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YORK STREET

A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS

BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

This M. Cornoyer was further conspicuous in such society by reason of his apparel. He was garbed in a long frock-coat with voluminous tails, pearl-grey trousers, stiffly creased, of the peg-top variety, patent-leather shoes, sharply pointed, encased in spats. A tall, stiff collar encompassed his neck, and was ornamented with a sky-blue butterfly-bow almost as exotic as the orchid in the lapel of his coat. His features were somewhat irregular, and singularly plastic. The sight of his sound eye was obscured by the monocle he had thrust into it. His hair was dressed in the style of that on the business side of a shoe-black's brush. He wore neither beard nor moustache.

And, even as O'Ferrall had surmised, it was his latest and most misguided adventure into the night life of Manhattan which had provided the gathering with food for mirth.

"I have put my feet into the hot water, right up to the elbow," he explained to Quaintance in a quite irreproducible mixture of French and English, his expression of repentant melancholy giving way to a gleefully reminiscent grin. "I have been hit—zass! pataploum!—in the eye. I have been in prison all night—vive the glorious land of liberty! This morning they fine me five plunks. It is scandalous!—shocking!"

"Cheer up, old cock!" cried the man beside him and clapped him consolingly on the shoulder. "Cheer up, old cock! and I'll buy you a high ball. You were no worse off than I was when all's said and done."

"This gent was with me," Cornoyer remarked, somewhat stiffly, his face suddenly composed to a mournful gravity, as Quaintance looked over at the jovial stranger, a tall, broad-shouldered man, brown-faced, alert, bluffly at his ease and yet, in some intangible aspect, out of tone with the rest of the company. He had been looking about him with a keen, appraising glance before he had cut into Cornoyer's conversation. Quaintance took quick inward exception to him and was inclined to think the less of the Cornucopia, but recollected that he himself might not be the only visitor there. A supposition which was soon confirmed.

The unknown nodded to him, and "J. J.'s a genuine sport!" he exclaimed. "Hey, boy! Bring three high balls."

"None for me," Quaintance beg-

ged, and Cornoyer gravely amended the order.

"One high ball," he told the waiter, who had been looking to him as though for confirmation, and Quaintance noticed that he had also signed the check for that when it came in due course. It was evident that the other, who drank it thirstily, had come there as his guest. But that individual was in no wise abashed by the trifling incident.

"J. J.'s a genuine sport!" he repeated. "I'm going to get him to put me up for membership here. A den like this is just what I need, to drop into when I'm in town. If there a card-room upstairs, J. J.?"

Cornoyer replied civilly, and, in the interval, Quaintance turned to O'Ferrall, to escape the onus of further intercourse with the too genial outsider. The others had gathered into groups, all talking, listening, laughing among themselves. O'Ferrall drew his friend toward one of these, and Quaintance might have forgotten the couple behind him but for stray sentences which reached him from their direction and which he could not but overhear, "and say, J. J., the stranger exclaimed, blatantly regardless of his host's politely uninterested pose, including the rest of the room in a rakish wink. "I met a peach, a pipkin, last night on my way in from Long Beach. I give you my word that she was the pick of the basket, a full-blown American Beauty and ripe to the minute."

"She was driving her own little car, and it had broken down just as I came along in my racer, a Cadillac too. It didn't take me long to diagnose the complaint, a simple enough one and yet most confoundingly hard to locate the first time you run up against it, but I wasn't going to give her the proper prescription at once for nothing, you may bet your boots! I held her up long enough to—"

He lowered his voice, and the rest of his story was almost inaudible. But all could hear the coarse chuckle with which it concluded, and Quaintance's blood boiled at the thought that it might have been, that it all too probably had been the distressed damsel in whom he himself was so deeply interested who had fallen into the clutches of this obnoxious boor. And only a quick, instinctive sense of the consideration he owed O'Ferrall saved Cornoyer's friend from

COLD WATER CURE

FOR MR. GIN SING

Chinaman Rather than Give up Liquor Jumped Overboard but then Thought Better of it.

New York, April 19—The take of Gin Sing, fatalist, brought into port by the Standard Oil cargo boat Seneca yesterday from the Far East, is one of human weakness and reform. Perhaps Gin Sing's reform is due to compulsion, but stoical and perverse as he may be he is convinced that the fates have better things in store for him.

As the tale unfolds it will be seen that even his name is associated with that which caused him his troubles. Gin is No. 11 in the stoke hole. When he came on board with the other firemen at Singapore, where a fresh stoke hole force was signed on, the chief engineer observed that he always reported for duty all smiles willingness, but his strength soon gave out. No. 11 became weak kneed. His eyes dilated and he rubbed his profundity with the flats of his hands and murmured: "Me belly sick, chief!"

The other Chinese firemen came on duty elated too but their strength held out better than Gin Sing's. At last after Gin began to report "belly sick" in his bunk, Chief Engineer Smith who surmised what the trouble with No. 11 might be, went forward. He found Gin Sing at his ease in his bunk with a square face of Hollands by his side. "Me belly sick chief" groaned Gin Sing.

"If you are sick turn out and go amidship to the captain for some medicine" said Mr. Smith. But rather than execute this order and suffer such a terrible fate No. 11 went up on the fo'c'sle head and cast himself into the sea.

This was on the morning of April 1, and the Seneca was outside Gibraltar, with a rough sea on. A life buoy was hurled from the bridge after Gin Sing's disappearing form among the white horses. The officer on the bridge signalled to slow down and put the ship about, while a lifeboat was unhooked, with Capt. Grimes and all hands on deck.

Meanwhile Gin Sing swam for the life buoy like a fish. He had decided that it was not time to drown. Second Officer MacIntosh and six sailors went away in the boat and pulled in the soaking fatalist. When he was safe on deck and quite sober he declined to drink of his own gin, and to make sure of his life they gave him a drink of the steward's brandy.

Capt. Grimes and Chief Engineer Smith held a council, and a raid was decided upon. The chief went into the fo'c'sle and gathered an assortment of squarefaces of gin and bottles of sgmschoo, all of which were pitched overboard.

On the next watch Gin reported for duty all right and the best stoker in the bunch. But first he made due apology for the trouble he had caused. "Scuse me, Chief! Scuse me!" he said. Gin Sing refused to be interviewed yesterday. He was busy with his shipmates in a mystic game of cards.

MEDICAL STUDENTS

HOWL DOWN PROFESSOR

Paris, April 19.—The Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Paris, while attempting to inaugurate a new course in surgical anatomy, was howled down by a clique of students. He was forced to abandon the project amid scenes of great disorder.

AWARDED A DIPLOMA

Paris, April 19.—The society for the protection of animals has awarded a grand diploma to Edmund Rostand, for writing the Chanteclere.

prompt retribution, the club from the consequent scandal.

He sat still, till he had simmered down sufficiently to interrogate the offender unmoved, and, turning to confront him with the intention of finding out all he wanted to know by dint of casual inquiry before inviting that individual to accompany him to some spot more suitable for further argument, found that Cornoyer and he had left the room. Another man spoke to him as he was going to spring to his feet and give chase. He answered at random and, rising, interrupted O'Ferrall, deep in discussion with someone else as to the comparative merits of art commercial and art for art's sake.

"I'd like to have a few words with Cornoyer's friend," he explained in apology and moved toward the door. O'Ferrall followed him.

"They're probably in the card room," said he. "I'll take you up. D'you know the fellow?"

Quaintance hurriedly told him the story he had overheard, and O'Ferrall frowned.

"I'll have to talk to J. J.," he growled, "about bringing a loafer of that sort here. But keep cool, Steve. Don't lose your temper. It may not have been the same girl." (To Be Continued.)

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THERE IS DANGER

IN STAGNATION

Queen's Professor Thinks Men Should Take More Interest in the Holy Bible.

Toronto, April 18.—"The greatest danger of the Church is stagnation, sleep," declared Rev. W. G. Jordan, D. D., of Queen's University, in his evening sermon at the opening of the new Rosedale Presbyterian Church yesterday. Dr. Jordan's text was: "Understandest thou what thou readest? How can I except some man guide me?" He was speaking of the present helpfulness of the Scriptures when he uttered the words just quoted, and said that the glory of the Christian religion was its infinite God, so that men were kept awake by the possibility and the need of discussion of the great themes of its theology.

"I thank God for discussion," exclaimed the preacher. "We cannot be thankful for bigotry or narrowness, but we do for intellectual stimulus." He feared there was not so much intellectual interest among the men of our generation in the Bible as in former days. "When a man says he takes the Bible as it is," he remarked, "upon very little reflection he might know he is talking stupidly, except as regards the use of such passages as Psalms xxiii, or the parable of the prodigal son or the beatitudes for worship or devotion."

Dr. Jordan pointed out that no book stands so well as the Bible. The treatment that Philip gave to it, when he took the very latest light, that stream from the Cross, fresh from God, and threw it on the scroll in the hands of the Ethiopian officer.

Speaking of the origin of the Book and its preservation, the preacher thanked God for the press, which made it possible to put it into the hands of all the people. We could never appreciate what that meant; we could never again go back to darkness or make such a hideous experiment as the Inquisition in an attempt to monopolize God's truth. A danger connected with the Book was the worship of it and thinking that the past was perfect and infallible.

The morning sermon was also by Dr. Jordan, and that in the afternoon by Rev. Daniel Strachan, the minister of the church. Rev. W. G. Wallace, D. D., of Bloor Street Church, assisted in the morning, and Rev. James Murray of Erskine, in the afternoon. The collections during the day amounted to about \$1,800 outside of the regular envelope contribution for support of the church, the special givings being for the building fund.

SUMMER COTTAGE

WRECKED BY DYNAMITE

Cincinnati, April 19—With a force that shook the surrounding country, dynamite was exploded in a summer cottage owned by John Payne widely known in racing circles, at Hyland, Ky. The cottage was destroyed. No clue to the dynamiter has been found.

DISHONEST COAL DEALER

LANDED IN JAIL

Indianapolis, Ind., April 19—James Jackson, president of the Eclipse coal company, has been sent to jail, because he was unable to give bond on a charge of selling short weight coal. It is said two hotels and the city hospital lost \$9,000 by short weights.

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