

Little Miss Millions;
or, The Witch of Monte Carlo.

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVIERA.

By St. George Rathborne,

Author of "Dr. Jack," "Miss Pauline, of New York," "A Captain of the Kaiser," "Miss Caprice," "The Spider's Web," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER II.
The Last Resort.

At just nine o'clock that same night a cab came to a halt in front of a sombre pile of masonry known to Parisians as a Capuchian monastery.

This vehicle contained our two adventurers. Jones gave the heavy old-style knocker a few bangs that resounded harshly among the lofty corridors within.

This summons brought a lay brother at once to the door, for no appeal can ever be slighted by those whose vows have made them brothers to the poor of their faith.

Jones announced that he had a most important communication for the reverend father which could not possibly be postponed until another day—that he had come over land and sea for this one purpose, and grave results might follow further delay.

The doorkeeper's hesitation seemed quite swept away by such logical reasoning, and he asked the two gentlemen to enter, which they did with considerable readiness.

The brother led them into an apartment and begged them to be patient, as the head of the order was engaged at the time with other visitors who had, strange to say, also come upon very important business.

When they were alone Merrick suggested the possibility of the good father's other callers being those persons whom they least desired to meet at such a critical time, and somehow this idea gave Jones so much uneasiness that he jumped to his feet.

Just as Jones gained his feet he heard a sneeze twice repeated, a sneeze that seemed to possess an individuality, as is frequently the case.

The effect upon Jones was magical, for his companion saw him give a sudden start, while his jaws came together with a snap.

"That is the time you struck the nail squarely upon the head, my boy. The count is here in this building—after all, he has gained a point on us, since he even now talks with the holy father, seeking to present enough influence to secure possession of the secret dossier. You can hear the murmur of their voices in yonder library," was what Jones said, impressively. "Come, my friend, we must shy our castors into the ring, and remember, Jones, he pays the freight."

Merrick was close upon the heels of the redoubtable Jones when the latter pushed the door wide open and thus unceremoniously entered the adjoining apartment.

Neither Jones nor his companion gave more than a passing glance at the room, their whole attention being taken up with the little party gathered near the center at the moment when they so suddenly forced an entrance.

These were three in number, the patriarchal good father, a tall, bronzed man in the fatigue dress of a French infantry captain, and a yellow-bearded giant just back of him.

In these two Merrick recognized the count and his faithful Russian colleague.

Jones should have been called to the bar, for he had all the clever attributes of a successful advocate, and could present so plausible a case that few men might hold out against his specious plea.

As he advanced in the direction of the trio he raised his hand in a dramatic as well as supplicating manner, and first of all sincerely begged pardon for disturbing the peace and sanctity of so sacred a place.

Then he told how he had come to see Father Anselmo upon very important business, and hearing the voice of his rival in the adjoining room, he had even dared profane it with his presence, for which he would always be profoundly sorry, hoping to have the good and gracious father hear his side of the case before delivering up the documents, which, sealed in a packet, he had held long in trust, waiting for some one to come bearing a message from Father Jean.

"Good father," said the suave American, producing a paper from his pocket, "there is the claim I make. Upon your judgment I stand ready to stake my all. There you will find substantial evidence to also prove my identity."

And while the venerable prelate was reading, the four men surveyed each other as mortal enemies might do—Jones calm and scornful, filled with the keen pleasure of coming triumph, the others frowning.

Ah! Father Anselmo had finished reading, and looked from one to another of the rival claimants ere rendering his decision.

"Father, I have your word to deliver the packet to me, your solemn promise," said the count, in a hoarse voice, reading his defeat in the face of the venerable recluse, and holding desperately to this last chance, as a drowning man will cling to a straw.

"That was given before I had looked upon this document bearing the signature of one I once knew well. It is my solemn duty to deliver this trust to the

one who has the stronger claim, otherwise I would be false to my vow."

"You have decided, then, against me?" asked the count, between his teeth, his eyes blazing as when he faced the lion upon African deserts.

"I cannot resist overwhelming force of circumstances, and his claim comes first," steadily replied the aged father, handing over the packet.

"Then there is but one resource left us, Stromboloff, and that is to take by force from this rascally American what we are refused peacefully. Draw and stand by me, comrade," snarled the count, as he noisily rattled his sword from its steel scabbard and prepared for war.

Evidently the big Russian attache had been half expecting some such appeal to arms, if one might judge from the celerity with which he, too, whipped out a shining blade, which he was privileged to carry on account of his connection, unworthily enough, with the legation.

Jones, seeing what lay in the wind, was not slow to reach back to the pocket where he carried a seven-shooter, and Merrick followed suit with a swing, proving that if the fracas actually came to a crisis he would not be found wanting.

Eye looked into eye, and the count saw a lurking devil in the skyblue orbs of the Yankee that somehow he did not fancy—Jones was one of those peculiar men who could smile exasperatingly even when committing hari kari.

So the count, having mentally computed his chances of surviving an encounter, and finding them next to nil, decided to defer the reckoning until a more opportune time, when he would be able to bring more powerful factors to bear.

Father Anselmo touched a bell. Almost immediately half a dozen strapping big monks entered the apartment, proving that this body-guard could not have been far away at any time.

The count had thrust his sword back in its sheath with an angry movement, and stood there with his arms folded, looking defiance.

"Before we quit these walls, reverend father, I demand once more that you place in my hands the packet you solemnly promised to deliver, if I could prove my position. This I have done, and you have it on the honor of a name Frenchmen are at present pleased to particularly honor."

There was no change in the old monk's demeanor; he had weighed his chances and decided upon his plan of action, nor could threats or cajoleries have any further influence upon him.

"I as positively refuse, Count Leon, and in order that you may have no doubts as to what my action in the premises might be, I have here in your presence solemnly delivered to the accredited agent of M. Darragh the packet that was committed to my care when Father Jean passed to immortality."

Jones smiled broadly as his hands eagerly fondled the little sealed package, while the count glared his unspeakable rage.

"Now, depart from under this roof, ungodly men, and pray you come here no more. But for the honor in which all true Frenchmen hold your name, Count Villebois, I would be tempted to complain of your desperate action to those high in authority, who know how to punish as well as reward. With the passing of this legacy into the hands of this worthy man my interest in the matter entirely ceases."

"And mine only takes a renewed lease of life," roared the baffled African explorer, as he turned and accompanied the doorkeeper out of the room.

Neither of our friends had any desire to linger within those gloomy walls, and lost no time in saying farewell to the venerable father who had proved so good a friend in time of need.

It had ceased raining, but gloom hung heavy all around them, a gloom and fog better suited to old London than the gay French capital.

Perhaps it was an accident, but neither of them were of a mind to believe so. Rather were our friends ready to suspect that the count and his Muscovite ally had something to do with the cab's disappearance, since such men never lose an opportunity to harass an enemy when the opportunity arises.

Nor did their suspicions arise in vain. Without the least warning the two friends suddenly found themselves set upon by a squad of roughs, such as may be recruited at small expense from the slums of any great city.

When Jones saw the nature of the gang thus brought so rudely to their attention, he scorned to avail himself of the potent weapon of his outer coat. The vermin were not worth such exalted treatment.

Each of our friends had gone forth with a stout cane, and in the hands of determined men these could be made exceedingly serviceable.

Thus they turned to meet the onslaught with an eagerness that perhaps surprised the footpads, no doubt ac-

customed to having such victims as they chose to honor with their attention throw up their hands in inglorious surrender.

CHAPTER III.
Velvet Claws.

Jones and Merrick were full of fight, so that the opportunity to do a little work in the service of the community came to them not without its advantages.

And the way they badgered those castaways from society was really a caution—not a head escaped punishment, and some received such a double dose that they grew rattled.

The result was a foregone conclusion, since heads never could be in the same class with clubs. And in less than a minute the friends had their enemies on the run, utterly demoralized by the vigorous treatment given.

Without attempting pursuit, the two friends made the best of their way to their hotel.

Naturally both of them were eager to see what manner of document had fallen into their possession, but it was too public a place to serve as a council chamber, so Jones proposed retiring to his den on an upper floor, where no one would be apt to disturb them.

They were in the act of ascending when an attache of the establishment touched Mark upon the shoulder, spoke a few words and handed him a card.

Jones saw his friend stand irresolute, as though hardly knowing what to do.

At the same time he could not but notice that the card was such as ladies use for calling.

"I'll come up presently, my dear fellow—third stage, number eighty-seven. Good—give me five minutes or so."

And as Jones climbed the stairs in preference to using the lift, he chanced to glance through the open door of the hotel parlors, and beheld a vision in white, seated on a divan; a woman so entrancingly beautiful that any man might be pardoned for bowing at her shrine upon the slightest encouragement.

Jones merely gave one of his little whistles that seemed to express his feelings so completely. For the charmer was the Princess Olgivitch, whom a wretched fate had that day thrown across Mark Merrick's path under most peculiar circumstances, which were of a nature to arouse within her certain feelings she had laughed at in others. Jones did not enjoy the sight of it a bit. He knew the character of the Continental Lurline, and how unscrupulous she had always been in playing with the holiest of human passions.

Meanwhile Merrick entered the parlor. He had reasons of his own for granting the lady's request for an interview as soon as she came in.

His curiosity had been aroused by a few words written in French upon her card.

"A matter of great importance," She began by thanking him over again for his generous and manly words of the morning. Merrick raised his hand in protest, shaking his curly head as though declaring he had done nothing that deserved such high praise.

"Ah, you talk as though you were a member of the czar's court, so studied, so diplomatic. But I must not find fault. Then, monsieur, listen, you and your friend are in danger."
(To be continued.)

Petrified Forest in Tripoli

The great desert in the forbidden hinterland of Tripoli, northern Africa, which has not been visited by Europeans for fifty years, has now been explored by Mr. Edward Dodson, a young Englishman, who went out last March. The members of the expedition experienced much difficulty with the authorities; at one place they were put under arrest, and on two occasions threatened by Arabs, who prepared to ambush them, says the London Mail. One of the most notable things on the journey to Murzuk was the great petrified forest. For ten days they traveled across an area of petrified trees varying in circumference from seven feet to a few inches. Every branch of this forest was, of course, lying prone, and this, together with the presence of marine shells, showed that this part of the great Sahara had at one time been submerged.

One night they were surrounded by thunder storms. No less than five distinct storms were in progress all around, and the guns and spears of the party became surrounded by a halo of phosphorescent light, which greatly alarmed the superstitious attendants, who regarded this as a fourth judgment upon them for traveling with "unbelievers."

Victor Hugo's Tune

As a matter of fact, Victor Hugo has a certain claim to be considered as a composer. When his "Lucrece Borgia" was being rehearsed, the question arose as to who should be asked to set the drinking song to music. Meyerbeer and Berlioz both offered, but the manager would not hear of either of them, says the London Express. He said he did not want music which would distract the attention of the audience from the play, and he told the conductor of the theater band to write the tune for the song. The poor man did his best, but he could make nothing of it. In despair he went to Hugo. "This is the sort of thing you want," cried the poet, and began shouting the words of the song to a note of music in his voice, but he banged the rhythm with his first upon the table so that the musician got the swing of the song into his head, and very soon dashed off a melody, which he ever afterward called Victor Hugo's tune.

MARK TWAIN AND HIS "ENGINE"
Unique Method of Propulsion on the Mississippi River.

Captain Thomas Bixby, under whom Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—served as pilot and engineer on the old Mississippi river boat Swallow, has given in a New Orleans paper the following description of the engine of the Swallow:

"The craft was a little, shaky affair, which piled between St. Louis and Cairo. It had a stern wheel, a place for freight and passengers, a pilot house and a place on what may be called the pilot deck for the engine.

"That 'engine' went aboard when it was needed, and only then. It burned no wood or coal, but ate a powerful sight of grass. It was a large gray mule named Jerry, which worked a treadmill that propelled the boat. Samuel Clemens was chief engineer and pilot.

"He had a system of signals which was effective and ingenious. By pulling a cord he could raise a head of cabbage just out of reach of the mule. The 'engine' would start and begin to walk after it, and the boat floated majestically down or up the river, as the case might be.

"Without desiring to be personal, I will say that Jerry was one of the most intelligent animals I ever met. His voice was more on the order of a fog horn than a whistle, being too much of a barytone for the latter. When Samuel wanted to whistle for a landing he just hit Jerry with a stick."

HADN'T RECKONED ON SPELLING

Would-Be Joker Who Went Up Against an Old, Old Game.

It is related that Dr. James Wise of Covington, Ky., is the victim of one of his own jokes, and that he is in half-mourning on account of it. From all the evidence that can be produced it appears that some time ago the doctor went up against an old game.

One of his friends met him and, producing a pencil, said: "Doctor, see this pencil? I can make it write any color I want to."

"Let's see you make it write indigo blue."

The owner of the pencil promptly sat down and wrote i-n-d-i-g-o-b-l-u-e.

Then the doctor tumbled and said, "That's pretty good. I'll just go down the street and try that on Theodore Hallam."

Down the street he went, looking for Mr. Hallam. He finally found him, and producing the pencil, said: "Theodore, here's a pencil that I can write any color I want to with."

Then the doctor gathered himself for a good laugh.

"Let's see you write ecru," said Mr. Hallam.

The doctor smiled, picked up a piece of paper and started to work, and for ten consecutive seconds said nothing. Then he said swear words, and added: "I have forgotten how to spell that word."

JAPAN RUSHING TO BANKRUPTCY.

Island Empire of the East Has Been Recklessly Extravagant.

Frederick Taylor, a son of the late Moses Taylor of this city, known internationally for his work as an explorer was a passenger on the steamship Nord America, which arrived recently.

Mr. Taylor made a study of the Boer prison camps in Ceylon and Bermuda, explored the jungles of Borneo, visited the Malay Peninsula, and many points of interest in China and Japan.

Mr. Taylor had no very exalted opinion of the commercial integrity of the Japanese, especially when compared with that of the Chinese.

"It has been the experience," said he, "of all good sound banks in the far east and most particularly of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, that in all their dealings with Chinese merchants for many years they never lost a dollar, while with the Japanese they lost thousands. During the time I was in Japan eight banks failed. The Japanese government is in financial difficulty, largely the result of undertaking the building of its own ships, the establishment of steel foundries, and the expenses of war with China. Unless there are early reductions of expenditures, Japan will soon be bankrupt. But in the matter of enterprise the Japanese are the Yankees of the east."

—New York Times.

How He Worked It

"I don't see why they call you the star boarder," complained the fellow who always got the wing.

"That's easy," replied the other, in his copyrighted superior style. "I just twinkle-twinkle, and the landlady doesn't know what I am and lets me stay on blind faith."

Wanted to Be Prepared

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "would you give a starvin' man somethin' to eat?"

"Perhaps. But you are not starving."

"I know it, lady. But an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, ain't it?"

"Cyclists and Hens" Warned

The church in Buecken, a German village of about 1,000 inhabitants, has a notice board which bears the following legend in large letters: "Cyclists and hens are forbidden to wander around the churchyard."

KILL AN OUTLAW

A HORSE THIEF FIRES ON PURSUER AND MEETS DEATH.

A BATTLE IN THE SAND HILLS

Ex-Sheriff Houck of Ord Hurt in the Fight—One Thief Shot Down and the Other Captured—Miscellaneous Nebraska Matters.

GREELEY CENTER, Neb., April 30.—Charles Wilson, horse thief, is dead, and ex-Sheriff Houck of Ord is wounded, as a result of two battles with two horse thieves near North Loup. Geo. Haskell, Wilson's partner in crime, is in jail in this city. Wilson was shot in the head by his pursuers in the second battle. Haskell was captured soon after without resistance. Houck was shot in the foot and in the hand. His injuries are not serious.

The battles resulted from a chase after horse thieves in Greeley, Sherman and Valley counties. Thursday night six horses were stolen, two each from Farmers Prichard, Peterson and Giles, living about seventeen miles northeast of Greeley Center. The trail of the thieves was at once taken up.

The pursuers were aided by Detective C. M. Franklin and Malone's bloodhounds from Lincoln. The posse pursued the thieves until ex-Sheriff Houck and Sheriff Kake came upon them in the sand hills. The horse thieves turned on their pursuers and a battle ensued in which Houck was wounded, being hit twice. Many shots were fired by both sides. Finally the thieves escaped. The chase continued and in the afternoon Meyers and the Hutchins brothers again got within range of the fugitives. They at once reopened fire.

The shooting attracted other sections of the pursuing party, scattered over two or three miles of sand hill territory and they began closing in on the thieves. When they reached the first party they found that Wilson had been killed and that Haskell had been taken prisoner.

From near Spaulding, where the horses were taken, the thieves took a southwesterly direction into Sherman county. Then they moved northward into Valley county, where the pursuers, by cutting across country, soon overtook them. They passed through Loup City with the horses. When they reached the sand hills they apparently thought they were on safe ground and proceeded more leisurely.

The six horses were recovered, the two men having them in their possession. They have been identified by their owners. Haskell admits that he and Wilson stole them.

Pay Tribute to Morton

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30.—Officials of the department of agriculture adopted resolutions on the death of Former Secretary Morton at Chicago. Dr. O. E. Dyson of the Chicago headquarters of the bureau of animal industry; H. J. Cox, of the Chicago weather bureau, and Dr. D. C. Ayer, of Omaha, were appointed a committee to attend the funeral as representatives of the department.

Cherry Duchess Is Dead

ASHLAND, Neb., April 30.—The famous show cow, Cherry Duchess No. 49178, owned by the Riverside ranch at Ashland, Neb., died April 27. Cherry Duchess met with an accident on April 11, and her owner, in order to relieve her of her suffering, ordered her killed. Cherry Duchess was not only a show cow, but a first class breeder also. She died at the age of 12 years.

New Corporations

LINCOLN, Neb., April 30.—The Provident Land Investment company, incorporated by C. M. Chittenden and O. H. Davidson of Omaha, has an authorized capital stock of \$100,000. Thomas R. Ashley of Decatur has applied to the state banking board for permission to start a private bank.

But Nine Cases for Trial

FREMONT, Neb., April 30.—Judge Hollenbeck in district court called the cases which will be tried at the May term, nine in number. This is the smallest list which has been made up for any term in Dodge county for the last ten years. None of the cases are of special importance.

Former Nebraskan Dead

YORK, Neb., April 30.—A telegram was received here stating that Charles F. Dillon, a former resident of this place, had died at Lead City, S. D.

The Town in Mourning

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., April 30.—The news of the death of J. Sterling Morton has caused the town to take on the garb of deepest mourning. Long streamers of black crape are hanging from the front of both public and private buildings. Telegrams of condolence have been coming in from Mr. Morton's friends all over the country, bringing additional evidence of the great regard in which he was held in this city.

Ready to Pay for Peace

NEW YORK, May 1.—W. Bourke Cockran, who has just returned from a trip to Rome, Egypt and London, said that, in his opinion, if the Boers will make an oral concession of defeat the English will pay them almost any sum to restore their destroyed homes and repair the ravages of the war. In other words, he said, England is ready and anxious to pay a large sum of money to bring about peace in South Africa.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA. CATTLE—There was a liberal run of cattle, which makes the receipts for two days this week considerably in excess of the same days of last week. The big bulk of the receipts was made up of beef steers and the quality was fairly as good as it has been of late. Packers were all rather bullish in their views, so that it was late before many cattle had changed hands. In many cases buyers were bidding a good deal lower than they were yesterday, but as a general thing that was one of the less desirable grades. The very best cattle, such as sold from \$6.75 to \$5.50, were very little if any lower than they were yesterday, but when it came to such kinds as sell from \$6.75 down the market was undoubtedly lower. There were not very many cows and heifers in the yards, so that the market did not show much change from yesterday. There was also very little change in the prices paid for hogs, veal calves and stags where the quality was satisfactory, but the common stuff was weak and more or less neglected. Stockers and feeders were scarce and as the demand was in fairly good shape good prices were paid. Common and light stuff was as hard to move as ever, but desirable grades of heavy-weight cattle sold at very satisfactory prices.

HOGS—The general market was about 50c lower, but trading was fairly active at the decline. A good many hogs were bought and shipped to points where the receipts were not as heavy, which helped out the market here to some extent. Some of the local packers held out and would not buy anything unless they could get it a flat 10c lower, and for that reason the last end of the market was slow and tight around a dime lower. The bulk of the good weight hogs sold from \$7.10 to \$7.25, and medium weights went mostly from \$6.90 to \$7.05. The lighter weights sold from \$6.95 down.

SHEEP—Good to choice lightweight yearlings, \$6.00 to \$6.25; fair to good \$5.75 to \$6.00; good to choice wethers, \$5.80 to \$6.00; fair to good, \$5.50 to \$5.75; good to choice ewes, \$5.00 to \$5.25; fair to good, \$4.50 to \$4.75; wool to good, \$7.00 to \$7.25. Washed stock sells about 25c above clipped stock. Choice Colorado wooled lambs, \$6.00 to \$6.25; fair to good, \$5.50 to \$5.75.

KANSAS CITY. CATTLE—Desirable killing and feeding cattle steady; inferior grades, \$10.10 to \$11.00; choice export and dressed beef steers, \$16.25 to \$17.00; fair to good, \$15.00 to \$15.75; stockers, \$12.50 to \$13.00; fed westerns, \$15.00 to \$15.75; Texas and Indian steers, \$17.00 to \$17.50; Texas and Indian cows, \$15.00 to \$15.50; native cows, \$15.00 to \$15.50; native heifers, \$14.00 to \$14.50; canners, \$12.00 to \$13.00; calves, \$4.50 to \$6.00.

HOGS—Market steady to the lower; top, \$7.25; bulk of steady, \$6.80 to \$7.00; heavy, \$7.00 to \$7.25; packers, \$6.50 to \$7.00; lights, \$6.25 to \$6.75; pigs, \$6.15 to \$6.65.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Market steady; native lambs, \$6.00 to \$6.50; western lambs, \$5.50 to \$6.00; native wethers, \$5.75 to \$6.00; western wethers, \$5.50 to \$6.00; fed cows, \$10.00 to \$11.00; Texas clipped yearlings, \$10.00 to \$11.00; Texas clipped sheep, \$10.00 to \$11.00; stockers and feeders, \$10.00 to \$11.00.

ON THE DEATH OF MORTON.

Expressions of Condolence from President and Others. CHICAGO, May 1.—Among the expressions of sympathy received at the Morton home at Lake Forest were the following: President Roosevelt: "I am greatly shocked and grieved at the death of your father. I respected and admired your father as a public man and I loved him as a friend. I sympathize deeply with you and feel that the country has sustained a real and great loss."

Former President Cleveland is on a hunting expedition in Florida and a message announcing the death of his former cabinet member had not reached him, it is thought, late last night. The following message from Mrs. Cleveland was received by Mark Morton yesterday morning:

"I have forwarded your sad news to my husband in Florida. Pray accept my warmest sympathy."

FUNSTON SUBMITS PLAN.

Approved by MacArthur and the Capture of Aguinaldo Follows. DENVER, May 1.—When General Funston's attention was called to the declaration of General MacArthur that he (MacArthur) was responsible for methods used in the capture of Aguinaldo, he said: "That is right. General MacArthur made a similar statement several months ago. This is simply a repetition of his former utterances, when he said he was responsible for the methods in the capture of Aguinaldo. I got up the plan and submitted it to General MacArthur. The whole plan was submitted to him and he endorsed it. Then the expedition was entered upon and carried out, resulting in the capture of Aguinaldo. General MacArthur is right in what he says."

New Salmon Trust.

TACOMA, April 30.—Options have been secured on ten of the largest salmon canneries on Puget Sound and Alaska now outside of the trust, with the object of floating a new salmon combination, capitalized at \$3,000,000.

Ready to Pay for Peace

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