

The Little Marquis

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"It is perfectly safe, Flo, don't be a ninny."

Miss Cameron went on packing her suitcase placidly.

Over on the windowseat sat Flo, the picture of trouble and foreboding. "It's not all right. You know yourself what Jack told us—not take the Mariposa stage. It's not fifteen miles from the penitentiary, and they haven't caught these men yet. Leslie, I think it's actually selfish of you to insist on the trip just purely because you're starved for adventure."

"Then stay here, and come over the other route Saturday. I'll wait for you at Mariposa."

Flo looked up with a sudden inspiration.

"It's not love of adventure. You're bound to go on this stage because the Marquis is going. I heard him tell you so at dinner last night. Leslie! And you almost engaged to Jack!"

Composedly Leslie finished her packing, closed and locked her suitcase.

"Love of adventure, dear. Surely the Marquis is an adventure all by his loneliness, isn't he?"

Flo started to say something very forcible, but words failed her. She set her teeth, and banged a couple of books into a corner, then rose resolutely, and began her own packing.

They had been traveling west from Denver for the past month, taking the trip by easy stages, over the most picturesque route. At the coast they were to pick up the other members of the party, and his mother, and some cousins from Santa Barbara. They had parted from them at the Springs, and gone on together, as it was their first trip through the west. And then had come the Marquis.

They met him first at Pass Magdalena. He was not as tall as Leslie, nor as handsome as Jack, but there was an indescribable air of distinction about him, of differential courtesy which set him apart from the happy free and easy crowd at the summer hotel on the mountain top. He did not mix with the common crowd of tourists, but had seemed attracted at once to Leslie. The girls had left the Pass with some regret, but at the next stopping place, the Marquis appeared a day after their own arrival.



The Stage Came to a Halt.

That was the night when Leslie had decided to wear her very prettiest gown at dinner, the one she was reserving for Santa Barbara and the Burrows family. It was a lovely violet tinted crepe de chine, and with it, she wore the famous Cameron pearls, the only jewels she had brought west with her. That evening they had met the Marquis. He was most properly presented by stout Mrs. Carle, the senator's wife, who had been in the same party as the girls.

"My dear, he is charming—and a marquis. Absolutely irreproachable, so Stanley tells me. No, Stanley had not met him before today. They became acquainted as men will, you know, and Stanley brought him to me, and he begged to meet you. So there you are. Believe me, his heart lies at your feet."

That was all, except that wherever the girls had traveled thereafter, the Marquis had appeared on their trail.

The stage left the hotel at 7 that morning, and the girls took an outside seat. For miles they rode steadily upward through the mountain pass, and the Marquis sat beside Leslie, talking to her in the slow, interesting way he had. Flo, indignant, and preoccupied, listened. Somehow, she could not like him, and to think of dear, lovely Leslie falling a victim to a title. She wondered what their father would say. If only they could reach Santa Barbara, Jack might be able to turn her back.

Just behind her a couple of men were talking, and something they said arrested her attention.

"Escaped from San Quentin, yes, four, last week. They shot one a few miles from here. The others are in hiding. Pretty desperate by now, without food or money for escape. Understood to be part of Risto's band, Risto, the Mexican, price on his head, refugee since the war ended. Came north, and lived by raids."

The stage came to a sudden halt at a sharp turn in the road. Below them was the canon, with almost perpendicular walls at this point. The driver sprang down.

"Boulders across the road," he called out. "It's the raiders, I reckon."

Almost as he spoke four men sprang from the underbrush and leveled rifles at the passengers. The Marquis very quietly reached down after Leslie's suitcase, and swung it over to the nearest man.

"What do you mean?" demanded Leslie, half rising.

"I regret it much, most sweet one," smiled the Little Marquis. "I must have those pearls. I think you for a most joyous journey, and will take a kiss for memory."

Leslie's hand had reached into her little leather handbag. Suddenly she whipped it out, and it held a small, very neat revolver that Jack had given her. And while the men in the coach stood with hands up, and the driver lay wounded, Leslie Cameron lived up to her good Virginian blood, and shot squarely at the man before her.

They arrived late, but Jack was there to meet them. The news had traveled faster, as they had had to procure another driver. He looked a bit warm, but hesitated not a bit when he saw the girls. And neither did Leslie. Most willingly did she go to him.

"Where are the pearls?" he asked as he released her.

"Around my neck. I never part with them when I am traveling," she smiled back. "He thought they were in the suitcase."

"Where is he?" asked Flo, happily.

"They took him away as soon as we reached Headino."

"I am mighty glad to announce that they have him safe up at San Quentin," said Burrows heartily.

"How sad for a marquis," said Leslie, thoughtfully.

"A Marquis? My dear girl, little Juan Risto was a waiter along the lower California coast for years until he got the raiding fever, probably from an overdose of tips. He has the foreign manner to a T, hasn't he? I remember him well over at the San Bernardino restaurant. Leslie, I'm surprised at your taste for nobility."

He laughed, and took her hand in his. Flo pretended not to see, but smiled wisely all by herself. All Leslie said, was just this:

"I'm sorry, Jack, but surely I got even."

"You sure did. They say he will travel with a clipped ear the rest of his life, and a shoulder that won't work right."

"He wanted something to remember me by," said Leslie, contentedly. "And he got it."

OBJECTED TO "GOLD PENNY"

English Merchants Set Themselves Against Coin That Was Minted in 1227.

The most valuable penny ever coined in Great Britain was the gold penny of Henry III. On Aug. 16, 1227, a writ dated at Chester was issued commanding the mayor of London to proclaim in that city that "the good money which the king had caused to be made should be immediately current there and elsewhere within the realm of England in all transactions of buying and selling at the rate of 20 pennies of sterling (i. e., 20 silver pennies) for every gold penny."

The time, however, was by no means favorable for the issue of pieces of a denomination so much higher than had previously been known. Accordingly, the city of London petitioned against these coins, and the king issued a proclamation that no one should be obliged to take them. The coins, nevertheless, continued to be current, and in 1265 their value was raised from 20 to 24 pence; probably equivalent in purchasing power to £2 of today.

It is unlikely that any great number of these coins was ever struck. It is probable that, by reason of their high value they would soon be melted down, for they were of pure gold without alloy of any kind. The collectors of today know of only three or four specimens. One of these was sold for more than \$200, another for \$700 and another for \$1,000.—Harper's Weekly.

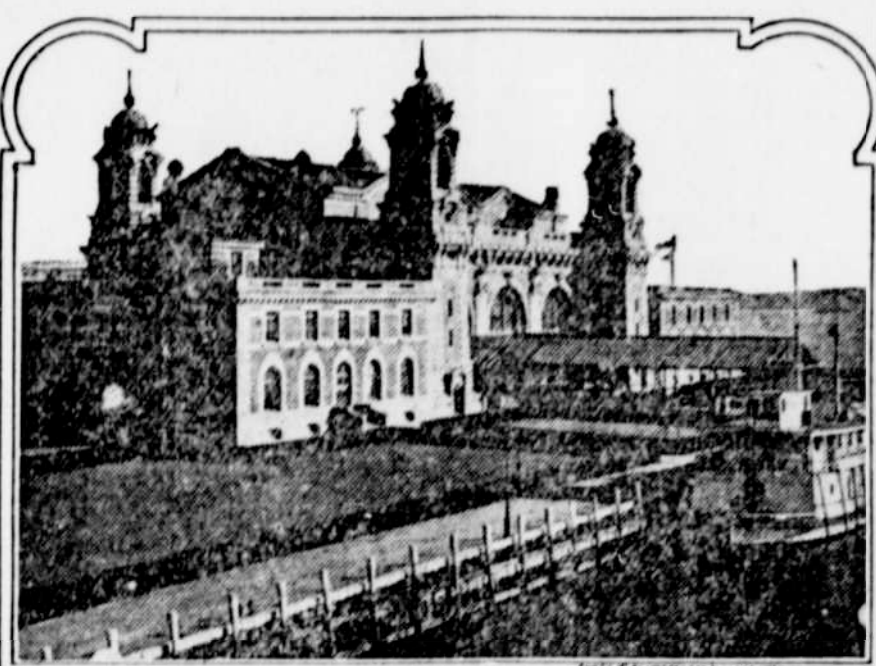
"Firing" Photographs.

Leboyer, in France, trying to solve the problem of how to make photographs permanent and free from all change, has resorted to the plan of "firing" them in a furnace upon enameled stone. It is found that the best stone for the purpose is the basalt found in prisms in the extinct volcanic district of central France. This rock, which is extremely hard and fine-grained, receives the enamel without cracks. The photographic film is deposited upon the enameled surface, and, after the photograph has been made, it is fired until the image becomes unalterably incorporated in the enamel.

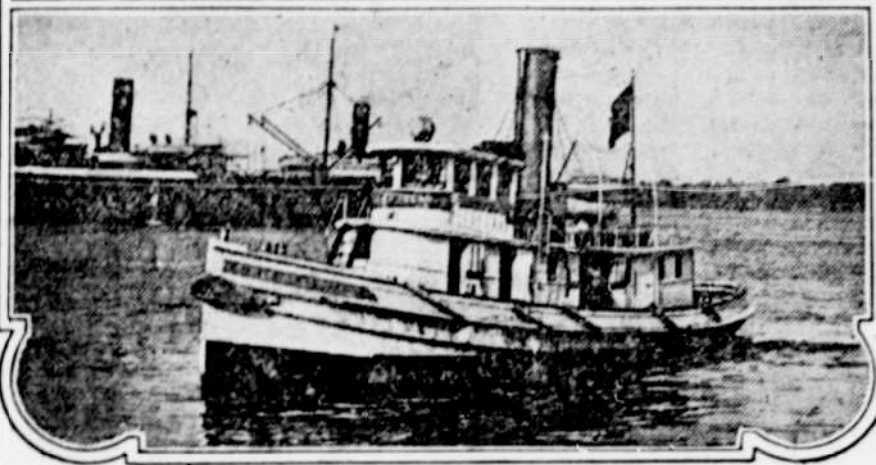
Discouraging the Crows.

The great number of 334,700,000 needles were imported into Chungking, China, in 1910. These needles are put to a strange use. It is customary to ornament the center of the roof-ridge of a Chinese house with an elaborate decoration—usually in the form of a design embodying the character "fu," meaning "happiness," and to prevent this being damaged by the crows, large numbers of needles are stuck, point upwards, into the plaster while it is still soft. The crows, one is inclined to think, must have entirely given up associating the character "fu" with "happiness."

How We Guard Against Cholera



ELLIS ISLAND IMMIGRANT STATION



DOCTOR'S BOAT LEAVING A LINER

THE development of a few cases of Asiatic cholera in the government's hospitals in New York harbor, as the result of infection brought from abroad, resulted in calling to public attention two intensely interesting discoveries made in recent years in connection with the disease.

The first is that the ailment is not nearly as likely to spread in centers where it is not actually epidemic as has generally been believed heretofore; the second is the fact that there are persons who are "cholera carriers," accounting in many instances for a longer incubation period than the formerly accepted one, which was from a few hours to five days.

These gains in knowledge should have a most reassuring effect on the public mind. It has been learned that cholera is not carried along by the wind; and persons who have been in the vicinity of cholera patients do not carry the germs of cholera away with them in their clothing unless such clothing has been contaminated by infected discharges from the sufferers. The disease must be taken in through the mouth, so that, although extremely virulent and fatal, it is only infectious in the same manner in which typhoid and some of the other fevers are transmissible.

The recognition of a class of persons known as "cholera carriers" has resulted in a determination to extend the detention of all persons suspected of having been in direct contact with the disease until its presence or absence can be certified to after searching bacteriological tests. This extended detention period goes a long way toward eliminating the danger of permitting the disease to gain a foothold within our gates.

The disease-fighting machine built up by Dr. Alvah H. Doty, the health officer of the port of New York, in his long years of service has kept the city and, to a large extent, the entire country remarkably free from imported contagion.

Asiatic cholera, a special irritant poison, which acts upon the gastrointestinal mucous membrane, is regarded by some as a contagious disease which progressively loses its virulent qualities. It is a native of Hindustan thought to consist of certain microscopic germs which, on being received into the system, propagate their kind, cause an intestinal flux and destroy the epithelium. It is believed by many that these minute bodies are products of the rice plants on the banks of the Ganges.

Rapid depression of all the mental and physical faculties is an early symptom of most cases of cholera. The senses are irritable, the head aches and is confused, there is a disinclination to sleep, the limbs totter under the weight of the body, the pulse is frequent and feeble and the skin is cool and bedewed with perspiration. As the attack advances the patient falls into a dull, listless and motionless state due to the exhaustion of all the faculties of the mind and body. Blood accumulates and stagnates in the veins, giving to the hands and feet, nose and limbs a bluish, leaden or violet tint like that of a cyanotic child.

The cause of cholera is unknown. A high atmospheric temperature is everywhere associated with its prevalence and it always attains its greatest intensity during the hot months of the year. It is most apt to be severe when excessively dry weather follows a wet period. Some physicians have thought cholera poison to be of an aerial nature, but its diffusion has no relation whatever to the velocity or the direction of the wind. Its progress has never exceeded that of a man on land or water, nor has it

IT PAYS TO READ THE BIBLE

Dave Leahy Tells How It Enabled Him to Issue His Paper One Week.

"I contend it pays to read the Bible," said Dave Leahy, secretary to Governor Stubbs of Kansas. "It is good for the morals of every man and woman—and it is a great literature. Also, it pays in other ways."

"A good many years ago I was running a paper in a small town in the southern part of the state. My partner was a young fellow who knew about the business and mechanical ends of the plant. I was the editor. It was tough going. One day we got to a place where we had to have ten dollars to get some paper out of the express office or we could not issue our palladium of the liberties of the people thereabout. I had no ten. My partner had no ten. There wasn't a dime between us. However, that was his lookout. I was writing a powerful editorial article and I wanted to use a quotation from the Bible. I looked around the office for one. There was none. So I yelled out to my partner to go and buy a Bible at the bookstore near by. He told me he couldn't buy a sandwich—much less a Bible."

"Well," I said, "I've got to have a Bible so I can round out this gem of English prose I am composing. Go out and rustle for one."

"He started out; and while browsing around, trying to borrow one, he remembered his mother had given him a nice new Bible when he left home. He galloped up to his boarding place, found the Bible and brought it back to the office."

"As I was running through the leaves to find the verse I wanted, what do you think I found? A ten-dollar bill his mother had put there when he left home! That was just enough to take our white paper out of the express office; and the people were thus providentially not deprived of their weekly message of cheer, instruction, admonition and advice—which would have been disastrous, for that was a whale of an editorial!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Voiced His Sentiments.

The large proportion of voluntary American exiles belongs to the fair sex, but many of them insist on their husbands accompanying them, and these matrimonial martyrs, who come under the heading of the genus "hen-pecked," would greatly prefer to live in America. In this connection an American consul told a story which gives a picture of the hen-pecked husband. It was a Fourth of July gathering in a large hotel and the champagne had passed around when the consul, addressing Mr. A., who had been nine years in Switzerland with his wife without returning to America, said: "You must be delighted with your stay abroad, as you have remained so long."

"Delighted be damned," replied Mr. A., looking defiantly at his wife across the table. "I would rather live in hell!"

The words were uttered in a loud voice and with feeling, and the general silence was broken by the speaker's wife, who, smiling sweetly, said: "My husband is slightly exaggerating the warmth of the place, but you must know we come from Pittsburgh." Laughter saved the situation.

A Tragic Incident.

A druggist and his assistant were sadly worried recently. A little girl, probably six years old, wandered in, sobbing bitterly. She was lost. As long as she cried nothing could be done, for she was the only one competent to give the name and address of the lost home. Working under this theory the druggist fed her chocolates to quiet her. It was of no avail, however, for at each question the sobbing was resumed. The tears made light streaks down the little chocolate coated countenance.

Finally the mother found her baby. She took the child from the store, and as she stooped to wipe away the visible signs of grief, she asked why the druggist had not been told the name and number. Here is what the listening clerk heard:

"I w-w-w-was aff-f-fraid he'd l-l-l-l-augh!"

The druggist realized he had witnessed a tragic episode in the life of a little stutterer.—Indianapolis News.

Life Rings on a Mountain.

An extraordinary example of the way in which a mountain may afford on a small scale an image of the earth's climates, arranged in successively higher circles, has been found in the San Francisco peaks.

These ancient volcanoes rise out of a plateau having a mean elevation of 7,000 feet above sea level. The peaks are encircled with zones of vegetation, which run almost like contour lines around them.

Between 6,500 and 8,500 feet the yellow pine is the dominant tree. From 8,500 to 10,300 feet the Douglas fir, the silver fir, the cork fir, and the aspen share the available ground. Between 10,300 and 11,500 feet the Engelmann spruce and the fox-tail pine take possession, and ascent to the tree limit.—Scientific American.

All Wasted on Him.

She (walking home from church)—Did you notice that lovely Parisian hat Mrs. Styler was wearing? I could think of nothing else the whole time. He—No, my dear, can't say I did. To tell you the truth, I was half asleep most of the time.

She—Then you ought to be ashamed to own it. A nice lot of good the service must have done you, I must say!—Stray Stories

THE SCRAP BOOK



Snowfall Within Doors.

It is quite possible to have a fall of snow within doors. Indeed the thing has actually occurred, and the cause was no other than that which produces a fall of snow in the open air—i. e., a subjection of moist atmosphere to a temperature cold enough to crystallize the drops of moisture that were formed.

The event, which is of authentic record, occurred in Stockholm, states a writer in Harper's Weekly. On a very cold, clear night an evening party was in progress. Many persons were gathered in a single room, and it became so warm that several women complained of feeling ill. An attempt was made to raise a window, but the sashes had been frozen in their places, and it was impossible to move them. In these circumstances there was but one thing to do. It was necessary that air should be admitted, so a pane of glass was smashed. Immediately a cold current of air rushed in, and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room. The entrance of a frosty current into an atmosphere saturated with moisture had produced a snowfall indoors.

A QUIET LITTLE SMOKE.

A farmer living in Wisconsin scraped together a pipeful of tobacco out of his son's pocket without noticing that the young man carried revolver cartridges loose in the same pocket. The old man had just fired



up and settled down for a comfortable smoke when a cartridge which he had placed in the pipe along with the tobacco, exploded, clipping off a portion of his left ear, passing within an inch of his granddaughter's head, and finally burying itself in the piano.

New Zealand's Sulphur Island.

One of the most extraordinary islands in the world lies in the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand. It is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and rises between eight and nine hundred feet above the sea, there continually floats an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the center is a boiling lake of acid charged water, covering 50 acres, and surrounded with blow holes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.

The Largest Flower.

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the Rafflesia, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense flower is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup which bears the stamens. The cup of the Rafflesia is filled with a fleshy disk the upper surface of which is covered with projections like miniature cows' horns. The cup, when free from its contents, will hold about 12 pints. The flower weighs about 15 pounds and is very thick, the petals being three-quarters of an inch.

LOST THE COOK.

A farmer who had been having considerable difficulty arousing his son every morning carefully stole up the stairs of the darkened room one



morning and administered a good sound spanking. Returning to the kitchen he informed his wife of the circumstance. "Well, that settles it," she said. "We'll have to get another hired girl. Willie didn't come home last night and I had the girl occupy his room."

Turkey Raising.

A Virginia woman raises from 100 to 200 turkeys every year and the whole bunch roost in a great oak tree. To enable the youngsters to reach the branches she built an incline stairway consisting of a 16-foot plank with cross pieces. This woman declares that until the poult began to roost in the trees she confined them in houses and lost many birds every season.