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YORK STREET

A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS
BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

"It's high time, none the less, that a loafer of that sort was called to account," retorted that doughty champion of the defenceless. "I'm not in the Galahad line myself, but I'd draw on any such scum at sight!"

The card room, however, was empty, and neither Cornoyer nor the other was to be seen in the library.

"Billiard room," said O'Ferral, and they dived downstairs again; but with no better result. They found the marker alone, and his grin of welcome faded as they turned back in the doorway.

Quaintance uttered a grunt of disgust as he heard the hall-boy inform O'Ferral that Mr. Cornoyer and his friend had gone out five minutes before, and when, on an inspiration, he turned up the visitors' book, he gave vent to a still louder ejaculation, one still more strongly indicative of discontented surprise.

O'Ferral came across to him, and, peering over his shoulder, read aloud softly a line at the foot of a full page, which said:

"Stephen Quaintance — introduced by—J. J. Cornoyer."

He turned to look wryly at O'Ferral, and O'Ferral, forehead wrinkled, returned his glance gravely enough although not without suspicion of a lurking smile. The hall-boy looked on, ready to laugh if, as he inferred, there should be some jest in progress. But no more words passed. Quaintance closed the book with a bang. The two turned upstairs again, and scarcely had they disappeared when Cornoyer came in.

"A nice sort of namesake, Steve," commented O'Ferral, steering his friend toward a quiet corner. "It's probably just as well that—Here's J. J. again! Let's hear what he has to say for himself."

"Well, J. J. You're a nice sort of—"

Cornoyer came forward, his monocle dropped, his face expressing the most abject penitence.

"I have put my foot into the hot water, right up to the elbow," said he once more, "but I did not know at the first that he was not a gentleman. And so I asked him here to luncheon. And it was not possible then to turn him away from the door. But I have given him the mitt O'Ferral, as quick as I could."

"All right, all right," responded his mentor. "I'm not complaining."

"Don't do it again, but—since he

was here I just wish you had kept him a few minutes longer—Qu—er—Newman wanted a few words with him."

"I couldn't help hearing some part of his conversation," said Quaintance. "What was the end of his story about some girl he met in a motor?"

Cornoyer looked much relieved. His features instantaneously changed to a mask of the most profound contempt.

"Paff!" said he. "He told me she kissed him—and he let her go." Quaintance's face flushed darkly. "D'you know where he lives?" he demanded, and "Tell us all you know about him, J. J.," supplemented O'Ferral.

But, as it appeared, the information to be obtained from Cornoyer was all too meagre to serve any practical purpose, and Quaintance had to forego, for the present at any rate, his now almost overpowering ambition to inflict condign chastisement upon his unworthy namesake.

Cornoyer had come across him, he sorrowfully explained, at a somewhat dreary performance in an all-night cafe uptown. They two had been simultaneously inspired to improve on the program, but, the management not approving of their impromptu duet, they had been harshly required to discontinue all such gratuitous vocal effort. Upon their failing to do so, the forces of law and order had been appealed to, and these had proved somewhat rough and ready. Cornoyer had acquired a black eye in the consequent melee. The other had rallied gallantly to his assistance. They had both spent the rest of the night in durance, and equally disreputable, pending repair, the foolish invitation to further festivity had been extended on one side and accepted on the other.

"But I did not know at the first that he was not a gentleman," repeated Cornoyer in apologetic conclusion, and wriggled disconsolately in his arm-chair.

He laughed as the other's face suddenly lit up in a dazzling smile. "Mind you don't do it again," he added. "And if you see any more of that fellow let me know without delay."

"On the instant," Cornoyer promised solemnly, and so escaped. "Pernicious young scoundrel!" repeated O'Ferral as he fled. "I reproved him here, and I don't want to

GENTLEMAN RANKER

PROVES MILLIONAIRE

Rich Boston Man Working his Way
up in United States Army—Passed
for Lieutenant.

Washington, April 18—Fort Myer has an enlisted man who is not only a millionaire but a favorite in Washington society, to the consternation of officers who are frequently in attendance at the same social events. Corpl. Albert Myer jr. of the Signal Corps is the millionaire soldier.

His home is in Boston and he is a grandson of Brig-Gen. Albert Myer, who served in the civil war and after whom Fort Myer is named. He decided on a military life and to seek the top by way of the bottom, so he enlisted.

With the day's duty done Corpl. Myer lays aside his uniform, dons evening clothes, enters his automobile, which has arrived for him, and, armed with a pass, descends on social Washington.

He has taken his examination for a lieutenantcy, and to the relief of the officers has passed.

Boston, April 18—Albert Myer jr. is the son of a major of the Twenty-second Regiment of the National Guard of New York, but had long lived in Boston. Young Myer sought an appointment to West Point from President Roosevelt and later endeavored to secure a commission, but failed in both efforts. The family owns a magnificent residence in the fashionable Back Bay district of this city.

FISHED UP SAFE

CONTAINING \$60,000

Valuables were Lost in 1875 when
Tidal Wave Destroyed Indianola,
Texas.

Galveston, Tex., April 18—A large steel safe, containing diamonds and money estimated to be worth between \$50,000 and \$60,000 lost in the hurricane and tidal wave which destroyed the town and seaport of Indianola, in Calhoun County, Tex., in 1875, has been recovered from the gulf. Indianola was situated on Powderhorn Peninsula, extending into the gulf. The safe was owned by James Williams, a jeweller, who packed all his valuables and money in the safe, which with his home was swept to sea. He and his daughter lost their lives.

It was said at the time the safe contained \$75,000 worth of jewels and money, and for many years a reward of \$10,000 was offered for information of the treasure.

Frank Bauer, who has systematically searched for the treasure for many years, located it nearly a mile from the site of the Williams home. It was in about twenty feet of water and buried several feet in the sand. By a magnet the chest was located three weeks ago and divers uncovered it.

The captain was explaining what would be done in case of accident. "rock," he continued, "we'd burn red 'And should the ship strike a fire and send up rockets."

"But wouldn't that be a rather unusual time to celebrate, captain?" asked the tow-headed youth with the bull-dog pipe.

get him into trouble. He was a great chum of mine in Paris, and he's going back next week. If you're ever over, Steve, look him up. What he doesn't know about that gay village isn't worth knowing, and he's one of the Four Hundred there. His father held the French portfolio before he died."

"No Paris for me in the meantime," said Quaintance contentedly. "I've lots to occupy me in New York—and Long Island. It must have been she. I'll look for her there first, anyhow."

O'Ferral did not answer these rambling remarks, and they sat smoking silently for some time ere he spoke.

"I've been thinking over the story you told me, Steve, and the only weak spot I can see in your scheme is that the dead man might never be found."

"Then my death would be assumed by default in due course," his friend argued. "Miles Quaintance's lawyers will trace all my movements. The officers at Fort Bretonnet will testify when the time comes, that I received the only letter they had for me and then went west, into cannibal country. I fail to turn up again. The inference is obvious."

They fell to smoking again. "But what would you do if someone else came forward to claim what you've given up voluntarily?" O'Ferral asked after a long interval. "The lawyers will no doubt advertise and—suppose, for the sake of argument, that Cornoyer's friend took a fancy to act and the corpse came to life."

Quaintance threw back his head and let three smoke-rings slip from his lips ere he answered.

(To Be Continued.)

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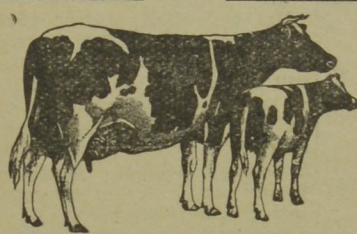
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WOLTER UNMOVED BY DETAILS OF CRIME

Ruth Wheeler's Sister Identifies Charred
Remains—Her Mother Faints in
Court During Examination.

New York, April 20—No prisoner on trial for his life in New York courts is ever remembered to have faced such an array of facts and heart-rending testimony with such a stolid indifference as did Albert Wolter today, when confronted with the charred fragments of the body which once was Ruth Wheeler, whom he is charged with having lured to her death in his flat not a month ago.

Philip O'Calahan, a coroner's physician testified that Ruth Wheeler was attacked before she was murdered and that there was still life in her body when it was soaked with kerosene, jammed up the chimney of Wolter's flat and set afire. He found human hair, not her own, he said, adhering to the burned fingers. Therefore he knew she fought for her honor. There was soot in the lungs. A corpse does not breathe. Therefore he knew a living and still sentient body inhaled smoke and flame.

During this appalling testimony which made the jurors fidget in their chairs, Wolter sat trim and listless, scanning indifferently the jurors, the grewsome exhibits themselves, and his lawyer. He gave no sign of emotion when Adelaide Wheeler, 19 years old, and said to bear an extraordinary resemblance to her dead sister, took the stand.

With self-possession, the girl identified a braid of artificial hair which was her sister's, the underclothing, that she knew by its texture, jewelry that Ruth wore, and lastly, what was a surprise to the defense, a seal ring, engraved with Ruth Wheeler's initials and found on the body. The prosecution will contend that this clinches beyond doubt, the previous identification, which it had been thought the defense would attempt to overthrow.

Nor did Adelaide Wheeler falter, when she told how she knew the dismembered body of her sister, though the arms and legs were missing, by the lines of the bust, the contour of the skull and the perfect teeth. It was too much for the mother, who fainted and had to be carried from the court room, but the sister went bravely on.

Objections from Wolter's counsel, were constant and as constantly over-ruled. His cross-examinations were aggressive, but brief and they shook none of the witnesses. There was no indication of what the defense will be. The audience today was rather more mixed than heretofore. Twenty or more women a couple of clergymen, and perhaps 200 laymen succeeded in getting by the guards, but hundreds more were turned aside.

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Of course, I know just what you are.
I saw you with a burlesque show—
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