

# THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)  
 "Don't go, Hector," said the widow. During the whole of his harangue she had held his hands and had kept her eyes fixed upon his, and he had endured her gaze like an honest man, and had returned it with a sad and gentle gravity inexpressibly affecting. "Don't go, Hector."

There was a tender parting, and he was out in the streets alone, with his amazing good fortune.

It was early afternoon when a letter from Julia reached him. He opened it with a curious sort of misgiving, and rose to his feet startled at the sight of a check within the letter. The check was for no less a sum than a thousand pounds. The little widow's accompanying letter told him that she had heard of his embarrassments, and had desired to speak of them, but could not find the courage. He was to take this whether he wanted it or not, and if he refused, she would never, never forgive him.

When once he knew the priceless good fortune that had befallen him, he seized his hat, dashed into the street, and hailing a cab, was driven to the bank. He was just in time, and was the last man served that day; but when he emerged he carried the price of his own freedom, and Dobroski's safety, in his pocket.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Wroblewskoff was out at the moment of O'Rourke's call on business of importance. He felt for his own part that his immediate business was the most important upon which he had ever embarked. It led him to the residence of Dr. Brun, in Hollington place, and made a lengthy conversation necessary there.

"I have simplified my plan, sir," said the junior spy, "and if I so happy as to secure your approval of it, I can set to work at once."

"Let me hear," said the elder.  
 "Dobroski is more interested in the younger men than in the elder ones," said Zeno. "There is a youngster named Bernstein, a son of Carl Bernstein"—Dr. Brun nodded—"the lad who was lately chased out of Vienna. He has many friends in Warsaw, and Dobroski is very fond of him, and proud of him."

"I know—I know," said the elder. "Go on."

"I propose to call on Dobroski this afternoon, with news of Bernstein. I propose to ask him to come and dine with Bernstein and myself this evening."

"Where is Bernstein?"  
 "In Paris. I represent him as having just arrived in London, mad with his late expulsion from Austria, and determined to go at once to Warsaw and head a revolution among the students there. I represent him as having appealed to me to join him. I beg Dobroski to meet him this evening at my rooms and dissuade him from this mad enterprise. There is no surer bait than this. He will rise to it, I know."

"Well?"  
 "Once at my rooms, we sit down to await Bernstein. I have been so very particular about to-day's dinner that I myself have engaged the cook. He is one of our own people—Bernardo—a poor creature in his profession, but an admirable cook. When I ring twice eagerly and close together he will know his signal. It may be coffee—it may be soup—it will have to be whatever I can persuade the old rascal to take."

"Precisely," said the doctor.  
 "Petrovski is in apartments on the floor below, and has been there in readiness for a fortnight. He is known to the people of the house as a doctor, and has already attended the landlady and a housemaid. When Bernardo has prepared the coffee or the soup, it is sent up. When Dobroski has taken it, he feels unwell."

"The old gentleman being unwell, and I being unwell also," continued Zeno, "we suspect the soup or the coffee, or whatever it is we have taken. We become alarmed, and I ring the bell. 'Run for the doctor on the second floor.' The doctor inquires for symptoms. We have great nausea—we have burning pains."

"And then—the old gentleman must be attended to first. I am younger and can bear it better, and I am very solicitous for the old gentleman. The old gentleman gets a soothing draught, and is advised to lie still. He lies still and goes to sleep."

"And wakes in Calais?"  
 "And wakes in Calais. We travel, attended by the doctor. The old gentleman wakes in the same room, and finds his friends beside him. He will be very ill and languid. He will complain of a splitting headache. He will need a new medicine."

"Yes, yes. And the new medicine lands him at Vienna?"  
 "Then," cried Zeno, "and the thing is done!"

He shook hands respectfully, and withdrew. The good Wroblewskoff half an hour later called upon Dobroski with haste and trouble legibly painted on his face. He told his tale of Bernstein, the gallant, fiery youngster, the Benjamin of the insurrectionary flock.

"When do you expect him?" asked Dobroski.

"In an hour's time, dear sir."  
 A little before his appointed time Dobroski arrived, and was shown upstairs into the apartments of Mr. Wroblewskoff. "Our young friend is not here yet?"

"Not yet, sir, I expect him momentarily."

"We must save the lad, Wroblewskoff." "You will save him, dear sir," cried Wroblewskoff. "He will listen to you; he will obey you." Then there was silence for awhile. Once or twice the spy's lips moved, but he did not speak. He cleared his throat with a rasping sound, and arose from the seat he had taken. "A cup of coffee, dear sir? I'm just about to order it."

"Thank you, yes."  
 There was a lingering indecision between the words, and the spy stood behind his intended victim, with his hand upon the bell pull, waiting while he might have counted three. He had scarcely ever found a pause in his speech so long. He rang twice, one pull followed swiftly and sharply on the other.

"Coffee for two—black coffee."  
 The notable scheme was well upon its way now, and the spy's pulses beat quick, and his throat and tongue and lips were dry, and felt hard, like wood. The coffee came, hot and fragrant. Dobroski drew his cup beside him on the table. It seemed an age before he sipped. The spy had already put his lips to his own cup, and could detect nothing strange in the flavor of the liquid.

At that instant a curious burning pang shot across the spy's stomach, and a second later a feeling of nausea rose within him, like that he always experienced even in the smoothest weather when he passed between France and England. Dobroski shifted uneasily, and took a drink at his coffee.

"I can afford to escape the rest," said the spy to himself. "But it shall be mine to open the ball." He began to walk up and down the room, and suddenly threw a window open. Dobroski turning to look at him, saw that he was rubbing at the bottom of his waistcoat with both hands, and that he wore a disgusted and almost indignant look.

"What is the matter?" asked the old man, rising. "You are in pain?" He advanced toward his betrayer; but as he took his first step he paused and flushed, laying an outstretched hand upon his breast.

"I am on fire," said Zeno. "I am sick. I loathe myself."

"I, too," said Dobroski, quietly, "feel a sense of burning and sickness."

"It is the coffee," cried Zeno. "We have both taken it. There is something unwholesome in the coffee."  
 The old man sank back into his chair, white and trembling. "You have drunk more than I," cried the spy, as if in a paroxysm of regret and fear. "You're ill. Ah! dear sir, you're ill. He is ill. He is dying. Ah! the doctor. There is a doctor on the second floor. What a providence!"

He rang the bell, and then rushed to the door and tore it open.  
 "The doctor!" he shouted. "The doctor on the second floor! Tell him to come here! Quickly! quickly!"

A door opened below, feet ran rapidly upstairs. A man presented himself, struggling into a respectable professional frock coat as he entered the room.  
 "What is the matter?" he demanded.  
 "My friend!" cried Zeno; "the dearest. He is dying. And I also. We have taken poison. The coffee."

He threw himself upon the couch and contorted his body, as if he were in agony. Dobroski sat white and still, with both hands trembling on his chest, and great beads of sweat running from his forehead. The newcomer tasted the coffee, and spat it out again, with a wry face. Dobroski watched him collectedly and inquiringly:

"Verdigris," said the doctor. "Another example of the folly of the copper kettle. I will put you both right in a moment." He ran downstairs, and presently returned with a tumbler in either hand.

"Your antidote, sir," he said, in a business tone to Zeno, and then advancing to Dobroski set one hand below the old man's head and with the other held the draught to his lips. "Drink this, sir; it will soothe you at once."

He went quietly from the room, but did not trouble himself to descend into the kitchen. He occupied himself instead by looking over the contents of a small black hand-bag, which held among other things five or six blue vials with glass stoppers, and a hypodermic syringe in its case. This last he examined with great particularity, and for extra safety bestowed it in his waistcoat pocket.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

In a little while the doctor mounted to the room above, and entered softly without knocking. Zeno, with a shining triumph in his looks, arose, and lifted a trembling forefinger for silence. The doctor advanced on tiptoe.

"He is sound," whispered Zeno. "Will he awake upon the journey?"  
 "I will take care of that," replied the doctor.

Neither he nor Zeno could sit still. They prowled stealthily here and there, doing unnecessary things, and now and again exchanging a whisper. Once or twice the doctor took Dobroski by the wrist and counted his pulsation. Once he lifted one of the sleeping man's eyelids and stared fixedly at the unseeing eye that looked hard at him.

"The carriage is here," said Zeno, when half an hour had gone by. "Let us get away at once. We can drive slowly. I stifle in this abominable indoor air."

With this he disappeared, carrying his portmanteau with him. In a minute or two he was back again, and, entering with needless stealth, signed to the doctor to assist him in moving the sleeping man.

A wickerwork wing, with here and there a clamp of iron to strengthen it, lay on either side the couch, and these being raised and fastened with straps the figure was secured from falling off.

"Now a cloak over all. Draw out the hood. Bring it more over the face. That will do. Let us get away."

The two men took up their burden and bore it down stairs. The narrowness of the way and its many corners made this a difficult and lengthy task, and when they came upon the street at last the two bearers were flushed and breathless. Facing the door stood a brake, with a pair of horses, and seated on the box was a liveried coachman with a cockade upon his hat. One or two passers-by paused to watch the proceedings.

"Can my poor dear friend bear the journey, doctor?" asked the spy, in open solicitude.

"Easily," returned the doctor. "A moment, I have forgotten my medicaments." He dashed upstairs in search of the black bag.

The street in which Mr. Zeno had had apartments was a third of a mile long, and the house in which he had lived was the fourth from the eastern end. A mere minute before Dobroski was carried out by careful doctor and sorrowing friend a lounge turned the corner far away. He saw something like a coffin carried from a house at the other end of the lengthy street, and saw one or two idle people stop to look on. He quickened his pace; peering keenly beneath the hand with which he shadowed his eyes. Then, in a sudden, he broke into a headlong run, and while Mr. Zeno was posturing over his poor dear friend the attention of one-half the little crowd was drawn to this advancing figure. The man ran, though unpursued, as if he ran for life, and at the moment when the doctor leaped into his place and gave the word to the coachman, the newcomer seized the horses by the reins and panted, "Stop!" Zeno looked up and saw O'Rourke.

"Stand clear!" cried Zeno, in a sudden frenzy. Then, to the coachman, "Drive! Cut him down and drive!"  
 "Stop this man!" cried O'Rourke, appealing to the crowd.

Zeno snatched the whip from the coachman's hand and slashed at O'Rourke and the horses again and again. There was a prodigious rearing, and then all at once O'Rourke was down, and the brake was away full speed.

The Vienna correspondent of the Comet writes as follows:

"What may be fitly described as an entracte in the romantic Dobroski drama, which is absorbing the attention of the whole world of Vienna at this moment, took place to-day. The wedding of his gallant deliverer, Mr. Hector O'Rourke, M. P., with the charming American millionaire, was attended by the whole beau-monde, and places were struggled for as if the high contracting parties had been emperor and empress, instead of plain Irish gentleman and American lady. The real attraction was the presence of Monsieur Dobroski himself, who gave away the bride.

"I had a long interview with the tride-groom yesterday. He has recovered from his injuries, and the fears of internal damage have disappeared. He made one statement which appears to me to deserve to be chronicled as a psychological curiosity. He declares that in the first dawn of recovery after six-and-thirty hours of unconsciousness, his effort to recall the facts, and his fear lest he should not be able to make them clear to those who were about him, retarded the return of speech for a whole day. It was only by a prodigious effort of self-control that he lay in perfect quiet for an hour, and thus gained self-possession and tranquillity enough to explain the extraordinary circumstances of the case.

"Mr. O'Rourke, who has had several interviews with the Russian ambassador since his visit here, is fully persuaded of the truth of the energetic protestations his excellency has made as to the innocence of the Russian government from complicity in this remarkable affair. He regards the abduction of his friend Monsieur Dobroski as the fruit of a private vendetta.

"Mr. O'Rourke will return to Vienna in time to attend the final examination of the prisoner. It is to be regretted that the mainspring of the villainous affair, the treacherous Pole, Wroblewskoff, should have succeeded in making good his escape. The mere fact of the Polish origin of the criminals is in itself regarded here as a sufficient proof of the innocence of the Russian government."  
 (The End.)

### Before She Got Wise.

She handed back the ring and there-by declared the engagement off.

"And once," he protested, "you declared I was the sunshine of your existence."

"That," she replied coldly, "was before I discovered that you were not so bright as I thought you were."

### How Happy He Might Be.

"Somehow," said the girl in the hammock, "I feel that you are to be trusted."

"Thank you," replied the young man, who was holding down a porch chair. "I only wish you kept a boarding house."

### Ought to Be Satisfied.

"I declare, John," exclaimed Miss Gabbs, "I don't believe you are listening to a word I say!"

"Well, I'm letting you do all the talking," rejoined her husband. "What more do you want?"



### Pineapple Fritters.

Pare the pineapple; cut into thin slices and soak them in lemon juice and sugar for two hours. Make a batter by beating four eggs, the yolks and whites separately. Stir with the yolks a cupful of flour and a little salt; beat the batter well and add two tablespoonfuls of cream. Lastly, stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. The batter, to be of the proper consistency, should be thick enough to drop from a spoon. When the batter is ready, dip in the pieces of pineapple and fry in boiling lard; turn them when sufficiently brown, and when done drain on blotting paper. Serve piled on a white doily with pulverized sugar and slices of lemon. Pineapple fritters make a delicious finish to a breakfast.

### Tapioca Custard.

Five dessertspoonfuls of tapioca, one quart of milk, one pint of cold water, three eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one heaping cupful of sugar; a pinch of salt. Soak the tapioca in the water five hours. Heat the milk to scalding; add the tapioca, the water in which it was soaked and the salt. Stir to boiling and pour gradually upon the yolks and sugar, which should have been beaten together. Roll again, stirring constantly, about five minutes, or until it thickens. Turn into a bowl and stir gently into the custard the frothed whites and the flavoring. Eat cold.

### Red Raspberry Soup.

Look over carefully two quarts of red raspberries. Mash and add to the pulp two cupfuls granulated sugar. Let stand for an hour, then run through a sieve fine enough to retain the seeds. Put into a porcelain or granite kettle and heat gradually. Stir frequently. When at the boiling point, add a tablespoonful cornstarch, stirred smooth in a little cold water; then cook for an hour in the double boiler or the saucepan set in a larger pan of hot water. When clear, smooth and thickened take from the fire, cool and serve very cold.

### Leftover Bits of Soap.

A New York woman has a pretty, wide-mouthed jar standing in the bathroom, and every leftover bit of soap is dropped in that instead of being thrown away. When the jar is three-quarters full she fills it up with boiling water, adds the juice of a lemon and a teaspoonful of glycerin, and she has a delightful soap jelly to soften and whiten the hands.—New York Tribune.

### Chili Sauce.

Peel and chop together two dozen ripe tomatoes, six peeled onions and two seeded red peppers. Stir in a small cupful of brown sugar, three tablespoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice, and a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Put into the preserving kettle with two quarts of vinegar and boil for two and one-half hours. Set aside until cool, then bottle and seal.

### Minerva's Fudge.

A college girl who made fudge at a house party not long ago surprised the onlookers by using lemon juice instead of vanilla. The acid made the fudge more creamy as well as added to its flavor. Sometimes she employs it with the vanilla. Another of her own innovations is mixing maple sugar with the white sugar when she wants a change.

### Cheese Fonds.

One teaspoonful butter, one cupful of fresh milk, saltspoonful mustard, one cupful bread crumbs (fine), two cupfuls grated cheese, two eggs. Put butter in a chafing dish; when melted add milk, bread crumbs, cheese and mustard; season with little cayenne; stir continually, and just before serving add eggs well beaten; serve on toast.

### Green Corn Pudding.

Take twelve medium sized ears of corn, score the kernels and take out the pulp, being careful not to take out any of the hull. Mix with the pulp three cups of milk, four well-beaten eggs, two level tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little salt. Pour into a well-buttered baking dish and bake two hours in a moderate oven.

### Red Raspberry Shrub.

Pour one quart elder vinegar over three quarts raspberries. Let stand three days, mash and strain. Allow a pound of sugar to each pint of juice, boil twenty minutes, skimming well, and bottle. Use a couple of tablespoonfuls to each glass of cold water.

### Stuffed Tomatoes.

Mix well together one cupful fine bread crumbs, one tablespoonful finely minced parsley, one tablespoonful melted butter, half teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne and two well-beaten eggs. Scoop out six large tomatoes, fill with mixture and bake twenty minutes.

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Ready for Him.  
 Last summer a well-known professor with his family went to a small seaside resort on the New Jersey coast and boarded with a farmer. This year he wrote to the farmer, and in his letter he said: "There are several matters I should like changed if I board at your house again. We do not like your servant Jane and we think a pigsty so near the house is not sanitary." The farmer replied, "Jane is went and we ain't had no hogs since you went last August."

A Canine Secret.  
 "You can always tell the people who are unhappy from the look of their faces," said the tired woman, "but if you look out into the court of a morning you never can tell which dog it is that has cried all night and kept you awake."—New York Press.

Possible Explanation.  
 Traveler—Why is it that Manila, under American occupation, is cleaner and more wholesome than many of your American cities—New York, for example?  
 Native—Uncle Sam has thoroughly assimilated Manila. He hasn't assimilated New York yet.

Some Good In It.  
 "Gracious," exclaimed the first country boarder, "see how muddy that water is the cows are drinking. Why, it is positively thick."  
 "Yes," replied the other, "perhaps the milk won't be so thin for a couple of days now."—Philadelphia Press.

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