

A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

By Hudson Douglas

(Continued)
CHAPTER XIII.

WHY A MILLIONAIRE SHOOK THE HOTEL DU PALAIS.

"So that's his game, is it?" snapped Dirck Arendsen, flinging down with contemptuous gesture the cable message which he had found on his desk when he entered the dingy Duane street office at half-past nine one comfortable, drizzling morning.

"The girl's left Paris, and he must have more money. At once, too!" He threw off his wet overcoat, sat down and was silent for some time, his face growing ever blacker.

"What a fool he is! What a chance he's throwing away through his cursed folly! And my chance, too, just as much as his. I thought—but, no matter. Paris has been too much for him. And now he imagines he's got me roped fast to grubstake him to a finish!"

His beard and moustache were bristling with rage. His eyes blazed.

"I'll stake him. I'll stake him so that he won't move hand or foot when I've done with him."

"Wulf! Wulf! Are you there, Wulf?"

Run round to Rischoff's and tell them to send me a ticket for Paris. Yes, Paris, first-class, lowest rate, by the very first boat. Find out when I must be on board.

Twenty-four hours later he set out on Seager's track, and for six long days at sea did his wrath ferment. Bottled up, it acquired a still more dangerous heat. He counted the hours, and while they slipped away in an enforced idleness, and ground his teeth every time he heard a clock tick. He knew to a minute when the period of grace allowed by Miles Quintance's will would expire.

He was in no pleasant humor, therefore, when he reached the Hotel du Palais, and it was perhaps just as well for himself and Dominic Seager that the latter was not at hand when the irate traveler arrived.

Arendsen left his cab at the curb and asked snappishly the bureau for the number of his confederate's room. With the intention of taking him unawares there, and then swore at the clerk on the score of his slowness in furnishing the information required. It was not until he had been waiting for half an hour, and still owed a lengthy score there, that he came to the door of the room.

"If Monsieur will be so good as to settle that," suggested the clerk, turning the other's angry eagerness to his own employer's advantage. "I shall be happy to tell him how he may perhaps find his friend."

"And if not?" asked Arendsen, struck by the impudence of the proposal.

The man shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "If not," he returned, "it may be concluded that the gentleman is no friend of Monsieur's."

Situated as he was, Arendsen had no option but to accept his offer.

"Make out the receipt," he growled. "I'll pay. And where shall I seek the debtor?"

The good clerk took good care to have the transaction completed to his own liking ere parting with news of such consequence, and, having first counted carefully the notes handed him, locked them away.

"Monsieur's friend has come here once or twice since he left, to inquire for a cablegram he expects," he said quietly.

"It seems that, when it arrives, he will settle his bill and then sue the Hotel du Palais for damages on the ground of wrongful ejection. He will doubtless, therefore, return, and, if Monsieur cares to await him—"

"But I may have to wait for days," Arendsen objected, his heart full of bitterness as he remembered how few of these there were left before all those millions shall fall into the clutches of charity.

The clerk once more shrugged his shoulders.

"I know of no better way," he remarked.

Arendsen could cheerfully have strangled him at that moment, and he was almost on the point of explosion, and he had to adopt a more peaceful policy.

"You may give me a room, if you have one available," he said abruptly, conscious that he had been outwitted at all points by the astute Parisian, and if this—this—should turn up, you'll find means to detain him until you can get word to me."

"Gladly, Monsieur. That will not be difficult."

"Don't tell him I'm here, remember. Say that there is some word for him, and send for me instantly."

"Monsieur's orders will be observed. Number fifty-six Jean-Marie! Conduct Monsieur to number fifty-six. Felix! Monsieur's baggage to the ascenseur."

When Arendsen got to his room he was almost on the point of explosion. He had never doubted that he would find Seager anxiously waiting him, but, instead, he found him lacking all object on which to expend his concentrated rage and resentment. It would be doubly hard now to sit there wasting precious time and its irredeemable opportunities.

But there was no other course to be thought of. It would be idle to seek that prodigal throughout the city. He must stick to his position with all the patience he might, and trust that the wanderer would return before it should be too late.

"I'll see this thing through to the bitter end," said Arendsen savagely, and, having donned the new suit he had bought before leaving New York, and had his hair and beard trimmed to a less piratical aspect, established himself in an inconspicuous corner of the vestibule with a cigar and a bundle of comic papers, outwardly at his ease but inwardly smoldering like a volcano.

The day passed uneventfully, its monotony only varied by meals for which he had no appetite, and, when he went up

stairs again at a late hour, his sullen rage was still mounting steadily. Twelve more hours had gone by, and by so much his chances of a great fortune diminished. The thought of that had become an obsession to him.

On the following morning he rose unrefreshed after a sleepless night and took up his station immediately he had breakfasted; a needless precaution at that hour since he was quite well aware that Seager's nocturnal habits were not such as might conduce to early rising. He meant to run no risk of missing his man, however, and staid there, a statue of vengeance, all that day and the next again, always at the same spot, impervious to the curious glances bestowed on him.

It would have suited his mood much better to take some active measures, to scour the kennels from gate to gate in search of the errant Seager. But, even as he had once told the bungler of his own and other men's chances in life, he could be very patient. It was by virtue of such a quality, as well as others less admirable, that he had risen, or fallen if you prefer it, from the status of an underpaid master in the mercantile marine to that of a more or less wealthy dealer in what he called hardware, while others would have described his occupation as that of illicit trader in weapons and ammunitions of war.

It takes a man of cold courage and nerve to follow any such dangerous calling successfully, and he had not altogether failed in it. Few people had found it pleasant to stand in his light, and one at least who had done so had finished up in the North River, not very far from Duane street, with a hole through his head which had greatly puzzled the police who picked up the body.

In short, Dirck Arendsen was an absolutely unscrupulous scoundrel, and it would surely go ill with Seager when he should come within reach of his pursuer.

On the fifth afternoon of the funing, the watchman's seemingly endless ambush, Seager walked carelessly into the vestibule of the Hotel du Palais.

He did not see Arendsen, and Arendsen did not spring from his seat at the sight of him. The big, black-bearded man stayed still where he was, watching his unconscious accomplice swagger up to the bureau, smiling sardonically as he saw the clerk point toward him in mute reply to Seager's assertive inquiry. But if he had hoped that the other would show any sign of dismay over his presence, he was doomed to quick disappointment, for Seager gave him back a look as black as his own when his eyes met, and bore down on him like a thunder-cloud.

That sufferer from a supposed friend's disloyalty, though the situation ought to be a nice one, and the conclusion to which he had come since Arendsen had not replied to his urgent message was now proved correct. It was in the expectation of seeing Black Dirck in Paris that he had taken a wretched existence of late, rather than take any desperate steps to ward a return to New York. He felt hot in such sorry plight, and his opening speech took the wind out of Arendsen's sails.

"Curse you!" he began in a low, tense tone as he threw himself into a chair, and, alongside his treacherous ally, while the clerk looked on half relieved and half disappointed that there had been no such disturbance as promised.

"Curse you, Arendsen! Why didn't you reply to my wire? You've let me down in a nice hole here, and the girl's in New York. There's only a week of the year left now, and we may be too late after all, owing to your infernal folly. What was the use of sinking over here after me? I gave you the straight tip, but you're such a crook that you couldn't take it for that, I suppose. You're robbing me that's what you're doing, and cutting off your nose to spite your damned ugly face."

Arendsen eyed him evilly, but heard him out in silence, too much taken aback by the other's belief in the grievance was all on his side, to break in.

"What have you done with all the money I gave you?" he hissed through set teeth as the other concluded, but Seager glared all the more fiercely at him and renewed his complaint.

"Curse you and the money you gave me! Can't you get it into your thick skull that it's millions we're after. Is this any time to haggle about a handful of small change! I tell you, Arendsen, if we fall down now, I'll hold you responsible. I'll see you in the ground floor, and first thing I know you go back on me, at the most critical moment. Why didn't you cable me the price of a passage? Would that have cost you a cent more than coming across? What good have you done by coming? Answer me that, you crook!"

He was so thoroughly convinced of the correctness of his own viewpoint that Arendsen was somewhat staggered. It was impossible to controvert his arguments to the effect that distrust of his honesty and motives had cost them days, irredeemable. And Seager's obvious belief in his own blamelessness had also disconcerted him. A thousand dollars was certainly a small sum in comparison with the prize they aspired to. It was no time for profiles and disputes. Arendsen recognized that fact and acted on it, sinking all his own pent up animosity in favor of a final effort toward success.

"Tell me what you found out about the girl," he ordered briefly.

"Buy me a brandy-and-soda first," Seager snapped. "I've been living on hush since my money went, and that was a good many days ago—though I don't suppose you care about that. You must give me a square deal from now onwards. Arendsen, and don't you forget, my friend, that I'm kingpin in this game. You needn't suppose that you can treat me like a dog because you've got a few dollars."

Arendsen patiently complied with his requirement, and Seager, having first drunk off the liquor, told him in few words what he had been able to learn from the two old maids in the Avenue Marceau.

"And now comes the sore point," he said indignantly, "the point where you ought to have backed me up to your last penny. The girls in New York, as I told you, whatever she's doing there. And I met her, without knowing who she was, the night before I called on you in Duane street."

Arendsen stared at him half incredulously. "No, I'm not making any mistake. I know what I'm talking about. I spent half an hour in her company—and she'll know me again, too, I think."

"I met her on my way to Manhattan from Long Beach. I went to stop when I landed from Africa in case you should run across me before I had made up my mind."

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



RIBBON TRIMMED HAT FOR SCHOOLGIRL.

The simple straw hat neatly and smartly trimmed with ribbon makes the prettiest spring headgear for the young girl. Spring topcoats or refecters of light striped or checked serge are accompanied by natural colored straw hats trimmed with ribbon in the color of the coat stripes or checks. This hat is a drooping brimmed sailor on mushroom lines, and around the crown are arranged even loops of wide, soft satin ribbon, a full bow being placed directly across the back of the hat.

SOME QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE WHICH ARE WHOLLY UNKNOWN

Vast Countries in Various Parts of the World Still Remain to Be Explored—All Have Their Dangers—Africa, Thibet, South America and New Guinea Offer Large Tracts to Those Who Care to Come

It is odd that so much fuss is made about the North and South Poles, as if they were the only places on this globe that man cannot reach. There is still enough unexplored land in the world to make a new continent if lumped together. For instance, within ten days' journey from London by modern express routes there is a tract of country the size of Germany, France and Holland combined, and as unknown as the mountains of the moon. It occupies nearly the whole of Central Southern Arabia, says London Answers.

This pleasing district is known as the Dakhla, or the "Dwelling of the Void," and consists of what Lord Salisbury once politely referred to as "chiefly light soil," when he was speaking of the French possessions in Africa. It is a mighty waste of sand, with not a single river—as far as can be judged—in over 400,000 square miles.

Compared with this country, the Sahara is a pleasant and fruitful tract. It defies even the Arab and the camel. It is unlikely that the whole 400,000 square miles is worth a ten-penny note. However, a plucky Englishman, Mr. Bury, is preparing to make an attempt to penetrate into the interior this year.

Another wholly unknown tract of country—that is likely to show its future explorers more profit than the last mentioned—is to be found in Thibet, along the Lower Brahmaputra, and is about the size of the United Kingdom. Of course, Central Thibet, Lhasa, and so forth are mere "tripper" districts now since the British expedition to the Secret City. But the southeastern part of the country has not been explored, and is a vast tract of the newspapers, however, "an adventurous Englishman, carrying his life in his hands," is now starting to try his luck in the district.

It seems quaint that any part of the British Empire should remain untraversed by white men. Indeed, it is necessary to rush the next item into print in order to include it; for, although unexplored at present, it will not be much longer. No less than three expeditions are starting to penetrate unknown parts of New Guinea, but up to now nothing can be recorded about the district, except by guesswork, and any surprise may await explorers.

The coast is comparatively civilized, and the British portion is administered by the Government of the Crown. The interior, too, are well known—so much so that the birds of paradise which once swarmed in one or two tracts have been nearly exterminated by collectors employed by Paris and London millinery firms.

Large portions of the interior, however, are still jealously preserved by families who dine for choice upon each other. In spite of this the whole island is divided between the British, German and Dutch nations.

A "SCANDAL" EXPLODED

Answer to Query About E. S. Carter's Alleged Activity in St. John Civic Election

Ottawa, April 28.—Among the questions asked in the house of commons this afternoon was a number by Dr. Daniel relating to the nature of employment of E. S. Carter, and if the government was aware that he had spent a considerable time in St. John in connection with civic elections.

The reply of the government was that Mr. Carter was temporarily employed in secretarial capacity and that he was absent for a few days after Easter vacation, but Mr. Carter stated he had taken no active part in the civic elections, being in St. John but three days during the election.

Mr. Carter, who returned to Ottawa some days ago, said a rumor was published in St. John that an employee of the house of commons had been there for the purpose

of getting candidates to run against certain aldermen. As a matter of fact, the names of all the candidates who ran were announced in the St. John papers before he left Ottawa, for the Easter recess. During the week between nomination and election he made trips to Moncton, Sussex, and other parts of Kings county. While naturally interested in the success of his personal friends, who were candidates, he took no active part in the election, not being near the polls on election day.

The public buy "Salada" not alone for its superior flavor and eating qualities, but because they know it to be absolutely clean and healthful, without the contamination of human handling.

The price of bread has soared in Calgary. Fourteen in place of sixteen one and a half pound loaves are sold for one dollar.

A deadly epidemic of glanders is working havoc among the horses on the Indian reserve near Fort Alexander.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" that is
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Cough in 2 Days
on every box. 25c

BALSAMIC ESSENCES

Make Wonderful Cure for Catarrh, Colds, Bronchitis, Throat Weakness.

To cure an ailment in the throat or chest, to rout out Catarrh or Asthma, it is essential that the medicine be conveyed direct to the affected parts. This is why no other remedy has achieved such worldwide success as Catarrhose, which alone can be breathed in one second to every air cell in the breathing organs. The healing vapors of Catarrhose mix with the breath and descend through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, to the deepest air cells in the lungs—all parts are saturated with the rich piney essences that ease, heal and cure.

Catarrhose has entirely displaced the old-fashioned remedies, such as cough syrups, sprays, tablets, and sedative powders. It contains none of the opium, chloral and drowsy narcotics, so commonly found in liquid cough and catarrh remedies.

The extraordinary curative power of Catarrhose is well explained in a letter from A. B. Cowan, the well known restaurateur of Carleton, who writes: "Some time ago I suffered severely from a frightful cold in the head and chest. It was distressing but not dangerous, having headache from morning till night. My nose and throat were so completely stuffed up that I could scarcely breathe. Catarrhose eased the cough instantly, that would not yield even to the doctor's medicines. Hour by hour Catarrhose relaxed and by pursuing its treatment I have been permanently cured of all trace of Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchial Irritation."

Once you try Catarrhose you'll realize how indispensable it is—the large size contains an indestructible hard rubber inhaler and sufficient medication to last two months. Smaller trial sizes 25c. and 50c. Beware of the substitutor and imitators of Catarrhose—use the genuine and you'll get cured. By mail from the Catarrhose Company, Kingston, Ont.

WHO IS MRS. HAYWOOD?

Information Sought About Relatives of Mrs. C. L. Haywood Who Once Lived in St. John

If anyone can supply any information of relatives of Mrs. Colin L. Haywood, of Slottsburg (N. Y.), formerly of St. John, it will be received by her very thankfully.

Mrs. Slottsburg gives the following information, all she has been able to learn about her family: "My father's name was John Lester or Luster. I have a brother by the same name, also a sister Annie."



Mrs. Colin L. Haywood.

I was taken from St. John (N. B.), to P. E. Island about twenty-four years ago, by Miss Eliza Weatherall, who died about eight years ago. I was taken there, then, and a half year old, my brother five, and my sister nine. My mother's name was Miss Knowlton before she was married. All attended the Episcopal church, if any.

My foster mother brought me up as her own child, and I knew no difference until I had grown up, then she told me. By that time even she had lost all recollection of the little she had ever known of my relatives. She, too, is dead.

Therefore I am not certain of having all the names correctly. I enclose my photograph by which I might be recognized by some person concerned."

Mrs. Haywood's address is: Mrs. Colin L. Haywood, Slottsburg, Rockland County, N. Y. P. O. Box 144.

NO WOMAN

CAN BE STRONG AND HEALTHY UNLESS THE KIDNEYS ARE WELL.

When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to filter out of the blood are left in the system. Then how important it must be to see to it that this system of sewerage be not clogged up. Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble know not the misery and suffering which those afflicted undergo.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a specific for all kidney troubles. They begin by healing the delicate membranes of the kidneys and thus make their action regular and natural. They help the kidneys to flush off the acid and poisonous impurities which have collected, thus clearing out the kidneys, bladder and all the urinary passages.

Doan's Kidney Pills are entirely vegetable, and may be safely taken by young and old.

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others, that is, cure you.

Mrs. M. Bryant, Spring Valley, P. E. I., writes: "I was troubled with my kidneys for two years. They were so bad at times I could not cross the floor for the pain. I tried a doctor but he did me no good at all. I sent to my nearest druggist and got four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and I am glad to say that after taking them I have had no more trouble for nearly three years now."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering specify "Doan's."

At a meeting of the bills and bye-laws committee yesterday afternoon, after hearing representatives of the Kennel Club and others on the question of the dog tax it was decided to recommend the council to reduce the license to \$1 for dogs and \$2 for bitches. The other provisions in the proposed bye-law remain unchanged.

The question of charging a license on bill boards and bill posters was discussed and left to a committee to report to the council. Ald. Pickett presided and there was a full attendance, with the common clerk.

SPECIALLY PRICED AT \$1.00

NO 273



A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girdle top, with those of the medium long hip corset.

Produces lines of exquisite shape and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure. Made of imported figural, rust-proof boning through, one of the best sellers ever made.

On sale at your dealer, if not, write for Descriptive Circular.

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Special Attention Given to the Repairing and Adjusting of High Grade Watches

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Diamond Importers and Jewelers
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THE DEVIL TREE OF OLD MEXICO

It is the Most Fearsome Plant of the Vegetable Kingdom and Devours Birds and Animals Like a Wild Beast

Wonderful indeed are the things of nature which scientific research and exploration are bringing to light. One of the most wonderful, and undoubtedly the most terrible of all the things which have been discovered, at least so far as the vegetable kingdom is concerned is a tree commonly known among botanists as the "devil tree." Strange though it may seem, this tree devours living creatures, such as birds, small wild animals and in a few instances, if reports of explorers are to be believed, even man.

When it is full grown the devil tree, which is shaped like a huge pineapple, is from 12 to 15 feet high and measures about 12 feet in circumference at its base. The leaves, which are from 15 to 18 inches wide and nearly 20 inches thick, are of a dark greenish color and hang from the top of the tree, their tips touching the ground, giving the whole tree the appearance of a closed umbrella. Just above the portion of the trunk where the leaves shoot out are two round disks growing one over the other. From these disks a sweet juice is constantly exuding.

It is this juice that lures the victims to the tree. One drop is said to be sufficient to cause immediate intoxication.

Around these plates, or disks, are set long, green tendrils, resembling the long arms of the cuttlefish. When inactive, as they always are unless disturbed by the touch of a foreign body, the tendrils hang limply toward the ground, to all appearances as harmless as the ivy which clings to the oak. But let any living creature, a bird, mouse, or whatever it may be, but come in contact with them, instantly these long snake-like arms are set in motion and before the victim has time to get away, the tendrils have already fastened on to him and become entangled and firmly held.

But this is not the only action which takes place while the tendrils are holding the victim in their grasp. No sooner is the creature caught within the snare than the great, board-like leaves begin to rise until at last they stand upright, forming a mighty press. Little by little the life is crushed out of the victim. Still the pressure increases, causing the body to be ground into a pulp. Then it is the purpose of the tree is accomplished.

As one might think the body from crushed fruit, so this terrible monster of the vegetable world, through the suckers that cover the long tendrils, gathers up the crushed mass of its victim.

As long as there is a particle of the creature's body left upon which to feed, the leaves remain in their upright position, but the moment the suckers have finished their work and there is no longer any

thing but bones and feathers, if a bird be its prey, the leaves relax and fall back to their original position, permitting what is left in their grasp to drop back to the ground at the base of the tree. It was in these piles of bones that a skeleton of a human being was found, thus showing how powerful are the leaves of this fiendish tree.

The devil tree, so far as is known at the present time, is found only in the Island of Sumatra, in Australia, and in Mexico. The one which was discovered in Mexico, only a short time ago, impressed upon the botanist who found it that all he had read as to the habits of this species of tree was true. After watching it for a number of days and seeing it devour a large bird, he thought that for a personal experiment he would touch one of the tendrils. Much to his surprise he found that before his finger could be withdrawn the tip of this one tendril the other arms were reaching out as far as possible in an effort to wrap themselves around his body.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Nox Tasteless Liqueur, Drug and Tobacco Cure.

We have yet to hear of one failure to cure where a fair trial has been given. Can be given without the person knowing it, is harmless and absolutely without taste. Mother, sister or wife, you would be doing a great work by giving this remedy to some members of your family. We will mail a full month's treatment for five dollars. The Seobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

CANADA A GREAT COUNTRY

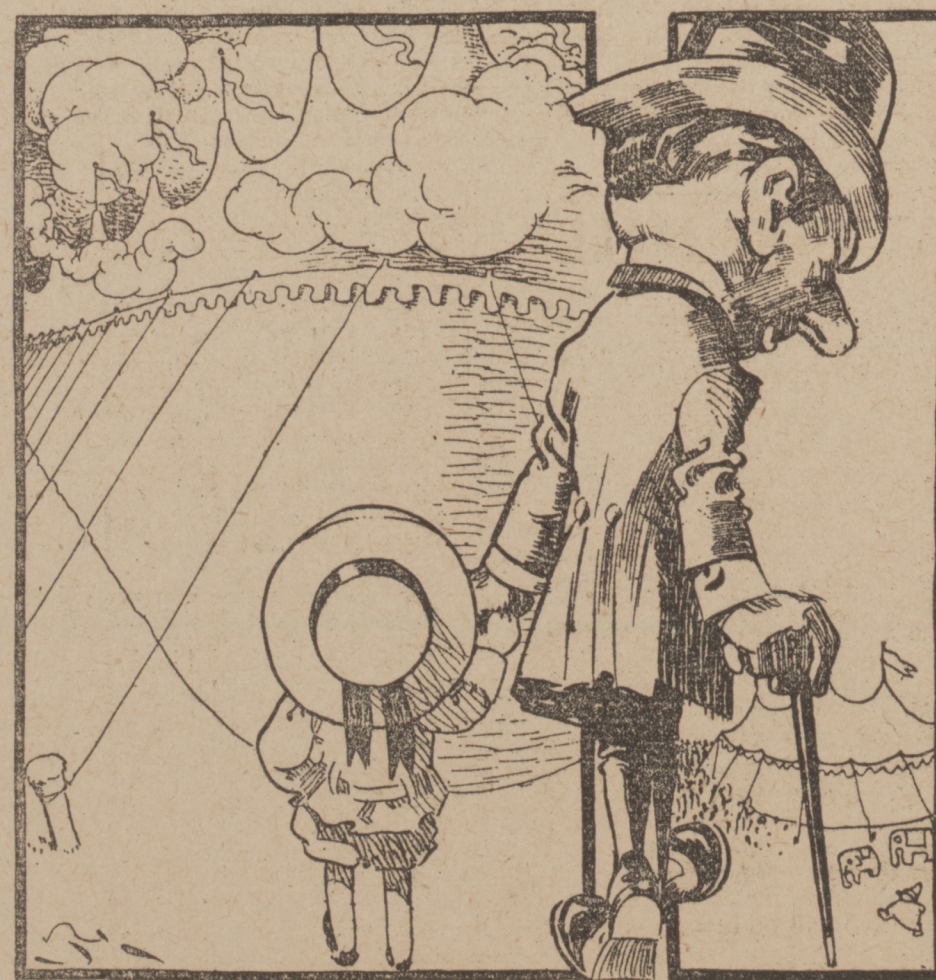
So Reports Commission of Farmers From Scotland

London, April 27.—The Scottish Agricultural Commission, which visited Canada in 1908, has issued their report. It is an excellent analysis of agricultural conditions in Canada. They point out that although Canada suffers from "honest exaggeration," as well as from superabundance of land agents and speculators, on the other hand, it is a country of boundless agricultural possibilities. The commission that no one should farm in Canada until he knows the country, its climatic conditions, and has learned experience as a hired man or otherwise.

Preventives—those Candy Cold Cure Tablets—will safely and quickly check all colds and the Grip. Try them once and sell 4825c. Sold by all druggists.

Vancouver trades and labor council is opposed to giving aid to the British navy. Vancouver gets another college, the Anglican Divinity college from Prince Albert.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



GROWN SMALLER.

The great big three-ring circus. Look very much like toys. Beside the one-ring show they had. When you and I were boys.

Find another boy.

