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A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

By Hudson Douglas

(Continued)

His half-formed purpose crystallized, assumed concrete shape. He must find her again at all costs. By eight o'clock he had O'Ferral, only half awake, on the 'phone, and immediately after breakfast presented himself, with a most efficacious card from his friend, at a spacious show-room on Broadway. He promptly possessed himself, on approval, of a high-powered and no less high-priced modern model of all that an automobile should be.

Then, as soon as he could get in touch with O'Ferral again, he had insisted on taking him out for a trial spin.

The correspondent had his own manifold affairs to attend to, but he had also a noteworthy knack of combining pleasure with business. By a curious coincidence he was called to Rockaway Beach, if Quantance could carry him thither, and back to the Cornucopia Club, it would be quite convenient to join him. Quantance could Quantance picked him up at Thirty-fourth street from the Third Avenue L. They crossed the ferry together, and headed by the way of Jamaica to Lynbrook, then back through Park Row and Avenue to the beach, where they drew up at the Inn, alighted refreshed themselves, and strolled towards the shore.

They turned slowly along the boardwalk, discussing the points and performance of Quantance's purchase, and, these all disposed of returned to the topic uppermost in that gentleman's mind, a topic which had already been touched upon at frequent intervals.

"I wish I had got a better view of the runabout that girl was driving last night," he remarked. "I don't believe I'd know it again unless she were in it herself."

"I should," answered his companion, a quick understanding smile wrinkling his thin face. "It was a Cadillac, two-seated, model Q, '06, lacquered in olive-green without relief, dark canvas Cape-cart hood, three head lamps. Most of the brasswork had been coated over, to save cleaning. The only thing I couldn't get a line on was the number—but it was too thick with rust."

"You're a marvel," said Quantance approvingly. "When special correspondence becomes a lost art, you ought to get good pay as a detective. I couldn't have told it off so concisely even if I had seen the car. How did you manage to notice so much in such a short time, eh?"

"The faculty of observation," retorted his friend. "In my trade one has to be as quick as a snapshot and accurate as an adding machine at the same time. I'd have been dead and buried a long time ago if I hadn't learned the trick young. And, besides, I had a good look at the thing."

"I'll give you another bit of my mind if you like, Steve. I've figured it out backwards and by deduction, but I'll let you have it right end up. You remember the satisfied Frenchman?"

"I do," said Quantance concisely.

"And a cheap-looking car we passed just outside the dock gates in Long Island City?"

"I didn't notice it particularly."

"Well, the Frenchman was with it. He followed us down here. He's close to us at this moment."

"Where?" asked Quantance eagerly.

"Keep cool," requested O'Ferral, gripping him by the arm as he would have turned. "Be more circumspect, confound you. What do you want to do?"

"I want to spread him to the four winds," confessed his companion. "I want to feed the fishes with him. Last night I offered the girl a seat when he left her standing while he was away wrangling with a waiter about ten cents. When he came back he gave me a scowl that would have earned him a broken neck then if she hadn't been looking on. Let me have just a couple of words with him, and I'll be as circumspect as an oyster."

"What you're going to do at present is to ignore him," O'Ferral explained peremptorily.

"And the reason why," he continued, as Quantance reluctantly fell into step with him again, "is that we want to find out first what his little game is. It's my belief that he's out after the girl too, and, if she's anywhere in this neighborhood, we'll let him find her for us. I have an idea that he thinks you know a good deal more

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

DOES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE

DR. 23 THE PRO

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



A SPRING SUIT OF BLUE SERGE.

Faded cadet—one of the smartest of the new Paris colorings—was used for this attractive little serge suit, a very authoritative Easter model. The coat has a deep waistcoat front and is collarless, a turned down-collar of white lingerie stuff forming a dainty finish at the neck. The side trimming of the skirt is a feature of late Paris models, many of the new French suits having side openings on the skirt, the back and front being kept quite flat on effect. The wearer of this suit carries one of the new 16-rib parasols, with the very long handle topped with a queer Chinese bird.

CASTRO CARRIED BY POLICE FROM HIS BED TO A SHIP

Former Ruler of Venezuela is Ignominiously Expelled From Martinique

Fort De France, April 10.—Cipriano Castro, president of Venezuela, was tonight ignominiously expelled from the island of Martinique by the French government. He protested to the last against his expulsion, but his protests were in vain. He is now on board the French line steamship Versailles bound for St. Nazaire.

Official notice was served on Castro this morning of the decision of the French government that he must leave the island within nine hours from the receipt of this notice and that the commissary of police at Fort de France had been charged with the execution of the order. The ex-president was furious with indignation and strove throughout the day to find some excuse that would be satisfactory to the colonial government whereby he would not be compelled to obey the order.

To this end late this afternoon he summoned a lawyer and physician to certify that he was unable to leave the country.

The governor of Martinique and the public prosecutor, however, refused an extension of time and about 2 o'clock the commissary of police, accompanied by a large force of gendarmes proceeded to the hotel where Castro was stopping for the purpose of removing him, forcibly if necessary, to the steamer.

The governor created a great sensation and long before the police made their appearance at the hotel crowds had gathered which later were joined by the consuls representing the various foreign powers, who showed great interest in the expulsion of what one of them termed "the common enemy of peace."

Castro, who during his few days at Fort de France has had very little to do with anybody, locked himself in his room, in company with his brother Carmelo and his secretary, and for a time refused to reply to the summons of the police official. The police hesitated to break in the door and finally decided to submit the matter again to Governor Fourcaud. The governor absolutely refused to sanction any delay and ordered that Castro be removed at once by force of arms. He also gave orders that the Versailles remain in port until Castro could be put aboard.

It became necessary for the police and gendarmes to take rigid measures to hold in check the crowds that had by this time become riotous outside the hotel.

The ex-president rallied against the French government and the local authorities, denouncing them for forcing upon him the alternative of deportation or imprisonment for six months. He declared that he would not budge and that it would be necessary to take him on board the steamer on a stretcher.

This the commissary of police, who finally entered Castro's room with an escort of gendarmes, prepared to do, but Castro's lawyer took steps to find the chief justice and at the very last moment the governor and public prosecutor decided to have another medical examination made.

Accordingly, a medical commission, composed of Drs. Bouvier, Costet and Barbe, proceeded with the examination in order to establish if Castro's health was such that he could make the voyage.

The consultation continued for more than half an hour and they agreed that physical condition of the ex-president would not be jeopardized by his removal to the steamer and the return voyage across the ocean.

Professor Ricci, however, who was a passenger with Castro on the Gaudaloupe on the trip from Bordeaux to this port, was the original authority for the statement that during the voyage the wound resulting from the operation on Castro in Germany, had shown signs of suppuration but the final examination of the physicians this evening seemed to indicate that the former president is in quite healthy condition as when he left France on March 20 last.

At 8.30 the force of gendarmes went to Castro's rooms and he was placed on a

INFLUENZA COMING FROM EUROPE

If a Wave of This Disease Sweeps Over Canada, Thousands Will Die.

Be prepared—now is the time—today you should commence to protect yourself.

Influenza or La Grippe invariably seizes upon those who have coughs, colds and sore throats.

An important Montreal physician states that the epidemic can be minimized if the people will only guard their colds—stop them before they grow large. Nothing better for the purpose is known than "Nerviline," taken in hot water three or four times during the day and just before retiring. Nerviline will cure you cold.

In connection with the above warning the story of Mr. Ernest E. Eckhart, of Augusta, will serve to illustrate how valuable Nerviline is. "Early in the winter I contracted a stubborn cold and until it grew severe I did little for it. When I saw I was in for an old-fashioned attack of influenza, I went to the drug store and got a large 25 cent bottle of Nerviline and a Nerviline Porous Plaster. I rubbed my back, throat and chest three times with the Nerviline and then put the Nerviline Porous Plaster over a very sore congested spot on my chest. Before retiring I took half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in hot sweetened water; next morning I was like a new man—that throbbing headache, the burning fever, the sensation of choking and tightness in my chest and throat had disappeared. There was no ringing in my ears, no fever left, and not a trace of a cold."

This is but one instance of thousands of cures from Nerviline which has no equal in curing all winter ills such as croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, lumbago, neuritis or rheumatism. Safe, sure and certain—that's Nerviline—refuse any substitute. Sold by all dealers.

SCHR. ANNIE A. BOOTH STILL HARD AGROUND

Revenue Cutters Tried in Vain to Float St. John Schooner Yesterday

Chatham, Mass., April 11.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to float the schooner Annie A. Booth, Captain Melvin, of Boston, which struck on the Nauset beach yesterday, while on her way from St. John to Fall River, with a cargo of lumber. The revenue cutter Gresham pulled on the schooner for over an hour at high water this afternoon but could not start her. Half of the deckload was removed today and, in hopes of floating the vessel tomorrow afternoon, more of the cargo will be taken ashore.

The Gresham sailed northward late today. The crew of the schooner still remains aboard.

The Irish Literary and Benevolent Society, in celebration of their 25th anniversary, will have a social time in Keith's assembly rooms tonight, beginning at 8.15 o'clock. A programme of seventeen dances will be arranged and supper will be served about midnight.

SIX PERASH IN FIRE IN LENOX, MASS.

Four Business Blocks Burned and \$200,000 Damage Done—Explosion Cut Off Escape of Inmates

Lenox, Mass., April 11.—Six people lost their lives, three others were badly burned, and property loss of between \$200,000 and \$300,000 was caused in a fire in the heart of the business section in this town early today. Four business blocks, two dwellings and two other structures were destroyed in a section bounded by Franklin, Main, Houston and Church streets. The fire is believed to have started in the Clifford building from spontaneous combustion.

Edward C. Ventres, aged forty-one years, electrician.

Mrs. Edward C. Ventres, aged thirty-five.

Miss Leslie Ventres, aged twelve.

Miss Alice French, aged forty-one, book-keeper.

Miss Isabel Cook, aged forty, book-keeper.

Miss Mary Sparks, aged twenty-six, school teacher.

Mrs. Catherine Root, and her two sons, George Root and Arthur Root, all burned about face, hands and neck.

Mahanna building, owned by Wm. Mahanna, \$25,000.

Wm. B. Bell building, and owner's plumbing shop, \$35,000.

Clifford building, \$20,000.

James Clifford & Sons, hardware, \$20,000.

Murray A. Brown, grocer, \$10,000.

Eddy building, Chas. Eddy estate, \$15,000.

John Cutwood, plumber, \$10,000.

Frank Morrier, department store, \$12,000.

James Cassidy, druggist, \$10,000.

Joseph Regnier, residence, \$3,000.

Mrs. Rose Colbert, residence, \$6,000.

Frankwick blacksmith shop, \$2,500.

Eugene Talmage, ice stack, and smaller structures, \$3,500.

The residences of Mrs. Theodore Cowhig and B. H. Rogers, both on Main street, with some adjoining structures, were badly damaged but not destroyed.

A fortunate shift of wind from the northwest to the southwest saved the public library and the fashionable Curtis hotel, where there were several parties from New York and Boston, from the flames.

The loss of life occurred in the Clifford building, in the basement of which the blaze started, and resulted primarily from a series of explosions among the turpentine, paints, oils and dynamite stored in the cellar of the James Clifford & Sons Company, hardware dealers. Lenox has only a small unorganized fire department, and a fire called from Pittsfield, Lenoxdale and Lee.

PORTLAND, ME., HAS DOUBLE TRAGEDY

Man and His Young Bride Found in a Room Shot to Death—Husband Killed His Wife and Himself

Portland, Me., April 11.—In the midst of preparations for a joyous Easter feast, the bodies of Samuel Kline, twenty-five years old, and his bride of three weeks, Ida Branz Kline, twenty-one years, were found dead, from bullet wounds, on the floor of their room at 142 Hancock street by the girl's aunt and cousin, Mrs. David Branz and Abraham Branz. While Coroner James A. Martin decided that it was a case of murder against the bride, he did not note which of the victims did the shooting.

The cause of the crime is not known. The couple had been unhappy together for the past two weeks, it is said, and the theories of the relatives of the young couple conflict as to whether a dispute over money matters or the bride's accusation against her husband that he had another wife in New York was responsible.

The bride and groom had been dead for several hours before their bodies were discovered. The door with a key from Ida Branz Kline, twenty-one years, was found open. When she was found, she was lying on the floor, her head against the wall, and her hands were folded across her breast and it was believed by some that this might have been done by her husband, thus hinting that he had done the shooting.

Within a few feet of Mrs. Kline's body was her husband's body, partially dressed as if he had thrown himself down to sleep without removing all his clothing. In the young bride's forehead were two bullet wounds, where two bullets from a 22-calibre revolver, nearly had penetrated the brain. From the same revolver a bullet had entered the right temple of Mr. Kline and fractured the skull.

Efforts to learn the cause of the shooting brought out conflicting theories. Mrs. Kline's father, Jacob Branz, died about six months ago, leaving considerable money. Kline, however, learned after the death of his father-in-law that the man had married the second time and left four children by his second marriage, which thus cut down Mrs. Kline's share of the inheritance more than had been expected. Quarrels over this fact, it is said, may have caused the shooting.

On the other hand, it is said that Mrs. Kline had suspicions that her husband had another wife in New York city, and some of the girl's relatives claim that Kline might have done the shooting while enraged at the girl's accusations. Kline came here from New York several months ago and with another man had gone into the bottling business on Portland street, under the firm name of Brown & Kline.

Today's tragedies make the second murder and suicide of a young married couple in Maine within three days. Herbert Nottage, aged thirty years, shot and fatally wounded his wife Lucinda, aged twenty years, at Bingham, and later shot and killed himself to avoid capture by a posse who had trailed him all night through the snow-encumbered woods.

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58 Water Street

Mr. A. Goodfellow on "Office Interruptions."

You been having many of these hot-air artists in your office lately?" asked Mr. A. Goodfellow, as he hit the end of a black cigar after his noonday repast in a "Quick and Dirty" and strolled along officeward. "We've been over-run with 'em. Regular epidemic. One right after another—and each sicker than the last. Say aren't they the smooth bunch, though? Talk about your line of brownstone-front talk—it come from me, those chaps have got the market cornered on it. And once you give 'em a start you can't get 'em back with anything less than a writ of habeas corpus."

"You know how they come in on you—those 'office interruptions'—with anything from a subscription to a weekly magazine to a box of pink paste that'll do everything from cleaning up gross spots to whitening the teeth. Most of the boys call 'em nuisances—but not yours truly, no, sir! But it all depends on the 'front' they throw. When they enter meek and hesitating, with their business tucked under their arm in plain sight—then I give 'em the 23 sign on a hurry call. But let 'em come in, smart and brisk and up to the mark, with a dignity and aplomb that, you think, a book agent or a peddler never could have—then it's me for 'em every time!"

"I've been keeping tab this week on their different methods of attack, so to speak. Only yesterday the door opened and a white-haired old chap stepped quietly and impressively in. I was busy at the time and the old fellow just waited, patiently, but not apologetically, until I had finished. Then he stepped up to me and handed out: 'There's a matter, Mr. Goodfellow, that I should have brought to your attention sometime ago, but stress of business and a painful attack of the gout has delayed me.' There sat I giving him my closest attention and trying to figure out which one of the shareholders in the company he was."

"I am sorry, indeed, sir," the old boy continued, "that I could not see you sooner, and I must crave your indulgence. But you know—better late than never. That old adage holds true, Mr. Goodfellow, in every case except—accident insurance! You never can tell, you—"

"Well, he had me fairly hanging on his words before he let the cat out of the bag. It took me exactly twenty-two minutes to convince him of my firm belief that any accident I might suffer would be fatal, in any case, and the consequent 'relief' of no use to me whatever."

"Just about an hour after that a brusque, well-dressed young chap entered and asked to see Mr. Barnstorm. I informed him that there was no man in the office by the name of Barnstorm. He expressed his regret and asked if I knew where the aforesaid Barnstorm had moved. Then he went on to tell how this Barnstorm had always been interested in art—in fact, was a regular patron of the trade, so to speak. Perhaps I would be interested in seeing a few of the samples he had brought for Mr. Barnstorm's inspection. They were not for sale—but wouldn't I like to see 'em. He left the room for a minute and returned with one of those portfolios big enough to cover one side of the wall in the average

Your Advt. Here

Will be read by thousands every day

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



HER EASTER HAT.

Though Grace is haughty and puts on airs, She is over her ears in debt; Yes, "over her ears," for I have just heard Her Easter hat's not paid for yet.

Find her husband.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.
Left side down in figure.