal ought to have been in command of an army. On the Board of Strategy he would have been incomparable!"

There followed a tableau that I shall not soon forget. We all stared at the real Haggerty much after the fashion of Medusa's victims. Presently the tension relaxed, and we all sighed. I sighed because the thought of jail for the night in a dress-suit dwindled in perspective; the girl sighed for the same reason and one or two other things; the chief of the village police and his officers sighed because darkness had suddenly swooped down on them; and Hamilton sighed because there were no gems. Haggerty was the one among us who didn't sigh. He scowled blackly.

This big athlete looked like a detective, and the abrupt authority of his tones convinced me that he was Haggerty was celebrated in the annals of police affairs; he had handled all sorts of criminals, from titled impostors down to petty thieves. He was not a man to trifle with, mentally or physically, and for this reason we were all shaking in our boots. He owned to a keen but brutal wit; to him there was no such thing as sex among criminals, and he had the tenacity of purpose that has given the bulldog considerable note in the pit. But it was quite plain that for once he had met his match.

"I don't see how you can blame me," mumbled the chief. "None of us was familiar with your looks, and he showed us his star of authority, and went to work in a business-like way—By George! and he has run away with my horse and carriage!"—starting from his chair.

"Never mind the horse. You'll find it safe at the railway station," snarled Haggerty. "Now, then, tell me everything that has happened, from beginning to end."

And the chief recounted the adventure briefly. Haggerty looked coldly at me and shrugged his broad shoulders. As for the girl, he never gave her so much as a single glance. He knew a gentlewoman without looking at her twice

"Humph! Isn't he a clever one, though?" cried Haggerty, in a burst of admiration. "Clever is no name for it. I'd give a year of my life to come face to face with him. It would be an interesting encounter. Hunted him for weeks, and today laid eyes on him for the first time. Had my clumsy paws on him this very afternoon. He seemed so willing to be locked up that I grew careless. But! and he and his accomplice, an erstwhile valet, had me trussed like a chicken and bundled

into the clothes-press. Took my star, credentials, playing-card, and invitation. It was near eleven o'clock when I roused the housekeeper. I telegraphed two hours ago."

"Telegraphed!" exclaimed the chief, rousing himself out of a melancholy dream. (There would be no mention of him in the morrow's papers.) "Yes, telegraphed. The despatch lay unopened on your office-desk. You're a good watchdog—for a hen-coop!" growled Haggerty. "Ten thousand in gems to-night, and by this time he is safe in New York. You are all a pack of blockheads."

"Used the telephone, did he? Told you to hold these innocent persons till he went somewhere to land the accomplice, eh? The whistle of the train meant nothing to you. Well, that whistle ought to have told you that there might be a mistake. A good officer never quits his prisoners. If there is an accomplice in toils elsewhere, he makes them bring him in.

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