

LITTLE MISS MILLIONS

OR,
THE WITCH OF MONTE CARLO.

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVIERA.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)
That was only to be expected, and scores of others did the same thing, some for tidy amounts.

No one deigned to notice him as yet, but Jones was not seeking notoriety—he would in good time have all that he cared for, and more, too.

Like other great men, he could be patient, knowing that everything comes to him who waits.

Jones won again.
He never touched his stake, but cast his eyes down to the white cuff of his shirt-sleeve, upon which a few apparently hieroglyphic figures had been marked.

Merrick swept a glance around. As usual there were numerous spectators back of the players, though no great crowd was in attendance.

He quickly discovered the one he sought, and bowed across the table to Constance Dare.

The count sat close to Jones, and followed his play with a much smaller stake.

Evidently he believed a half a loaf was better than no bread, and intended sharing the coming glory and vindication of Darragh's system.

Little Jones cared.
It was not so much the money he desired as the demoralization of the gaming faculty, which was yearly sending its deadly blight all over Europe, and even reaching out its tentacles across the sea to the young republic of the west.

As time passed and Jones' little pile upon the table grew in quantity, some of those near by began to show an interest in his work, being forever on the lookout for a phenomenon.

Still he won, with only an occasional set-back.
The dealer condescended to shoot him a glance of curiosity as he shoved a glittering mass in his quarter, though at the same time a cynical smile momentarily flitted over his sallow features.

He had seen them before, lots of them—like the old sexton, it was only a question of time with him ere he gathered them in.

Of course, the keen eyes of the dealer had ere now detected that Jones was proceeding upon a regular routine of play—possibly he had discovered the marks upon the cuff, as it was an old dodge.

When Jones won again he became interested enough to make some little remark across the board as he pushed a goodly heap of gold lather.

For the limit had been reached.
Should Jones be lucky enough to win again, he must begin to stow his gains away.

Of course, this might happen, but the dealer, in his superior wisdom, rested under the belief that it was about time a decided change took place.

He would smile in his usual frontal way when the collapse came, and that was all.

To him it was an old story.
Another rake off for Jones.

He calmly drew out a formidable buckskin bag, and rattled the thousands of francs into it as nonchalantly as the dealer passed them over.

Indeed, his very action seemed to say that he certainly expected more to follow, for the mouth of the capacious bag yawned hungrily between his knees.

The whisper had gone around, and all interest was now centered at this point.

Keen eyes watched the action of Jones as he changed to red after winning a certain number of times on black.

Red won, of course—his system had worked beautifully thus far, and if it kept up the ruin of Monte Carlo was assured.

More intense grew the excitement—all old failures were forgotten and new hope revived in hearts that had grown sick with waiting.

The worst of it was when Jones won every one raked in with him, into none dared to go contrary to such extraordinary luck.

So that the bank was losing heavily.
There was a chance that it might recoup when the turn came, if it ever did.

Jones played on without a tremor. The crowd, pressed five deep around the table, now took such amazing interest in Jones and his fortunes that each time he won a buzz of excitement and covetous sympathy burst out, while an occasional loss excited deepest commiseration.

Jones looked like a winner.
He was a trifle flushed and his eyes flowed with righteous fires, but his hand showed no sign of trembling as he calmly added each healthy contribution to his stores.

Although the hour had grown late, the crowd had apparently doubled rather than dwindled away, as was its wont.

Old gamblers rubbed their palms together and chuckled—some of them shook hands with one another after such glorious success with as much vim as though they had a personal share in the victory.

For the bank was the enemy of

them all—its insatiable maw had swallowed their filthy lucre, and they gloat over the fact that its day of doom had apparently come at last.

The dealer now began to cast anxious glances up at the clock as though in hopes the hour for closing operations was close at hand.

But this was folly and he knew it. The game must be played to its conclusion.

Seldom did a single cog slip in Jones' wheel, and the conviction at last seized upon those who looked on that a wonder had arrived with a system that must revolutionize all games of hazard from this time on.

The end was in sight.
Jones never let up.

His buckskin bag had a duplicate, and both were well loaded, a fortune in each.

He felt that he could keep up this business as long as the bank was able to stand it; but the losses of that hitherto impregnable institution were simply enormous.

Finally the croupier threw up the sponge, and as he shoved more gold across the table in the direction whence all the rest had gone, he remarked in that metallic voice of his, now tinged with real alarm:

"There can be no further play here to-night, ladies and gentlemen—for the second time in its existence the bank is broken!"

The most tremendous excitement followed this dramatic announcement on the part of the veteran croupier, when circumstances entirely beyond his control compelled him to announce the bursting of the bank of Monte Carlo.

Jones was the cynosure of all eyes. He could not complain of any lack of attention now—this wonderful feat made him for the time being almost a god.

The old gamblers crowded about him and wrung his hand with all manner of congratulatory phrases, which he could of course accept at their true value. The man who succeeds has no lack of friends. Jones was human, and rejoiced at the triumphant vindication of his work.

The count and his Russian ally had no reason to complain, since they were in for a goodly pile; but what they had won was a mere bagatelle to what the future held for the possessor of that magical chart.

And well they knew it.
Jones had made all preparations for just such an emergency, even as he had supplied the buckskin reservoirs for sacking the bank.

For an amateur bank burglar he had covered himself with considerable glory.

True, there was Merrick, sturdy enough to stagger under one of the sacks, but to reach Nice in safety might be a problem.

Mark was engaged just then, having found an opportunity to address Constance, and this in his mind was far more to be desired than the task of guarding a treasure trove.

Little Miss Millions had never gambled a cent in her life, and yet she had been dreadfully interested in Jones' daring raid—she who had hunted springbok and hartebeest, perhaps even the Cape buffalo in his native wild, knew what danger and excitement meant, and her little hands had done their best in applauding the bold plunger when victory came.

The little chat Mark had with the girl gave him some pleasure, and he was glad to know she was now in the care of the English colonel who had been a friend during her girlhood days under the far distant skies of the Transvaal.

It was time they made a move if desirous of getting back to Nice that night, as the last train would presently be going.

So Merrick said good-night and turned to assist his comrade.

So strange a spectacle had rarely been seen in the last ten years, and a great crowd of enthusiastic people formed a body guard to conduct the successful raider to the train.

Really it was a triumphal march.
Merrick could not but secretly laugh at the absurdity of it all—at the same time he would hardly have been human had he failed to enjoy the peculiar sensation that comes with such wonderful success.

On the following night it would be his turn to play the system, while attention was directed to Jones, who would win and lose alternately.

Hard lines had fallen upon Monte Carlo, and if this thing continued long the glory of the great gaming resort would have departed.

A feverish unrest possessed the town, and on every corner knots of people could be seen eagerly discussing the tremendous catastrophe.

And what would become of the prince's famous deep-sea investigations if the pride of Monte Carlo was humbled in the dust?

The station was reached in safety, with the men carrying the spoils, and our two friends encoined themselves in a carriage, giving the guard a discour with instructions to keep others out unless there was a positive necessity for an intrusion on account of lack of space.

"It's worth all it cost to see such a thing as that affair to-night," said Mark, reflectively. "I never shall forget it, never. Talk about human nature at its wildest, why, there were men in that crowd around the table, yes, and women, too, crazed by the gaming habit, who glared at you, Jones, like so many mad wolves. The stack of Napoleons appealed to their cupidity as raw meat would to a starving beast. Ugh! it will haunt me always, that fearful insight I had to the depraved human heart."

Jones chuckled as he watched the eager glances cast into their compartment by the passersby.

"Very good, my dear boy, every

word of what you say is true, and only emphasizes my determination to kill this beastly dragon by fair means or foul, ere he utterly demoralizes the world. But I am of the opinion that what you saw to-night will not hold a candle to the show to-morrow evening, when we once again tackle the tiger in his lair."

"H'm! perhaps not; but I shall be too busy then to see much of it, thank heaven!"

"The news will travel far and wide, and hundreds flock to Monte Carlo to see for themselves if at last a system has been discovered to beat the bank. One defeat will not do the business—they may even survive a second, but if we keep on Monte Carlo will close shop before a week is out."

If they hoped to hold undisputed possession of their little fort they were doomed to disappointment. Just before starting time Merrick heard the guard in conversation with some one, and at sound of the voice he knew they were undone, for even humble railway employes bowed the knee under the magical spell of the Russian princess' dulcet voice.

And, sure enough, with abject apologies the charmed guard opened the door and ushered in a radiant collection of silks and jewels and beauty that at once illumined the hitherto rather dingy carriage.

CHAPTER X.
The Chaperon Knight.
Merrick was provoked.

With her entry came the peculiar Oriental perfume she always patronized. Merrick had once thought it the most fragrant in the world, but somehow he had grown to detest the same, since it represented one he had no reason to love, or who would if possible wreak injury upon Constance because, forsooth, she stood between the adventuress and success.

The princess was very gay. Merrick had settled himself back in a corner, where he could look on and keep from being dragged into the conversation.

By appearing to be very drowsy he was able to thus keep pretty much to himself, and if a question were fired at him he answered in the slow, studied manner of one who battled with the demons of slumber.

Thus he was able to observe out of the corners of his eyes the maneuvers by means of which the witch of Monte Carlo lured her victims on.

Would Jones succumb?
He was a confirmed bachelor, who had doubtless stood successfully many a siege.

What of that?
He had never met such an enemy as the charming Oglavitch before.

More than one confirmed woman-hater in Paris had succumbed to her enchantment.

Besides, Jones was unfortunate in that he had no amulet to ward off the evil influence.

So Merrick, while listening to the merry rattle of her tongue and watching the peculiar influence her flashing orbs seemed to exert over the poor victim upon whom her batteries were turned, fell to speculating as to what she expected to accomplish.

Merrick remembered that she appeared to be in league with Count Leon and the blond Cossack. She had certainly been instrumental in inveigling Constance to the dinner on board her English cousin's steam yacht.

Did that unholy alliance still exist?
If so, what desperate game was now being played?

Was the princess able to mesmerize the two comrades by the brilliancy of her conversation or the wonderful influence of the mystic perfumes that accompanied her debut upon the scene, which, having been successfully performed, would allow the allies to enter the carriage and secure the plunder?

(To be continued.)

Speaking Italics.
A piece of parliamentary repartee quite as good as the famous retorts in the house of commons and our Congress comes from a New England university. Two students, ranged against each other in debate, grew very warm and took to commenting on each other's oratorical manner. One of them spoke with much emphasis, letting the stress of his voice fall explosively on certain passages.

His opponent opened his speech by saying: "My friend on the negative thinks to win this debate by speaking exclamation marks and Italics."

The other could do nothing at the moment to turn the laugh which this speech raised, but when his turn came he "got back" at his opponent with this retort:

"My friend on the affirmative says I speak Italics. I should say that he uses Italics in the way they are used in the English Bible, not to emphasize, but to mark what is not original and inspired."—Youth's Companion.

How Lightning Affects Watches.
An electrical storm seems to have a peculiar effect on some timepieces, remarked the junior partner of a big downtown jewelry firm. "Every time lightning and thunder get active in this vicinity one of the results is that our watch-repairing department is overworked for several days thereafter. The damage wrought chiefly consists of broken mainsprings.

"When business gets dull with us," added the jeweler jokingly, "we require all our employees to pray for a thunder storm. Failure to comply with this order is considered sufficient cause for the discharge. I am unable to make clear the whys and wherefores, but it is an established fact that after the lightning has frolicked wrecked in coming the mainsprings wrecks."—Washington Star.

Come From Abroad

SLIPPING INTO THE SEA.

Inverness is Going, But It May Be Quite a Long Time Yet.

Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, is threatened with a terrible calamity, according to Dr. Davidson of Birmingham, an authority in seismology. It is known of geologists that Inverness occupies a most interesting position at the outlet of the great crack, or crevasse, in the geological formation of the northern part of the island, which, as the Caledonian canal, cuts the country in two, says Pearson's Weekly.

Dr. Davidson warns the inhabitants of Inverness to be prepared for earthquakes periodically. The earth's crust in the Inverness district is gradually slipping seaward and Loch Ness (one of the chain of lakes which form the canal) in a few "hundreds of thousands of years" will be part of the sea.

COMES TO TEACH JAPANESE.

Eminent Scholar to Occupy Chair at Chicago University.

Shortly after the announcement that it would add the study of Russian to its curriculum, the University of Chicago followed it with the statement that it had decided to admit the study of Japanese also. Gen-ichiro Yoshioke of Tokio was chosen as instructor. He is a cultured Japanese and speaks several languages fluently. The advancement of Japan among the commercial nations of the world led the faculty to introduce the



study of the language, and it is expected that the new department will almost immediately spring into popularity.

Patti Still in Capital Voice.

"Be careful of your high notes," said Adolina Patti's mother when the diva was yet a mere girl. The daughter wisely heeded the advice and to that fact attributes a great deal of her wonderful success. She sang recently at a London concert and the critics were unanimous in reference to the extraordinary preservation of a voice which has been thrilling hearers for over forty years. One veteran writer declared that her voice seemed as resonant and powerful as when she first astonished London.

HER MIND STILL CLOUDED.

American Beauty Suffers Under Insinuations of London Artist.

Miss Helen Vanderbilt-Wackerman, the young and beautiful American model whose mind gave way last November under excitement and distress caused by the allegations of the artist, Herbert von Herkomer, has arrived at New York from London.

"I want to paint the pictures of the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life," Herkomer is reported as saying after he first met Miss Wackerman.

The young beauty was persuaded to sit for a picture. For this she visited awhile the artist's home. Then followed the abrupt request by Herko-



mer that Miss Wackerman leave his home. He refused explanation.

Miss Wackerman was stunned by the artist's insinuations. Immediately afterward she apprised her friends in London of the treatment accorded her. Letters were sent to Herkomer demanding explanation and vindication of the young woman's character, but all were accorded the same treatment—they were ignored.

A special trip was finally made by Mrs. Wackerman to her home in Buffalo, with a view of securing funds from her husband, John Vanderbilt Wackerman, with which to prosecute a suit, but the matter was later dropped. Miss Wackerman's mind has never fully recovered.

In the Public Eye

RUSSELL SAGE NOT ILL.

Great Financier Says He is in Fair Physical Condition.

"Pretty to'able, thank you, for a youth of my tender years," was what Russell Sage had to say about his



health after he had returned from a drive in Central Park, New York, with Mrs. Sage. Mr. Sage took the drive on the advice of his physician, who, finding his patient chipper, concluded that the best medicine Mr. Sage could take would be a drive in the fine weather.

Accordingly, Mrs. Sage's victoria was ordered around to the house and she and Mr. Sage drove for something more than an hour. When he got back Mr. Sage was sure he felt much better than he had felt in a month.

Feather Prayer Sticks.

Feathers hold great importance in the religious and social ceremonies of the Indians. Among the Navajoes and Pueblos these plume emblems are believed to have the utmost efficacy for good or evil. All about any Pueblo town may be seen carefully whittled sticks, each with a tuft of downy feathers, generally white ones, bound at the top of it. They are prayer sticks and are quite as curious as the prayer wheels of Burma and the paper prayers of the Chinese. The feathers, stick and manner of tying the feathers vary according to the nature of the prayer. The Indian who wishes to ask a favor of the "Trues" prepares his feather prayer with great secrecy. Then, taking it to a proper spot, he prays to those above, and, planting his stick, leaves it to continue his petition.

HEAD OF NEW CABINET.

French Senator Has Been Chosen for Prominent Position.

Senator Jean Louis Combes, who has been selected as the new prime

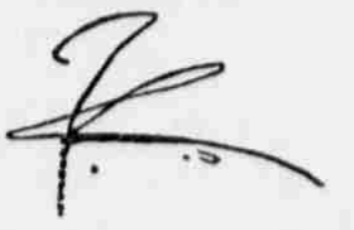


minister of France, has been prominent in French politics since 1876, when he made his first race for membership in the chamber. He was born at Castres, in Tarn, in 1830, and early accumulated a fortune in business. In the beginning of his career he had considerable difficulty in securing his election to the national legislature. Since then he has been a prominent figure in the chamber and the senate, and has numerous friends in both bodies.

Too Much Local Color.

She had seldom been down to the business district, and she watched the endless tide of hurried men that passed and repassed below her husband's office window with deep interest. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting, my dear," he remarked, "but I'll be through directly." "Oh, don't hurry on my account," returned the interested observer; "I'm absorbing quantities of local color." A startled look crossed her husband's face and he sped to the window. "You are, indeed," he said, eyeing the new black dress ruefully and leading her away from the freshly painted wainscot, "and I regret to say the local color is buff."—New York Evening Sun.

A Famous "N."



This signature of Napoleon—an N made by intersecting lines slashing the paper—was traced at Erfurt on the 13th of October, 1813. The emperor, who at first signed all his letters Napoleon, abridged little by little his signature, which became in turn Napol, and Nap, and then simple N.

Deaths of the Week

POOR OUTLOOK IN RUSSIA.

Little Improvement Noted in Condition of the People.

The Russian population cannot be regarded as prosperous, or even fairly well to do, when it consumes per capita only one-twenty-fifth of an ounce (about one-third of a teaspoonful) of tea and two-fifths of an ounce (about a teaspoonful and a half) of sugar per day. But there are other indications that the railroads, and the vast sums of money spent in their construction, have not materially benefited, as yet, the laboring population. The commission appointed in 1899 by the ministry of finance to ascertain the reasons for the progressive impoverishment of the people in the so-called "black-earth" provinces—the most fertile part of the empire—has recently made a preliminary report in which it says that in European Russia as a whole the people are now sowing 35 per cent less grain per capita than in 1865, and that in the "black-earth" provinces the decrease amounts to 44 per cent.—Outlook.

PROMINENT DUNKARD DEAD.

Career of President Arnold Brought to a Sudden End.

President C. E. Arnold of the McPherson German Baptist college, died at McPherson, Kan., after an operation for cancer of the kidney. He was 36 years old. He early became a teacher and received his higher education at Bridgewater college, Virginia; the Ohio Normal university;



Kentucky university, and the Illinois Wesleyan university. In 1896 he was elected president of the German Baptist college, with the chair of pedagogy and philosophy. He early attained fame throughout the west as an educator. When he accepted the presidency of the college it was heavily indebted, but by his able and persistent efforts, seconded by other members of the faculty, he brought the college to the front of the Christian colleges of Kansas, and made it one of the leading colleges under the supervision of the Dunkard church. His wife and a daughter survive him.

To Scale Highest Himalayas.

An attempt to climb the highest Himalayas will be made this year by a party consisting of three Englishmen, two Austrians and a Swiss. Dr. Jacot-Guillarmod. They are accompanied by Swiss guides. They will begin with the Godwin Austen, 28,250 feet high, and Dapsang, 28,665 feet high. If they are successful they will then try Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,000 feet high. The Himalayas record is held by Sir Martin Conway, who climbed the Pioneer Peak, 21,000 feet high, ten years ago.

SAD FATE OF CHICAGOAN.

Alderman Kent Burned to Death in Recent Hospital Fire.

The blind member of the Chicago city council from the Fourth ward, met death in his locked room when



the St. Luke society hospital burned last week. He had long been prominent in political circles in the Windy City, and was popular with his constituents and colleagues.

Prof. Virchow's First Success.

Prof. Virchow, who recently passed his eightieth annual milestone, and is still hale and hearty, took a leading place in the medical world nearly sixty years ago. He was then sent on a government mission to study a typhus epidemic in upper Silesia. His report attracted attention all over Europe and it almost might be said that from that moment he was a noted man.