

Millionaire aids his daughter to elope with a Cowboy

COL. ANDREW JACKSON BULLINS is widely known in the southern border of Texas. He owns more than one fine ranch and cattle upon a thousand hills. Through a long career of successful trading he has demonstrated that he merits the title of "cattle king."

Few men have ever gained any advantage in a deal of any kind over Col. Bullins. He generally has his own way, and when the factors in an affair which he is directing do not move in accord with his ideas it is said that he can storm about and "foam" and "roar" louder than any other man in all Texas. Oppo-

sition is something that he will not countenance, nor will he allow a member of his own household to entertain opinions not in line with his own. He is certainly "boss" of his ranches, but he is a good paymaster and liberal to a fault. Under his own roof he is an autocrat, but if his daughter was to cry for the moon and stars he would at least get her a photograph of the heavens.

The colonel has an exalted conception of his own abilities, and he is proud of his Bullins blood. He knows the history of the Bullins family by heart, and he insists that every Bullins is a gentleman, and that every woman who bears the name is a superior being. He is ever ready to maintain his contention concerning the Bullins blood at the point of a bowie knife or at the muzzle of a Colt.

No One Good Enough for Daughter.

Miss Flora Bullins, the colonel's only daughter, is an accomplished and beautiful young girl, with an army of admirers, all of whom are afraid to come nearer than the front gate. The rich old rancher has tried hard to make his daughter look high for a husband. "You are good enough for a king," he would often say, and sometimes add: "The Bullins blood don't mix with the common herd. I tell you right here, your old father will not be satisfied with anything less than a general or a duke."

More than 100 young men were employed on the colonel's ranches, and every mother's son of the hundred was desperately in love with Flora Bullins. Col. Bullins was blissfully ignorant of this fact, but his daughter was well aware of it.

One of the hundred lovers, whose name was William Scroggins, was quite a favorite with the cattle king, and a great favorite with Flora. Here again the colonel's eyes were at fault. The old man liked "Billy" because he was a hard rider, a good roper, and always ready to obey orders. Flora liked him because he was a handsome, picturesque horseman, and an ardent wooer. She often stood at her window watching Billy as he galloped over the plains on a mustang, swinging his rope about his head, and looking every inch a living picture of the hero of her favorite novel.

The Bullins blood would have boiled if an inkling of the situation had crept into the old colonel's head, and he would have roared and bellowed like one of his own mad bulls, and one who listened would have felt that nothing would have satisfied his thirst for gore but the scalp of William Scroggins.

Flora Surprises Col. Bullins.

"Billy" knew the "old man" pretty well, and Flora knew him to a finish. One morning father and daughter sat at the breakfast table. Flora was trying to balance a spoon across a teacup and annoy her father at the same time. Anticipating that she was about to ask for something which she felt he would give to be rid of a noise, he said: "Rattle away, I like it."

A surprise was in store for both sides. "Dad," said the shrewd little beauty, suddenly looking up with lively interest, "ain't it about time I was looking about for a sweetheart?"

"Husband, you mean. No hurry—fact is I am planning a



Flora Bullins

Billy Scroggins

tour of Europe this summer. You can get your ribbons together and your shoes polished. Mum is the word, but between you and me, I have got my eye on a son of the ear of Russia. Lay low and keep cool. The heiress of the Bullins millions must go slow."

"Why, papa, what is the use of going so far? Maybe I could find a sweetheart nearer home."

"What? Find a husband for Bullins on a cattle ranch? Say, now, have you seen any generals, or dukes, or congressmen about here lately?"

"No, daddy, but there is Buck Kilgore, and Sam Barlow, and Billy Scroggins, and—"

A cup fell from the old man's hand and crashed to fragments on the floor, his lower jaw dropped, and his eyes glared with rage. There was a lump in his throat, and when he attempted to swallow it he emitted a snort from his nostrils that set the dishes rattling as if the house had been shaken by an earthquake.

Flora would have run away, but fright had unnerved her. "Barlow!" Col. Bullins roared. "Why, I would not let him marry the daughter of my cook! Scroggins! Old Scroggins was a fiddler and a member of the legislature. I wonder that the floor don't yawn and swallow you. Go away. Run and lock yourself up. You have set the Bullins blood to boiling."

"Billy" Rescues the Colonel.

William Scroggins heard of this maternal colloquy between father and daughter before many hours had passed, and it made him so miserable that he could hardly maintain his seat in the saddle.

It was a busy time of the year, and Col. Bullins and his

little army of vaqueros were doing some hard riding. One evening a bunch of about 200 big steers stampeded, and in spite of the heroic efforts of the cowboys they started at breakneck speed towards a high bluff on the Colorado river.

"They will plunge right over it," roared the old rancher, "and half of them will be killed! Ride, boys! turn the mad devils about the leader!"

Mounted on a fine racer the colonel was soon leading his daring riders. With the courage of a soldier leading a cavalry charge he plunged in front of the bellowing herd, firing his revolver and yelling like a wild Comanche. "Billy" Scroggins was not far away. Through the cloud of dust he saw the over fall and throw his rider heading under the hoofs of the frantic brutes.

Col. Bullins fully realized his danger, and, while making frantic efforts to escape on his hands and knees, he yelled for assistance.

The hoofs of the cattle were just ready to fall upon the terror-stricken man when Billy Scroggins seized him by the collar and drew him across the neck of his horse.

"That was a brave act," said the trembling old millionaire when his rescuer landed him beyond the reach of the mad steers. Not insensible to a feeling of gratitude, he frequently muttered while trying to recover his self-possession, "I will not forget you, Billy."

Soon after this the old rancher learned that Billy Scroggins could read and write, and, since he often needed the services of "one who could figure" and "write letters," he kept the young man within easy reach. Billy and his rich boss often rode side by side for days and days, and sometimes they slept under the same blanket. As time passed these two, who were so widely separated as to wealth, became intimate, though it is evident that the old colonel had

he had entertained lavishly. The men sneered openly and were glad, rejoicing over his supposed downfall, but as head waiter his charms appeared to have more power. He saw more women, and to see women was to make a conquest with him.

Life's Theories Changed by Taunts.

Perhaps Mazzoleni felt the sneers of the men. At any rate he seemed after that to cease to resist the women and to take pride in his conquests. He never spoke of them, but when invited to their homes he went, sometimes. He was the guest at a fashionable Michigan avenue house one night, where four society women were his hostesses, and all openly professed their love for him. Servants told the master of the house, and their sakes Mazzoleni quietly resigned his position and disappeared from Chicago, leaving a score of aching hearts.

He appeared in Boston, settling in the Italian quarter in the old north end, in North square, under the shadow of the Hotel Italy. The women of that quarter adored him, but he had nothing to do with them.

He sought employment and found it as head waiter at the fashionable Hotel Somerset. The position there became impossible. Rich women of the Back bay district, heiresses, society women, actresses sought him with the same fervor that the Italian belles of the north end showed. He resigned and became steward at the University club, seeing only men, and for a time had peace.

But his beauty could not be hidden nor his gallantry suppressed. Whatever a woman asked—except love—he gave. He spent his earnings for flowers for the women to whom he refused love.

Then he became head waiter at the Berkeley. There an actress came into his life—a beautiful and talented woman who loved him wildly and refused to be refused. Gently he rebuffed her—and sent her gifts of flowers. He did not love her, but he could not hurt her, and he made the mistake of forgetting that he was the head waiter and not the count that he had been when he fled to America.

Showered with Flowers While Ill.

The hotel proprietors resented his forgetfulness and he lost his position.

A week later he fell sick. An operation became necessary, and it was performed in his rooms in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Killam, 147 Washington street, who loved the handsome, gentle Italian as father and mother.

The operation was only partly successful. During his sickness his room was filled with rare flowers sent by his admirers, but the man appeared not to notice them, or to be disgusted with them. He wrote a long letter to the ideal and a short reply came.

The next day Mazzoleni piled up all the letters—the burning love letters, written to him by hundreds of women—and destroyed them by fire for fear that some one might know and that some woman's reputation might be hurt.

He talked sadly to Mrs. Killam, telling her part of the story of his life, and he wrote a short request to some faithful men friends.

Then he went to his room. It was his forty-third birthday. He sat a long while looking at the portrait of the thousand and first girl, and then, taking a revolver from his trunk he stood before the mirror, gazed for the last time upon his beautiful face, and destroyed his fatal beauty by firing a bullet into his brain.

surprised young cowboy, with some hesitation. "Now, own up," said the old man, with a wise look. "You are dead in love, ain't you?"

"I am afraid you have tumbled to the situation," said Billy, looking a little frightened.

"Then why don't you marry her at once?" roared the old rancher.

"Can't do that," said the cowboy. "The old man won't let me have her."

"Nonsense!" snorted Col. Bullins. "Steal her. Run away! The old folks will come around all right. Why, I had to steal my wife, and I have helped a hundred other fellows to steal their sweethearts. In fact, I like to plot and help lovers. Just go ahead, Billy, and when you get ready to elope let me know, and I will help you. I will make old Squire Hoskins marry you or I'll kill him."

Plots to Steal His Own Daughter.

William Scroggins lost no time in reporting this conversation to his sweetheart, and Flora thought it would be a capital idea to act upon the advice of her father, since Billy informed her that it had been given in "awful deadly" earnest.

When the lovers had arranged their plan of elopement Billy at once reported to Col. Bullins and asked him for a note to Squire Hoskins. The great cattle king was greatly pleased.

"Got it all arranged, have you, Billy?" he said, rubbing his hands together, while his eyes sparkled with felicity. "You can't down old Bullins," he shouted. "I will just write Squire Hoskins to marry William Scroggins and the young lady leaning on his arm, or get off of the ranch."

After handing the paper to the well pleased young man, the old rancher suddenly concluded to go further. "Billy," he said, "I ain't never quite repaid you for dragging me out from under them stampeded steers, but I am going to do it right now."

It occurred to the happy young man that the old colonel was doing that identical thing in a handsome way, but he had the good sense to keep his mouth closed.

"I am going to give you a w-e-d-i-n-g supper, and we will have all the cowboys and all the neighbors here, and we will dance all night, and go home with the girls in the morning. Follow Bullins, Billy, and you will wear diamonds and never fall."

The date for the elopement was fixed, and during the intervening days the deeply interested old man could hardly restrain his felicity. He frequently held secret consultations with Billy, and, after offering him the use of his carriage and Flora into the plot. "O, she is a thorough Bullins," he said, apologetically. "You need not be afraid of her, Billy," he said. "I have told her all about it, and she is interested. She will help us to pull this affair off in great style."

Bullins Gets Hot, but Cools Off.

Great preparations were made for the big frolic that was to come off at the Bullins ranch. The whole community for miles round had been invited. Col. Bullins was at his best. Proud of his lavish hospitality, he moved about with ponderous dignity, receiving his guests with the bearing and courtesy of a knight of the days of chivalry.

"I have a surprise in store for you all," he said. "After awhile the musicians will play a little march, and then you will look upon a pair of smiling faces, and you will be ready to shout for joy."

Mr. Scroggins had no difficulty in getting possession of the girl who eloped with him. In fact, Mr. Bullins, the plotter, helped her into the carriage, saying: "Stick to the Bullins plot, and you can't fail. I will get there in time to congratulate you, Billy."

He did not get there, just as the squire was saying. "And now I pronounce you man and wife." A glance was sufficient to reveal his stupendous folly.

The bridal party left him howling for Scroggins and Hoskins gone intermingled. He did not appear at the feast or the dance. It took him three whole days to cool off and come to the rational conclusion that it would be best to regard the remarkable affair as a huge "Bullins joke." The plotters were forgiven, and the fortunate cowboy was taken into partnership.

Handsomest Man in World Driven to Death by Women.

FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY LEADS TO SUICIDE.

VICTOR MAZZOLENI, the handsomest man in the world, loved by over 1,000 women, killed himself because his beauty led to ruin.

The man over whom women of three continents raved, the man who fled from Chicago ten years ago because a beautiful and wealthy woman—a married woman—sought him and would have abandoned all for him, killed himself in the hall bedroom of a Boston boarding house, cursing his beauty.

The fatal curse of beauty led the man to flee from Italy, abandoning his post as an officer in the imperial army. It drove him from London, where he was amassing a fortune, it exiled him from New York, from Chicago, and finally, broken by the curse, he settled in Boston and became the head waiter in a hotel.

Even in that position, viewing his majestic beauty, which artists as well as women raved about, sought him out, and, throwing modesty to the winds, begged for a smile of him.

Women in China, in Japan, in Africa, in India, in Paris, in Rome, and in Vienna and the man, and they—and their husbands and sweethearts—made him an Ishmael in part, for though his hand was raised against none all men's hands were raised against him.

Died Longing to Love.

And, despite his great beauty, despite the adoration of women, he remained heart free, holding women at bay by his coldness, although always courteous and gentle. He died longing for the love of one woman whom he never found during a life in which beauty, wealth, and cleverness bowed to him and pleaded for a kiss.

Beautiful as a Greek god, amiable as the softest hearted of his countrymen, Victor Mazzoleni, who might have been the hero of a thousand romances, died by his own hand and turned the romance into tragedy.

He was a prince among men—but men refused him; and a god among women, whose homage he refused to accept. His hair was white—white from young manhood—with a lustrous whiteness, and his face was the face of a god—strong, tender, expressive. The eyes were the most beautiful of all, filled with a charm that none could resist—except men. His teeth were white and perfect, his complexion superb, and his form that of an Apollo.

But he was a spendthrift. Money he lavished upon others, and sometimes upon himself. No beggar asked that did not receive; no friend strove to borrow in vain. He spent money with lavish prodigality, entertaining sumptuously and as often as he found one to dine with him.

Beautiful Child of Noble House.

Mazzoleni was born beautiful, in Lombardy, in Italy. It is said he was the most beautiful child that ever was carried to the sacred font for baptism. He was of a noble house and his father was wealthy. Before he was 15 his career of conquest began, and when he was in school the olive checked daughters of his native land adored him and sighed for his favors.

Then his father sent him as agent to many countries and his beauty began to be known. In India wives of English officers and the women of native princes fell in love with him and raved about his beauty. In China, in Japan, in Africa, in Vienna, in Berlin womenkind proved the same. They saw the beauty of face and form and bearing of the young Italian and ran after him.

There were stories, gossip, angry men—although it is declared Victor never encouraged any of the women nor had anything to do with them, having enshrined an ideal in his mind and being determined to love no woman until he found his ideal.

He returned to Lombardy, and his father, fearing the adulation of women would ruin his handsome son, sent him to London to take charge of his immense silk establishment there. English women proved the same as the Indians, the Japs, and the Chinese. He was invited everywhere, he was sought after day and night by women of wealth, of beauty, of rank.

He was a rage in London for one season. Refusing scores of invitations, he was forced to go out at times, and he went, and everywhere women begged his favors and pleaded with him to love them.

Found His Ideal, but Couldn't Win Her.

It was in London that he found the ideal—the one woman in the world whom he met and failed to win.

The irony of his life was climaxed there. The man whom a thousand women loved could not win the love of the one woman he desired. She was kind to him. When she dismissed him she gave him a photograph, and when he shot himself in the head in his room in a Boston boarding house a few days ago that photograph was clutched to his heart.

The last letter he wrote was a request that her photograph be buried with him.

He left no letter for any woman when he sent himself on the last journey, but left a note to two of his men friends who knew the pitifulness of his life, and asked them to tell her—and they alone know who she is.

The other 999 were as nothing to him. Mazzoleni was practically driven from London by the curse of his fatal beauty. He was an extravagant entertainer there, striving to return the favors of those wealthy and noble persons who, because of his beauty, invited him to their houses. The open and flagrant attentions of a noblewoman to the wonderfully handsome Italian attracted attention, and to save her name and prevent a grave scandal he left London and came to the United States.

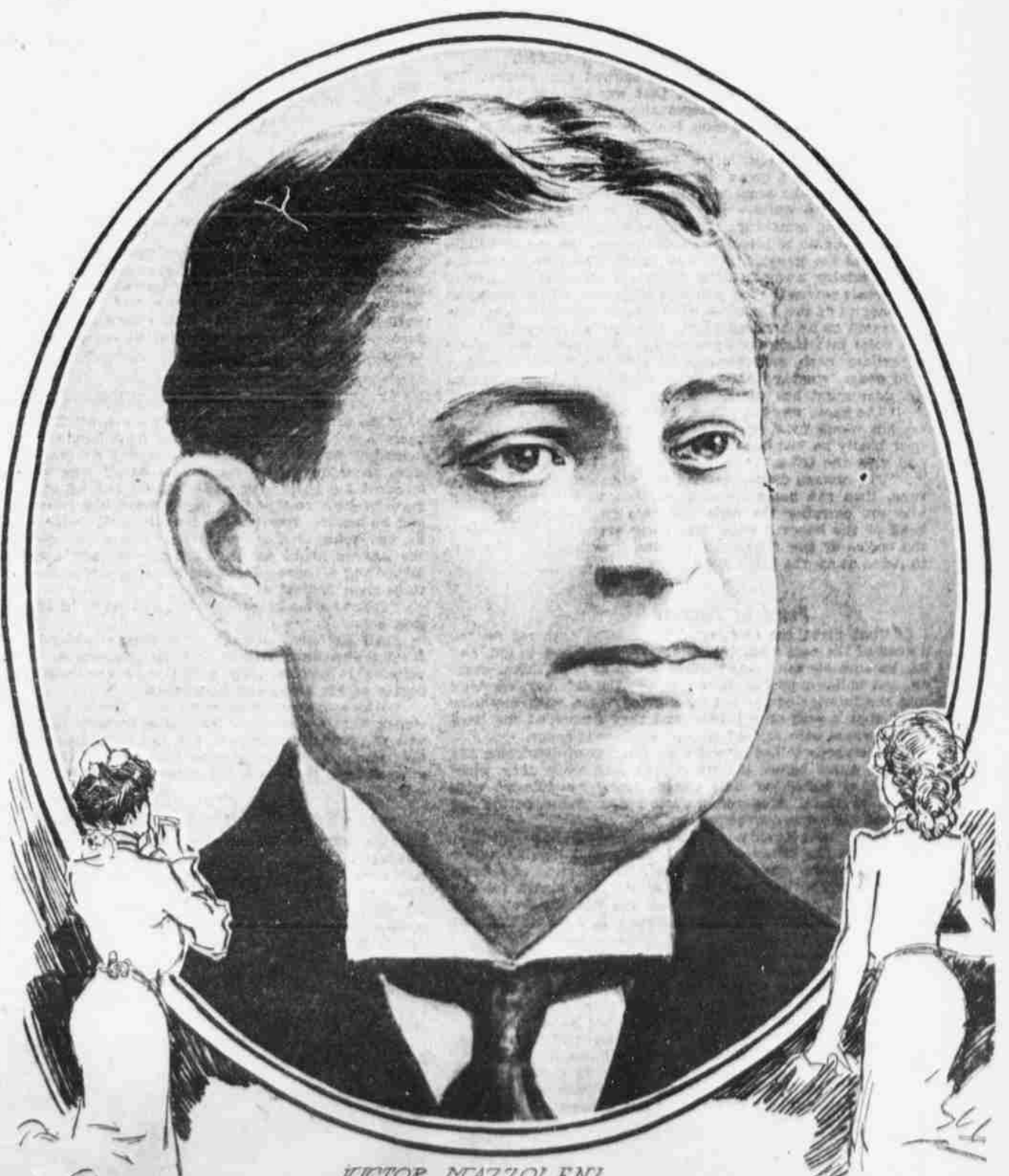
Sought by Chicago Women.

It was in 1896 that Mazzoleni appeared in Chicago. He had money—more than \$25,000—with him, but it was not his money that attracted attention. His remarkable beauty, his distinguished carriage, his brilliant conversational powers, his easy grace at entertaining, attracted attention from the first.

Women swarmed around him. They begged his favors, pleaded for a smile, showered gifts upon him. He paid no attention to them, but his failure to do so appeared only to add to his attractions. Men, disgusted, turned away. The man spent thousands in entertaining men and little on women, striving to slum them, for the memory of the ideal who had turned her back upon him was fresh in his mind.

Yet the women swarmed after him. He was a well known figure around the hotels and theaters, and the men who hated him because the women loved him helped spend his money.

In less than a year he was "broke." Mazzoleni said then that the day he spent his last cent was one of the happiest of his life. He believed then that, with money gone, women would cease to pursue him. Quietly and without sense of shame he sought a position and was appointed head waiter in the dining room of a hotel where



VICTOR MAZZOLENI
HANDSOMEST MAN IN AMERICA