

THE SECRETS OF MONTE CARLO

BEING REMINISCENCES OF EXCITING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF MONSIEUR ANTOINE MARTIN, GENERAL DIRECTOR OF THE SURVEILLANCE DEPARTMENT—CHRONICLED BY THE CHEVALIER WILLIAM LE QUEUX.



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AS I GOT LEVEL WITH HER, I RAISED MY HAT AND CLAIMED ACQUAINTANCE.

THE CASCADE OF GOLD

I was sitting one bright afternoon on the terrace outside the Cafe de Paris, Monte Carlo, idling over a cigarette and a mazarin. It is my favorite resort at about four o'clock, for while skimming the Figaro I can, if I choose, watch such person who ascends or descends the Casino steps, while very often the cosmopolitan chatter at the tables in my vicinity is of unusual interest to me.

On such occasions I present, outwardly, the appearance of a well-to-do Parisian, and, although the professional gamblers and the staff are well aware who and what I am, the hundreds of thousands of strangers moving through the principality have no idea of my true position.

As I sat in a lazy attitude, my thoughts far from my surroundings, some words uttered in a man's voice caught my ear, and brought me back to a consciousness of where I was.

The words were unexpected, and spoken in a curious, squeaking voice, the owner of which I knew, without turning to look at him. He was an old man named Pasquale, an inveterate player, who had been known in the rooms for many years. He lived in Nice, and regularly, twice or thrice a week, the whole year round, he came over and played throughout the afternoon, always with great care and precision.

One of his eccentricities was that, when in the rooms, he carried in his hand a huge bag-like purse, worked in colored beads of the style of a century ago; and legend had it that he believed this bag brought him good fortune, he having used it on one celebrated occasion when, nearly 20 years before, he had made an unusually large coup.

I have seen him lose ten, and even fifteen thousand francs in an hour with perfect sangfroid, and I have, on the other hand, watched him win similar amounts, and then walk back down

the steps to the station without even affording himself the luxury of a demitasse or a back. He hated what we always term "the small change crowd," namely, the people who, after collecting a few odd five-franc pieces, come to Monte Carlo expecting to gain a fortune, and he never failed to vent his sarcasm upon them.

The words he had uttered were, however, puzzling. I kept my ears open in the hope of something further, but the old fellow maintained a discreet silence. His companion laughed, and when I gave a furtive glance in their direction I saw that the man sitting opposite him was an ugly hunchback.

"Would a very large capital be required?" the hunchback inquired, in a tone of affected carelessness.

"I don't think so. Fifty thousand francs, the sum you mention, would be quite sufficient," the old man responded. "But, of course, there's a risk—a terrible risk. A single blunder would be disastrous."

Later that day, owing to instructions I gave the doorkeeper, I discovered that the hunchback's name was Paul Remyeni, of Vienna, and that he was staying at the Grand hotel. My suspicions being aroused, I accidentally lounged into the hair-dresser's in the Rue de la Scala, next morning, and while waiting discovered the hunchback there. He spoke enthusiastically of the beauties of the principality, the attractions of the play, the excellence of the music, and, as far as I could judge, was a highly educated and refined man. No, he had not lost yesterday. He had won two zeros at roulette, staking a louis each time.

On the night of the Battle of Con-fetti at Nice, having another matter in hand, I found it necessary to go to the redoute or balsmasque, on the Jetee promenade, that pier-like structure which is the most prominent feature of the esplanade. I chose a pier-

rot's dress of the carnival colors, mauve and vert d'eau, and entered the theater about 11 o'clock, just as dancing was in full swing. Only those who have spent a carnival at Nice and attended the balls know the wildness of the dancing and the mad frolic there.

Masked, like all the others, I made my way with difficulty through the crowd, but I was not sufficiently certain. But, though I searched through room after room, I could not find him, and concluded that he had been prevented from coming.

For fully half an hour I wandered about, dancing now and then with unknown partners, until suddenly, in the fine Moorish room used ordinarily as a reading room, I saw a dwarfed figure in a dress representing the English Punch. He was seated in a corner with a lady dressed as a clown in black satin, studded with silver moons, whom, from the lower part of her face and the plump whiteness of her dimpled hands, I judged to be young and attractive.

"Madame has no necessity to disguise her identity from me," I exclaimed meaningly, in a low voice. "I am chief of the surveillance here. My name is Martin—Antoine Martin."

She laughed rather nervously, and admitted that she had heard of me. "I noticed the vice on madame's passport," I exclaimed. "It bears the special stamp of the ministry, which shows madame to be an agent of secret police. In such circumstances there is assuredly no need for secrets between us. If I can aid you, command me. As you know, I am in weekly communication with your central bureau in St. Petersburg. I presume that the person who interests you is this Madame de Gourieff, eh?"

"You have guessed aright," she admitted, as we strolled down the rooms together. "She is a revolutionist, president of the Zurich council of twenty."

"M'sieur is very kind," answered a well-modulated voice in French, which, however, was not quite perfect in its accent. "But for the moment I prefer to remain here. It is too hot and crowded in the theater."

I noticed she was looking across at the lady in the clown's dress.

"A pretty dress that, is it not?" I remarked.

"Yes," she replied. "And, if I miss take not, his wearer is even prettier."

"You know her?" I inquired eagerly.

"Yes, if she's the lady I mean. Her name is Madame de Gourieff, and she comes from Petersburg."

"And you, madame, are Russian also—eh?" I inquired.

"What makes you think that?" she asked, with a low laugh.

"Only a Russian can pronounce the word 'Petersburg' as you have just pronounced it," I answered.

At that instant I noticed that, at her throat, beneath her domino of mauve satin, she wore a brooch with a tiny watch enameled in blue and set with diamonds. It was a beautiful little ornament, and I marked its appearance well.

Some days later, however, I met the hunchback in the roulette room. He was accompanied by a young, dark-eyed, pale-faced lady, whom I judged to be about the same stature as his companion at the ball; but I could not tell with any degree of accuracy, because I had only seen her seated. She was not more than 25, and her face was pretty, with a grave, intense expression, which added to its attractiveness. Her dress of dark grey stuff was not exactly that of elegance usually seen at Monte Carlo, yet it fitted well, and suited her admirably.

As I stood watching, the pretty young woman took off one of her gloves the more easily to handle her louis, thereby revealing to me a white hand with dimpled knuckles, the same I had noticed at the ball. By this one fact alone I was convinced that she was Madame de Gourieff, and a few moments later my interest in her was increased by a dumb motion which she made to a tall, florid-faced, fair-haired man, who was sitting at the opposite side of the table. It was as if she desired him to remain patient. In return, he smiled cynically, as if tired of waiting, and, resting both his elbows upon the green cloth, consulted the register-card before him. Suddenly he rose, and, as he passed her closely without stopping to speak, she whispered to him:

"You're a fool. Be patient. You know what a single blunder would mean!"

"I'm sick of the whole thing," he replied, half turning towards her. All except Pasquale left the Casino soon afterwards; but, as the old gamester knew me so well, I hesitated to speak to him yet, fearing lest by so doing it might prevent the truth becoming known. That there was some mysterious system about to be worked against the bank I felt assured, but of what nature I could only discover by vigilant observation.

Several days went by and I saw them not. One morning I noticed Remyeni lounging in one of the wicker chairs in the entrance of the Grand hotel, smoking and reading a paper, but he did not enter the rooms. The fair-haired man apparently lived in Nice, and in order to find out what I could, I went over there one morning.

Suddenly, an object caught my eye as it passed, flashing for an instant in the sunlight. I turned and glanced a second time at it to make certain. Yes, it was the little jeweled watch which the fair masker had worn at the ball on the Jetee. It now hung openly on the smart, white serge coat of its owner, a well-dressed, young, and rather handsome woman, who was walking alone in the direction of the Quai Massena. She had passed ere I had time to glance at her, therefore I could only catch sight of her profile. But in an instant I made a resolve, and turning, followed her.

That she knew more of the mysterious Nina de Gourieff than she had told me was evident, and I intended to make a strenuous endeavor to discover all I could.

As I got level with her I raised my hat and claimed acquaintance. At first she was inclined to repudiate having met me, but when I explained by what means I had discovered her identity she laughed heartily, and we began to chat as we walked along together. With infinite care I led up the conversation to the woman de Gourieff, but in an instant her mouth closed, and she glanced at me with a quick look of suspicion. In the course of our careless gossip she, however, let drop the fact that she intended going over to Monte Carlo that afternoon; therefore, resolving to meet her again there, as if by accident, I wished her an revoir, opposite the Hotel des Anglais, and we parted.

About three o'clock that same afternoon I was in the bureau of the administration when my fair acquaintance entered, and, to obtain her card of admission, presented her passport, bound up in one of those neat little Russian carry. Unobserved, I glanced at it as it lay in her hand, and saw upon the gray paper, headed with the Russian arms, a vice, which caused me a start of surprise. Her name, it stated, was Vera Severine, and when a quarter of an hour later, I encountered her in the rooms and addressed her by the name she looked at me quickly, with mingled annoyance and surprise.

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"You have guessed aright," she admitted, as we strolled down the rooms together. "She is a revolutionist, president of the Zurich council of twenty."

"The president!" I exclaimed. "Then she's a Nihilist. And your orders?"

"To watch her closely. Aided by my husband, I have been keeping observation upon her for these last three months. She has no money, and has come to Monte Carlo to replenish her funds."

"And this Austrian, Remyeni, what of him?"

"She has only lately made his acquaintance. From what I have observed, there is some compact between them. She is to meet him here this afternoon."

Scarcely had this handsome woman, whose passport gave her immunity from arrest throughout the czar's empire, uttered these words when we saw the pair approaching, and moved away to escape observation.

They walked on to the right-hand trente-et-quarante table, where Pasquale was already seated, and stood for some time intently watching the game. Madame Severine left me to wander about alone, having agreed that we would both keep the pair under observation. I saw her later on seated at the old Italian's side, playing quite as eagerly as any other gambler. But her manner was perfect.

A seat at last becoming vacant, next to Cruzel, the tall, ugly little Austrian in an instant "marked" it by flinging down a louis. Then, leisurely seating himself, with his companion standing behind his chair, he commenced playing with precision and care.

Suddenly, just as two blustering men—one of whom was the fair-haired player, who had previously expressed impatience—demanded gold in exchange for notes, Madame de Gourieff drew from her pocket a paper containing about a thousand francs in gold, and, in her haste to stake a louis upon the table, the paper broke, and the gold fell to the floor in a perfect cascade, the louis rolling away beneath the feet of the players, under the chairs and under the table. This created hopeless confusion, for nearly everybody rose in order that the attendants might collect the fallen money, while Madame, red and confused, uttered a thousand pardons.

The hunchback uttered a word of apology to Cruzel that his fair companion should have caused any such interruption in the game; but soon afterwards all settled again, and there sounded the well-known invitation—"Messieurs, faites vos jeux."

Nina de Gourieff, with a gambler's fear lest her gold, once fallen, should bring her ill-luck, took some notes from her pocket and placed 12, the maximum, on the noire, while, strangely enough, the deformed man acted in a similar manner.

"Rien ne va plus!" cried the tailleur, and he dealt the cards swiftly in two ranges.

"Deux, six, rouge perd et couleur gagné!" Cruzel exclaimed loudly a moment later, raking in the stakes upon the red.

Both the man and the woman had won the maximum, and were paid with the swiftness and precision which characterizes the fulfillment of the obligations of the bank.

Again came the invitation to play, and both staked upon the black, while Pasquale, noticing his friend's good fortune, also threw 12,000 francs upon the couleur.

"Quatre, cinq, rouge perd et couleur gagné!" was Cruzel's announcement a few seconds later, the excitement at the table becoming intense when it was noticed that all three had won the maximum.

Cruzel was playing swiftly, when Madame Severine approached me hastily, saying—"There is some mystery here. Have those cards counted?"

Again the game was made, and a third time the trio won; then, as the chief bent over to Cruzel, Madame de Gourieff rose quickly, gathered up her winnings, and left.

WOMAN PILOTS EXCURSION BOAT Mrs. Rose E. Watkins First of Her Sex to Hold License in Illinois.

Bloomington, Ill.—Mrs. Rose E. Watkins of La Salle county, this state, has been granted a license as pilot and master of a steamer on navigable waters, and is now a familiar figure to Illinois river excursionists. The season is now at its height and thousands have watched her at the wheel as she guided the vessel along the devious meanderings of the inland waterway. Mrs. Watkins is now regularly authorized to handle a steamer



CAPT. ROSE WATKINS

up to 100 tons' burden on the Illinois river or any of its tributaries.

When the government decided it would inspect the boats used to carry passengers on the rivers of the country and examine in rules of navigation the pilots and masters, using the same rigidity and same vigilance as with ocean going vessels and their commanders, the examining board toured the state and looked into every boat.

Inspectors Peck and Mansfield, who were assigned to the Illinois river, one day ran across the steamer George S. Watkins. When they asked to see the pilot they were amazed when Watkins, who serves as engineer, introduced his wife. The inspectors asked her the usual questions about the laws of navigation, lights, signals, etc., and found that she was thoroughly informed, more so than the average man. She was granted a license immediately and is very proud of the document.

The regulations do not prohibit women serving as pilots. Although the inspectors were somewhat dubious about their authority to grant the permit, due to lack of precedent, they decided that they must do so and complimented Capt. Watkins upon her knowledge of the subject.

Mrs. Watkins was born upon the banks of the Illinois, and has spent nearly her entire life upon the river. She taught school for several years. After her marriage to Capt. Watkins the latter decided to embark in the excursion business. Mrs. Watkins decided to assist her husband, and, after studying navigation, was entrusted with the post of pilot. She has frequently demonstrated her presence of mind and cool-headedness in trying situations and has won many compliments upon her success in an occupation so novel for a woman.

IS CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR. Workshop of R. R. Williams of Texas, Blacksmith and Lawyer.

Dallas, Tex.—R. R. Williams of Cumby, Tex., who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for gov-

ernor against Gov. Thomas M. Campbell, is a blacksmith and lawyer. Until he made public announcement a few weeks ago of his candidacy for the office of chief executive of the state he had been heard of but little outside of his own community. Lawyers in his town do not have much to do and Mr. Williams spends much of his time plying his trade of blacksmith. He also is filling the office of justice of the peace through appointment.

Mrs. Williams' candidacy has been well received by the anti-administration element of the party. Williams' clubs have been organized all over the state during the last few weeks. He is receiving the active support of some of the leaders of the party and the following which he has developed is making Gov. Campbell uneasy.

Texas is such a big state in area that it takes much money to travel over it making a campaign. Mr. Williams says that he is too poor to stump the state. He will conduct a "front porch" campaign. It is planned to run excursions of his supporters to Cumby and let them listen to the speeches of Mr. Williams, who says he will remain at home during all the campaign.

Probably Not. Mrs. Gushleigh (to steamer acquaintance)—I save all of my husband's old love letters. Do you save yours? The Other Woman—My dear madam, I have had four husbands—Chicago Tribune.

Failed to See the Connection. "What did that man say when you told him you had seen a sea serpent?" "His conversation became suddenly irrelevant. He began to talk about local option and prohibition."—Washington Star.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.



THE "LESS" AGE. Cholly—It's wonderful, lah Jove! Riding without hawses, telegraphing without wires, and all these things. Maule—Yes and thinking without brains.

THE TIME TEST.

That is What Proves True Merit. Doan's Kidney Pills bring the quick relief from backache and kidney troubles. Is that relief lasting? Let Mrs. James M. Long, of 113 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va., tell you. On January 31st, 1903, Mrs. Long wrote: "Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me" (of pain in the back, urinary troubles, bearing down sensations, etc.). On June 20th, 1907, four and one-half years later, she said: "I haven't had kidney trouble since. I repeat my testimony."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Cruel Kindness. Aged Belle—You know, Mr. Seymour, I have always had the greatest horror of growing old. Green Youth—But I hope, dear lady, that you have not found it as bad as you anticipated.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It's sometimes easier to catch on than it is to let go.



This woman says that after months of suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her as well as ever.

Maudie E. Forgie, of Leesburg, Va., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I want other suffering women to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For months I suffered from feminine ills so that I thought I could not live. I wrote you, and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and using the treatment you prescribed I felt like a new woman. I am now strong, and well as ever, and thank you for the good you have done me."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Bloating, Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Face-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Where Auburn Locks Abound

In most European countries, he said, there is a distinct predominance of one type over the others. In north Germany and Sweden it is the blonde type; in Italy the brunette. No such predominance is found in Scotland. Dark hair and fair are present in equal proportions. The dominant color among Scottish children is brown, and it has to be shown how far brown is really a blend of fair and dark.

The proportion of red hair through-

out the country is a little over 5 per cent—high compared with the continent. One cannot overlook the reference of Tacitus to the red haired Caledonians. Some curious facts brought to light suggest that red hair is not entirely or strictly a racial trait. It may have some peculiar physiological if not pathological connection.

"Put your money in a piano," advertises a music house. That's all right, if you can get negotiable notes out of it. Be still, Fido!

Found in Ancient Egypt. Dr. Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist, has been describing his latest discoveries in ancient Memphis. On the ground beneath the foundation of the western court of Ptah, built by Ramesses II, a great number of limestone tablets and pieces were found. Some of these exhibit a very remarkable feature. Figures of ears—for the hearing of prayer—are inscribed upon them, with great skill and fidelity; sometimes there is only a single ear and no other carving; in other

cases there is a pair of ears; others, again, have four, five, six, ten, 13, 22, 44, 50, 110 and 386 ears. The meaning of these is stated by the inscriptions—"Ptah listens to the prayer made, Amenmes," "Ptah, south of this wall, listens to the petition made by" so and so.

Immense Iceberg. An Antarctic iceberg has been seen that was 20 miles wide, 40 miles in length and 400 feet in height.