LITTLE MISS MILLIONS

OR,

THE WITCH OF MONTE CARLO.

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVIERA.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Really it mattered little to her whether empire or republic ruled in France; her despotic sway could go on just the same, in Orient or Occident, wherever men with enormous bank accounts and hearts to break could be found.

She cared more about breaking the cool disdain of Mark Merrick and bringing him to her feet than for the Orleanist cause.

Merrick did not know what it was all about.

He was soon to learn.

When those men began to close in like dogs around the quarry at bay, Merrick discovered, to his intense disgust and chagrin, that he was almost in the center of the disturbance.

Of course, his only thought was of Constance and his fear lest she should be injured in case of any rioting or bomb-throwing in the direction of the heir apparent to the Russian throne.

"Have no fear, darling," he said, steadily, perhaps glad of a chance to address the alarmed girl so tenderly, and again thrust his personality between her shrinking form and danger.

The princess, eagerly watching every move, saw that the man they had believed to be the President made no attempt to fly—that he showed no sign of fear, but calmly awaited the coming of the advancing royalists.

There was something so nonchalant about his manner, so unlike the demonstrative Frenchman, that the keen-eyed Russian woman had her suspicions aroused.

"He acts like a man who has expected just such a thing to occur. Mon Dieu! It may be a Waterloo for Count Leon yet. Monsieur Jones is going to be heard from before the curtain falls upon the last act."

She ended her soliloquy with a cry, for her gaze had wandered to the other quarter just in time to see Merrick send one man headlong to the ground because he had dared to lay a hand upon Constance, and then placing the now thoroughly frightened girl behind him, face the eager crowd with a weapon in his hand.

CHAPTER XVI.

Of Course.

The men who were opposed to Merrick had seen firearms before; some of them had doubtless fought through the bloody Franco-German war under the banner of Louis Napoleon, and hence they were hardly to be deterred in their purpose by the fierce aspect of a love pilgrim at bay, and leveling a little pocket revolver.

True, it looked serious enough with so determined a foeman facing them, but there was no coward present.

Merrick might have done much more damage had not luck been against him.

His intentions were of the best, but it was perhaps fortunate in the end that some one struck his arm just as he let fly his first shot, which went wide of the mark and wounded where he grimly meant to kill.

Constance shrieked as she saw them bear down upon her lover; when his weapon was torn from his hand in the scuffle he still struck out manfully, and gave a warm welcome to those who closed in.

It was of short duration, of course, since Mark did not possess the powers of a gladiator, and those who engaged him were seven to his one.

Panting for breath, with his coat half ripped from his back, his hat lost and hair disheveled, while blood marked several scratches upon his face, he finally ceased to struggle.

Count Leon saw that thus far his game, so boldly wrought, had met with complete success.

Jones was still missing, and by this time the doughty count had about come to the conclusion that it had all been a false alarm with reference to the ability of the wonderful Yankee to interfere with their grand scheme.

The natural pride that causes man to puff out and strut like a king when his plans are successful was again taking hold upon the African explorer.

An exodus at once began.

There was no attempt of any kind made to prevent the triple abduction.

The whole army of Monaco's princeling could not have stayed these desperate cavaliers, and surely it did not behoove any of the cosmopolitan guests of Monte Carlo to interfere at the risk of their lives.

So the good people flocked about the gardens again; the buzz of eager conversation arose, very like the drone of a great hive of bees, and many eyes were glued upon the star-lit harbor, where the rocky promontory of Mentone ran like a great scimetar into the sea.

Meanwhile, the last scene in the exciting drama was being enacted below.

Jones had bided his time, knowing that he held the trumps with which to sweep the board. Some men take the keenest satisfaction in allowing matters to almost reach a victory for the opposing forces ere showing an invincible hand.

Merrick was grinding his teeth in anger because he found himself unable to assist Constance down the steep path that would take them to the beach.

He knew now that the sensation he experienced at sight of the English boat had some foundation; and he was far from being a superstitious man.

He did not intend to give up without one more desperate struggle; they had torn half of his coat from his back, and might as well finish the job.

At the same time he was fully aware how hopelessly such a battle must be, with such tremendous odds against him.

The descent of the steep path had been accomplished in safety, and now they stood where the little wavelets washed up on the pebbly strand; in the daytime it was a beautiful spot, and even in the starlight, with numerous boats drawn upon the beach, it presented an attractive appearance.

This was where Jones had marshaled his forces and lay in wait like a huge spider, ready to pounce upon his foe.

Count Leon's first intimation of danger was when a voice called out suddenly in French:

"Make ready!"

The awful clicking, as of many hammers belonging to firearms being drawn back, sounded from the darkness around, from behind adjacent boats and bathing houses.

It was so terribly significant that the whole of the little company came to a sudden halt, and their blood seemed to run cold.

"Take aim!" came a second methodical order.

Good heavens! were they to be mowed down like cattle in the shambles, without the chance brave men demand of at least seeing their foes?

Count Leon, desperate fighter that he was, could not stand this.

Perhaps the spark of chivalry within his nature arose in rebellion at the idea of one so innocent and fair as Constance being made a victim to a tragedy; and yet this same man was in the act of carrying her off to become his unwilling bride. The motives of Frenchmen are and always will be pretty much of a mystery to Anglo-Saxon intellects.

At any rate, he had the good sense to avert what threatened to be a tragedy by exclaiming:

"Hold! do not fire! We have a lady here!"

"Do you surrender, then?" demanded the voice.

"On what terms?"

"That you give up those you hold."

The count now knew with whom he had to deal.

There was a mighty struggle in his mind, but he realized the game was lost, and nothing could be gained by a desperate battle, since the hour for the Orleans prince had not yet come.

"I agree to the terms, monsieur, providing not one of us is detained," he answered, steadily.

"Then it is settled. Release your prisoners and disperse before we change our minds."

"Ah! Monsieur Jones, I hope we may meet again," he said, moodily thinking what pleasure it would be should he run across the wonderful Yankee somewhere in the Soudan.

"And do not forget Stromboloff, monsieur, for he has sworn to be the death of you one of these fine days," called out the raging Cossack, who but for Villebois' restraint would have run madly in the direction of the hated voice and taken his chances.

"Au revoir, gentlemen; call on me when you please, and you will find out how we do certain things over in dear old America. You will find me in gay Paree. Come, now, your room is better than your company, so kindly make your exit."

Jones' advice was worth following; several of them entered a boat and put out over the starry waters for Sir Lionel's yacht, while the rest scattered about the grounds under the belief that their identity was unknown.

So that glorious scheme of the Orleanists fell through, and carried with its ruins the wreck of Count Leon's private enterprise.

It was a case of too much Jones.

Of course, Constance had flown to her lover, anxious to condole with him concerning his wounds, and to assure him of her sympathy.

Then Jones and his "army" appeared, mustering only five souls in all; but even five men may, when they so desire, make an imposing display of sound by repeatedly drawing back the clicking hammers of their weapons.

Of course, Merrick was greatly amazed when later on he learned what a double role Jones had been playing; but as happiness had been granted to him, such outside events only created a momentary ripple in the steady current of his life.

A strange thing had happened, however, the magic cryptogram, the wonderful paper bearing the intricate formula whereby the chances of the gaming table could be invariably thrown against the bank, was lost!

Jones, fearing lest he might be robbed of the priceless document, had sewn it under the lining of Merrick's coat for safe keeping, and as luck would have it, the paper was in the half that had been torn from the back of that individual during his desperate struggle with the royalists who obeyed the will of Count Leon.

Jones searched for the remnant of that coat far and wide, but it was never found.

And thus Monte Carlo's doom was indefinitely postponed; the day of wrath failed to appear, since no living man possessed a complete copy of Darragh's intricate and wonderful system that had wrought so baleful a terror in the minds of the usually iron-nerved croupiers of the bank.

Long would the doings of those two nights be the theme of eager conversation over the green-baize tables, and while the illustrious name of Jones might not go "thundering down the ages" as a liberator of enthralled mankind, it would ever be held in remembrance as belonging to the man who, aided by some astonishing good fortune, together with a magnificent "system," had broken the famous bank at Monte Carlo two nights in succession.

Perhaps the actual result trended the other way, and there was more extravagant play the balance of the season than ever before; since a practical demonstration had proven that the long-sought system was possible, every one who had ever bucked against the tiger returned to the charge refreshed and invigorated, and many a unique set of figures, long since discarded as hopeless, was made to do duty again.

Jones, in his official capacity, might have rejoiced to lay hands on Villebois, but the count vanished from the scene, and was next heard of in equatorial Africa, where he joined his fortune as an exile from France with the two daring captains who aspired to found a new nation among the refugee blacks of the great Soudan.

Merrick having endured so much for the girl he loved, was very urgent with regard to a speedy wedding; perhaps he still entertained some faint fear lest his old dread of seeming to be a fortune hunter should overwhelm him, and bring about fresh troubles.

Nor could Constance, whose very existence was now wrapped up in his, say him nay; so when they reached London, in company with the genial old colonel, the knot was tied securely that made him the happiest man on earth.

Having followed their fortunes thus far, and witnessed their safe arrival in the harbor of matrimony after a stormy voyage over the uncertain sea of courtship, it would be folly to spend any further time over their joys and their sorrows, from which even the most favored individuals may not be wholly free.

While doing the great city of New York some months later, Merrick received a communication from an old friend so characteristic of Jones in his happiest mood that it afforded him more than a little amusement, even while he mourned over the weakness of poor mankind. The letter was extremely brief and pithy, being directly to the point:

"Your prophecy, my dear boy, was, alas! fulfilled. The wonderful princess charmed me as she has done many a better man, wound me around her finger like a piece of silk, made love to me one day and laughed at me the next, until I fell into a fever and threatened to cross the Styx, only for once Jones, he wasn't able to pay the freight. The Cossack and I fought a duel, do you mind, and I'm nursing the poor devil even yet in a hospital; we've sworn eternal friendship, and plan to go to China to win fortune there. Confession is good for the soul, dear Mark, so hear me out. Every napoleon I won at Monte Carlo went to the siren for diamonds and rubies et al.; then, when the end came, she married a rich old Brazilian banker and is now on the high sea, bound for Rio Janeiro. Poor devil, now I pity him! I think if the Cossack fails to keep his word I shall get me to a nunnery or accept an offer from Kruger in the Transvaal. Yours humiliatingly, "Jones."

(The end.)

NEW IMPLEMENT OF WARFARE.

Filipino Bolo May Replace the Bayonet in the United States Army.

As a result of the war in the Philippines the armies of the civilized world may have a new implement of warfare. The bayonet now carried by American soldiers is practically of no value, and many officers think that it is simply loading down the soldier with useless weight to make the bayonet part of his equipment.

But the bolo used by the Filipinos has commended itself to many officers as a sensible weapon, and on the recommendation of these officers, Gen. Crozier, chief of ordinance, has had made 50 bolo bayonets, which have been issued for experimental purposes. This bolo bayonet has two cutting edges, like the native weapon, and is much more formidable than the present service bayonet. The more progressive officers advocate abandoning the bayonet, as they point out that the day of the bayonet charge is over and there will be no more hand-to-hand fighting.

In the South African war, the war officers made the British officers abandon the sword and carry rifles, so that they might not be distinguished from their men, the Boers making special efforts to kill the officers.

The sword was of no practical value and was simply an insignia to denote command. In the next great war many officers believe there will be seen neither the sword nor the bayonet.

The British Cabinet.

T. P. O'Connor in his London weekly calls attention to the fact that all members of the present British cabinet have been in office nearly seven years—a tremendous strain on anybody, no matter how robust in health or ardent in ambition. Most of them, too, are so well off that they do not care for the big salaries they draw. Curiously enough, Mr. Chamberlain is now one of the men to whom the $25,000 a year that goes with his office is a consideration. He was worth about $3,000,000 at one time, but he bought a costly property and has lost a good deal in speculation. Consequently, he is not by any means so well to do as he was when he entered the cabinet.

Migration to the Northwest.

In an article entitled, "The New Tide of Northwestern Migration," contributed by Conde Hamlin to a recent number of the Review of Reviews the statement is made that the tide of immigration into the northwest is now at flood. Mr. Hamlin says:

"It is like the movements of 1879, 1883 and 1887 in its intensity, but unlike them in almost every other respect. The number of settlers who had come to the northwest in the first four months of 1902 exceeded the entire immigration of last year, and the total for 1902 promises to surpass the number of settlers from Europe that poured in any one year into this section during the period of greatest foreign immigration.

"Besides the settlers attracted by wild lands there is a notable movement of farmers who are purchasing lands already under cultivation. Both classes of settlers, however, are coming mainly from the middle states—Iowa, northern Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan. They are selling their old farms at from $75 to $100 an acre and with their money, farming implements and sometimes live stock are moving to the northwest and buying better lands at from $2 to $15 an acre; or, if already under cultivation, at from $15 to $30 an acre. Whole train loads of these well-to-do farmers are passing through St. Paul and Minneapolis with such frequency as to provoke no comment. They are American-born, already educated in the ways of the American people, and this infusion will be almost immediately felt in the crop production of the northwest, in the business of its commercial centers, in the improved methods of farming brought from the east, and in the greater energy of communities where they settle."

Profit-Sharing Creamery.

The Continental Creamery of Kansas, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world, has adopted what it calls the profit-sharing plan. To a newspaper man that interviewed the president of the company he said:

Our profit-sharing plan inaugurated since Jan. 1 is rapidly proving itself an unqualified success. The more generally it is understood the more popular it becomes. The plan is very simple. The prices we pay for butter-fat are absolutely out of our hands. We have arranged matters so we cannot control the price. We base the price every day upon the New York market, paying always two and one-half cents less than the quoted price.

Then we ask the patron to pay the actual running expenses of the skimming station. This expense runs from one-half cent to five cents per pound, according to the amount of milk received at the station. It takes about the same labor and expense to manufacture 20,000 pounds of butter as it does to make 100,000 pounds. If we receive 20,000 pounds of milk per day at a station it takes little more labor and expense to handle it than if we were receiving 1,000. So the running expense of the station is in the hands of the patrons. They get all the profit gained by the greater quantity of milk received; there is a corresponding decrease in the cost per pound for handling and the patron gets all the saving.

Increase of Silos.

Reports from New York say that a good many new silos are being erected in that state. The farmers are coming to appreciate the advantages of having on hand a good supply of nutritious feed at all times of the year. The drouth of last year that so seriously cut short the summer pastures was a lesson to those that are willing to trust to luck whether they have anything for their cows to eat or not. The silo is an insurance against short supplies of feed. One of the great advantages of it is that a good crop one year may be stored and held over for years without detriment to its feeding quality. As the use of silos becomes more general we will have more and more the practice of storing for years in advance of need. In this way the feeder may render himself independent of the accidents of weather, and the supply of dairy products will become uniform. As it is at the present time only the best managed dairies have abundant feed the year round.

Beet Pulp as Cow Feed.

The pulp from the beet sugar factories is now largely wasted. That this condition is hastening to an end appears certain, however, as a pulp drier has been invented that seems to accomplish the mission for which it was created. A Michigan factory has erected a building for the special purpose of drying the pulp and fitting it for market as a cattle feed. This is done by subjecting it to pressure to get out the water and afterward drying it with heat in excess of 200 degrees Fahrenheit. By this process the pulp is reduced to a smaller compass and can be transported with much ease. Moreover it can be kept long enough to make it an object for feeders to handle it. The dairymen will doubtless find pulp quite a valuable feed when it becomes possible to treat it as other foods are treated. But beet pulp cannot take the place of a concentrated feed, even in its dry state.

Figures sometimes lie. A couple of pounds of cotton judiciously distributed can add twenty pounds to any woman's figure.—New York Press

Approved of the Distinction.

A certain American writer of international reputation who died recently was, like so many other geniuses, strangely incapable of managing his own domestic affairs. The small boy of the family was his father's pet, but the terror of the rest of the household. Now it happened that under this same roof with this small boy lived to maiden aunts, sisters of his mother. That they were thorns in his flesh he made no pretense of concealing. On one occasion when he had overstepped a bit farther than usual the bounds of propriety in addressing his relatives, his Aunt Julia appeared before his father to state the case. Ner nephew had called her a fool, while his Aunt Martha he had characterized as a —— fool. The young offender was summoned to the paternal presence. Fixing him with his eye the father demanded:

"Did you call young Aunt Julia a fool?"

"Yes."

"Did you call your Aunt Martha a —— fool?"

"Yes."

"My son,' was the prompt reply, "that is exactly the distinction I should make myself."

A Foolish Lift.

Stratford, Wis., July 28th.—William Junemann was working with a farmer near this place last summer and one day they got stuck with a load of grain. Mr. Junemann says: "We had to lift like fools and my back cracked and started to hurt me so that I couldn't stand it any longer. The man I was working with took me home and I went to bed. I saw an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the paper and I sent and got one fifty cent box. Before I had this box used up I began to feel better and I kept on and very soon my back was well again.

"I can't say enough for Dodd's Kidney Pills and I cannot understand why anyone should continue to suffer with backache when Dodd's Kidney pills will cure it so quickly."

Where Cats Are Valuable.

Owing to a plague of rats and mice, cats sell at $25 a piece in North Yukon Territory.

Poverty is not dishonorable in itself, but only when it is the effect of idleness, intemperance, prodigality and folly.—Plutarch.

He who forgets his own friends meanly to follow after those of a higher degree is a snob.

Every good man's life is a living prayer that God's kingdom may come.

Do what good thou canst unknown, and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.—William Penn.

The man who will swear on the street has the same kind of a heart as the one who drove nails through the hands of Christ.

It is said that 1,000 pounds of poultry will cost less to raise than 1,000 pounds of beef, and will sell for almost twice as much.

It isn't always the girl who wears the biggest bunch of roses and violets to the game who knows the most about football.

A discouraged Christian is always one who does not praise God half enough.

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