

# THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

O'Rourke walked out to the front of the hotel and awaited the arrivals. When they came it was plain to his eyes that Maskelyne's depression of two or three days ago had not altogether left him, and indeed, he had seen, in the visits he had made to Butler in the interim, signs that this depression deepened. But since Maskelyne's depression obviously meant his own victory, it was not in human nature to be greatly grieved by it. The signs of the young American's despondency were not visible to all the world, but O'Rourke was a keen observer when he chose to watch with extreme closeness. Angela reached out her hand with a frankness altogether encouraging, and O'Rourke accepted it with a finely toned air of deference and respect. All three of the newcomers had alighted and entered when Farley came downstairs, and the young American saw his rival take an immediate place by Angela.

"It was I who brought them together," he said to himself. "I have wrecked my own chances. And I never gave him a warning word. O'Rourke isn't the man to intrude himself between a friend and his hopes if he had only known."

At this moment his late delicacy seemed overstrained and extravagant.

"I am not worthy of her," he said. "O'Rourke is a better man than I am. He's not an objectless, good-for-nothing fellow like me, with nothing but dollars to recommend him. A man with a career before him, and a good beginning behind him. A handsome fellow, too; bright, receptive, quick. A man with everything in his favor. Why shouldn't a girl like him?"

While O'Rourke talked in his gay and sympathetic fashion, and Maskelyne looking out of window indulged these thoughts, there came a tap at the door and the landlady entered.

"A telegraphic dispatch for Monsieur O'Rourke," said she, giving the name a queer-sounding foreign twist, at which everybody smiled. O'Rourke took the dispatch, asked to be excused for a moment and opened it. He read it at a glance, crushed it in his hand and stood with an expression of displeasure and irresolution in his face.

"No ill news, I hope?" said Farley, approaching him.

"For me," said O'Rourke, looking round at his friend with a sudden bright smile, "the wretchedest ill news in the world. A whip—he held the crumpled telegram up before them—"a whip of scorpions," he added, with a laugh. "It drives me from your presence." He bowed to Lucy and Angela as he said this, and went on with a sudden seriousness. "Yes, I must go. I had an idea of refusing—for a single instant—but that is a thing I cannot do. Farley, order a carriage and pay my bill for me." He thrust a purse into his friend's hand. "I shall miss the local train, I know, but I can catch the mail on the main line. I must go and pack, and I haven't a minute to lose. I am the unluckiest of men. Back to work again from this paradise of quiet. And to miss the tour of the world."

He made his excuses and dashed away to pack with an alacrity and eagerness which had all the vivacity of bustle, and somehow missed its vulgarity and avoided its noise. He was down again in a minute or two, portmanteau in hand.

"I leave the heavier things behind," he said, gayly. "This will suffice for a day or two. I am sorry to go, but parliamentary whips dare not be disputed."

Then he let his face cloud somewhat, and, walking to a window, began to drum with absent-seeming fingers on the sill. By and by he turned and met Angela's gaze.

"I am sorry to go," he said, softly, "very sorry."

The carriage Farley had ordered drew up to the door and the departing traveler shook hands all round. There was no chance for a private word with Angela, but he threw into his parting glance and hand-shake all he dared to express at such a time.

"Five francs if you catch the mail," he cried to the driver as he mounted. The man cracked his whip and started. O'Rourke waved his hat to the little party gathered about the door, and his last glance was for Angela.

"I disappear with an air of some importance," he said to himself, "and that is something. Poor Maskelyne looks a bit too cowed to play up with any spirit for a while, and I shall be back again in three days. That again is something."

## CHAPTER VII.

O'Rourke's departure affected the various members of the party variously. Maskelyne brightened up ever so little to begin with, but seeing that Angela had suddenly grown grave, he himself grew graver than ever and dropped into a veritable abyss of despair.

Angela did not need to be told more than she learned in that parting glance and pressure, and while O'Rourke rode toward the railway station in full assurance of faith that he had already conquered, she, in thinking of him, was filled with a cold indignation that he should have dared so to presume upon her innocent freedom with him.

"I am a flirt," she told herself; "a coquette. He saw it, and took advantage of it."

The novelist, whose strong point was love-making, and who rejoiced in the dissection of the feminine heart on paper, was beautifully ignorant of the drama of which one scene was being enacted under his nose. His wife, who dissected nothing, knew all about the case, and would have loved to bring the two young people together, for, like all good women, she was a match-maker at heart. As for the major, he was a match-maker, too, but he knew no more than Noah whether or not the two young people had the faintest leaning to each other.

The dinner passed off fairly well, and then came the mild dissipation of the evening. The large room of the Hotel de Ville was found to be artificially darkened, for the evening light still ruled outside. Ranged about the chamber were a

number of little tables, supporting little boxes, which stood back to back, with them, in front of each box a pair of stereoscopic lenses, and at the side a little handle to turn the views. Scattered here and there were a few early visitors already trying their eyes at the lenses, amongst them Mr. Zeno, who bowed with great politeness on the arrival of the party from the Hotel des Postes. Master Austin went off on stealthy tiptoe to join the delightful foreigner, who took him by the hand and called his attention in laboriously chosen single words to various curiosities of the show.

"Mountain. Eh? High. Oh, so high. Not? Vite. Snow. Vore fine. Eh? Look. Van uzzer."

After some five minutes of this amusement Mr. Zeno appeared to tire of it, and leading the little fellow across the chamber, raised his hat to the mother, surrendered his charge, bowed all around, and left the chamber.

It was a very simple entertainment, and yet it entertained, and the visitors went solemnly round from one little box to another for the space of half an hour, by which time all had stiff necks and aching eyes.

"My dear," said Austin, "I feel as if I had traveled far enough for a single journey."

"And I, too," returned Lucy.

"Really," said the major, "they're remarkably pretty, but one gets tired."

"We must come back for another evening," said Angela. "The Swiss views are really charming."

This was to Maskelyne, who said, "Yes, very," in an absent manner.

Suddenly from the far end of the room arose a cry. "Oh, mamma, mamma, mamma! Look here!"

"Hush!" said mamma, crossing over to him. "Little gentlemen never shout in that way. What is it, darling?"

"Mr. Zeno," said the boy, clapping his hands and laughing. "Mr. Zeno."

Lucy took the seat and looked through the stereoscopic lenses, and there was Mr. Zeno, sure enough. Mr. Zeno was talking to somebody else, and he and his companion were curiously out of proportion with the rest of the picture. The photograph represented a court in the Vienna Exhibition, and it seemed probable that at the instant of time at which the artist had lifted his little shutter to catch the moving crowd Mr. Zeno and his friend had stepped into the field of view. The expression of both countenances was clearly defined and animated, and the figures were so large that they only came into the picture to the waist. The two were arm in arm, and Zeno had turned with a stretched forefinger toward the other, as if to impress him with a sense of importance in what he was saying.

"Yes," said Lucy. "It is Mr. Zeno, certainly, Austin," she said to her husband, who had followed half across the room, "this is curious. Here is an actual portrait of Mr. Zeno."

"Who is Mr. Zeno?" asked Angela, crossing over, whilst Farley stooped to look at the picture. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"No," answered Lucy. "A stranger. But he is staying at our hotel. Mr. Farley thought at one time that he was a spy, and he is not a nice person at all. He seems very fond of Austin, though, and it is certainly curious to find his portrait here."

"Here's an odd thing, Lucy," said Austin. "There's a fictional use in that, if I could only see my way to it."

Crash went something close at hand, with a sound of breaking glass. Angela had somehow overturned the box, and had broken the lamp behind it. She was on her feet, and her face, dimly seen in the semi-obscurity of the chamber, wore a look of more alarm and amazement than than so simple a disaster seemed to warrant. She lifted the box from the table, and Farley instantly put out the light of the broken lamp, and extinguished with his handkerchief and foot a detached stream of burning oil which had already begun to trickle from the table to the floor.

While this was doing, Angela with the box in both hands, had walked across the room, and at the door had encountered the woman who had charge of the exhibition.

"Madame," she said, rapidly in French, "I have by accident broken a lamp. Let me pay you for it. Have you a private room here? Show me to it, if you please."

Her breathing was so quick and disturbed that these simple phrases were panted rather than spoken.

"Certainly, madame," said the woman, and led the way into a side room illuminated by a brace of tall candles. Angela set the box she carried upon the table between the candles, and turned it rapidly this way and that.

"How do you open this box, madame?"

"So," said the woman, in surprise, producing a small key, and suiting the action to the word.

"Take out the photographs, if you please." The woman obeyed, wondering more and more, and Angela, taking them from her hand, selected that which bore the portrait of Mr. Zeno. "I wish to buy this," she said, drawing forth her purse and laying a gold coin upon the table. "Will that pay you for the broken lamp and the photograph?"

"Assuredly," the woman answered. The whole thing was curious, and she would have been well content to have it explained, but her visitor chose to offer no explanation.

Angela thrust the photograph into her bosom, and, having rearranged her dress, rejoined her friends.

"I have paid for the broken lamp," she said to the major.

Half an hour later Butler demanded his carriage, bade his host and hostess adieu, and went away with Angela and Maskelyne. The girl was silent all the way home, but when the chateau was reached, she found herself alone with Maskelyne and spoke.

"Mr. Maskelyne, may I ask you to do me a very great favor?"

"I shall be delighted," said Maskelyne.

"Let me explain," she said, rapidly and eagerly. "You know this face?" She held the photograph before him, and indicated Zeno with the tip of a finger.

"Yes," said Maskelyne. "I know the face. The man at the Hotel des Postes—Zeno."

"You see he is in close conversation with some one there?"

"Yes."

"That man with whom he is walking and talking there, arm in arm, is Mr. Dobroski's bitterest enemy—a Pole, but a spy in the pay of the Russian government."

"You know that?" said Maskelyne, looking up at her.

"Mr. Dobroski showed me his photograph a week ago. I should know the man among a thousand."

"It is not a face about which one could easily be mistaken," Maskelyne allowed. "What must I do?"

"Do you see to what the companionship of these two men and this man's presence here point?" she asked him. "You won't think me foolish or romantic, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"I should be very much inclined to say," returned Maskelyne, "that it points in the direction of Mr. Farley's fancy, and this fellow Zeno is a spy upon Dobroski. Of course the companionship may be a chance, and Zeno's being here an accident."

"Do you think that very probable, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"It may be," said Maskelyne. "But we cannot tell. What am I to do, Miss Butler?"

"Will you—" she began, and broke off there. "Mr. Dobroski has gone to Brussels. He left this afternoon, and gave the people of the Cheval Blanc no address. He is a known figure everywhere, and it will be easy to find him."

"You wish me to find him, and to let him know of this?"

"To put it in his hands," answered Angela.

"Yes," he said, accepting the proffered photograph and bestowing it in his breast pocket. "I will take the morning mail."

## CHAPTER VIII.

The driver, bearing in mind O'Rourke's promise of five francs in case the station were reached in time for the mail train, put his fat-ribbed, heavy-footed horse to the road at such a pace that O'Rourke had five minutes to wait for the train. He secured a ticket for the first stage of his journey, and walked on to the platform carrying his portmanteau. He had been thinking of Angela and Maskelyne and his own chances all the way; but now he suddenly recalled Dobroski to mind. That venerable conspirator and he would travel to England together, for Dobroski was on the train.

Nothing occurred to make the journey particularly remarkable, and the two companions were silent for the most part. A brace of early tourists recognized Dobroski and O'Rourke at Brussels, and pointed them out to another; and at Dover they were known again, and created a little stir as they walked up and down the platform, side by side, waiting for the train.

They arranged where to meet again, and Dobroski betook himself to the streets, whilst O'Rourke went upstairs to sleep, giving injunctions to his servant to call him in four hours precisely. But after entering the bed chamber and locking the door he stood awhile in thought, and then suddenly reopening the door, descended to his private working room, and there wrote a telegram. The telegram was addressed to George Frost, Esquire, at a house in Piccadilly, and ran thus: "Call at once. Special." It did no t purport to come from Hector O'Rourke, but from one O. Johnson of Acre Buildings. Anyway, at 1 o'clock precisely a gentleman with a peaked beard, a furtive eye, a soft hat and an accent blended of the accents of Erin and Columbia, presented himself at the door of the house in which O'Rourke had chambers, and sent in a card which bore the name of Mr. George Frost in flourishing copperplate. He was shown up, and when the door was closed behind him, the occupant of the room rose with a smile of welcome and gripped him heartily by the hand.

(To be continued.)

## Contract Dentistry.

"Contract work in dentistry is entirely out of date," said the dentist. "Several years ago that was the common way of doing business. A person with poor teeth would ask us to make an estimate on the cost of putting his mouth in shape. Once a price was fixed he insisted upon sticking to that figure. Since it was possible to name only an approximate cost of the work, we frequently underestimated the value of our time and material. It was in order to secure justice all around that the rule of paying for work actually performed was established. The old way suited our patrons better, however, because it was usually more economical for them, and every day we meet persons who ask for a reversal to the old order of paying a stipulated sum for the entire job."

## Making Up the Deficiency.

"Girls," said the manager of a quick-lunch joint, "I want you to look your best to-day. Add an extra ribbon or ring. Give your cheeks an extra daub of powder."

"What's the matter?" asked the fair head waiter. "Butter bad again?"

"No," said the manager; "the beef's on the bum."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Heard in the Green Room.

First Actor—Congratulate me, old man. I have been married just ten years to-day to one woman.

Second Actor—That's nothing. I've been married twice to my present wife in five years.

## Could Prove an Alibi.

Doctor (to his patient, who is ill with typhoid fever)—This is probably caused by some water you have drunk. When did you last take some?

Patient—About three years ago, I think.—Simplicissimus.

Ox wagon competition makes certain short railroad lines in South Africa unprofitable.

## EDNA MAY IN BRIDAL GOWN, WITH HER HUSBAND.



After the marriage of Edna May, the beautiful American actress, to Oscar Lewishon, son of the New York millionaire, at the register's office at Windsor, England, the couple went to a beautiful vineyard villa which the groom had prepared for his bride. There, shortly after their arrival, they were photographed standing together on the porch, a handsome pair in a framework of ivy leaves and flowers.

In 1896 a little girl with parted hair and wise, demure eyes went from Syracuse, where her father was, and is today, a letter-man, to New York, where she asked for a position in a chorus. She was made understudy to Lucille Saunders in Santa Maria. She was recognized as a type of girl which is as rare on the stage as a rose in a field of uneventful and Miss May did no more than get a nice little start. After a brief American tour she went to London, where for several years she was in mediocre plays which caused little or no comment. In 1904 she was at Daly's in New York in The Schoolgirl, and the next year she appeared in The Catch of the Season. Since then England has been her field of action.

For almost ten years the little actress has been besieged with the attention of England's titled sons, and her name has been in the papers constantly. That she is wise to retire in the height of her popularity cannot be doubted. Edna May did quite the proper thing to wed, and the simple little ceremony which united her to Mr. Lewishon puts the finishing touch to her wonderful career. She and her millionaire husband are going to live a simple life in a "manor house," whatever that may be, all ivy-grown and with the conventional swans in the lake and hungry deer in the spacious park.

Oscar Lewishon is the fourth and youngest son of Leonard Lewishon, once well known as a "copper king." Mr. Lewishon, Sr., and his brother Adolph were both poor when they landed in New York from Germany many years ago. Their first business venture was made under the all-embracing heading of "general merchants," but they soon began to specialize in two things only—coffee and copper. By degrees they became the largest operators in coffee, and with H. H. Rogers, of Standard Oil fame, organized the memorable coffee corner in 1901.

## A GOOD PIPE.

Shape Has More to Do with Insuring Success Than Has Material.

Pipes are smoked by millions, and always will be, yet not one smoker in a thousand knows the elements of a good pipe. Engineers have been known to talk by the hour over the draft of their fire boxes and never once in half a lifetime think of the draft in their pipes which they smoke hourly.

Sage attention is paid to the pipe material, all of which has little if anything to do with the qualities of a pipe, and generally nothing whatever is thought of shape and proportions, the two things that make a pipe good or bad. A two-cent postage stamp spent with intelligence will buy as good a pipe as there is in the world; everything added to that price is ornament, vanity and especially ignorance.

The corncob holds a high place among pipe smokers and deserves this place—usually—for the best of scientific reasons. When a pipe is built on right principles the bowl is as narrow and deep as is convenient to fill; the hole in the stem meets the bowl at the very bottom and in the center, thus insuring a perfect and even burning of the tobacco. The cake prevents the fire from burning the bowl, thus preventing its being larger or uneven, which would in proportion spoil the draft. The sides of the bowl are thick to keep in the heat, thus making the burning at the same temperature at the edges of the tobacco as at the center. In this way a clean, sweet smoke is assured.

When a man marries a widow, he should at least get a house and lot, or a farm.

## TO PREDICT THE WEATHER.

Watch Animals, Birds and Fishes as Very Reliable Forecasters.

Before a rainstorm the cat nearly always washes her face. Why? Some claim that the atmosphere excites the electricity in the cat's fur, irritating her, and to overcome the tingling sensations she sets to washing herself.

Or if there is no cat in the house a maiden lady next door may possess a loquacious parrot. If the bird sits and makes a sort of hissing noise you may be sure there will be rain before night.

If you have an aquarium of goldfish you may observe that they will become unusually active some sunny afternoon. They will dart about in the water and flap their little tails. This is a sign of rain. One seldom need fear getting wet if he lives in the country. Horses, cows, sheep, hogs, dogs, peacocks—all evince certain peculiarities before a storm.

Suppose you are a master of a skye terrier or any other dog. No doubt you have often seen him burying bones; yet you never took notice of the fact that he did this shortly before it rained.

In the days when man wandered through the forests a savage creature, clothed principally with sunshine and smiles, he took little care of the dog. It required all the efforts of the tribal ancestor to take care of himself. So the dog had to be on the lookout for a "rainy day."

Dogs in those days lived mostly on fowls. Now, in rainy weather, fowls are hard to catch. So the early pet of man caught game before the rain began and buried it, so he should not die of hunger in case the storm continued. This instinct still remains with the dogs.

Horses become uneasy as a storm approaches. They fidget and neigh impatiently in their stalls.

As the sky becomes overcast asses bray and show their asinine defiance of the inevitable. Before a storm cows lie down.

Some day you may walk into a field and see a flock of sheep in a corner with their backs turned to the northwest. If you wait long enough you will see a wind blow up from that direction.

At other times the sheep run and bound over the fields, rearing on their hind feet as if they were fighting imaginary foes. This indicates a disturbance of the atmosphere and the approach of a brisk storm.

Hogs, as would be typical of them, grunt before it rains.

When lions eat reverently circus trainers know there is going to be bad weather. Then they take particular precautions in fastening the poles and ropes of circus tents.

Birds also evince feelings of discomfort before inclement weather. Swallows fly low, rooks call discordantly, and peacocks and guinea hens cry constantly. Water fowls before a rain make a bee line for a lake or river.

The weather has a noticeable effect on fish of all kinds. Fishermen will tell you that trout become electrified with energy before a storm. As if in joyful anticipation of a feast, sharks disport playfully about ships before a hurricane rises.

Persons living near rivers or streams can gauge the weather by the croak of frogs. As the weather becomes warm and dry or wet and disagreeable the frog's croak varies, ascending and descending in the scale of sound like a barometer.—Detroit News-Tribune.

## Will Give Finances Proof.

There is a man in Pittsburg who will be married in a short while and will occupy the house a few rooms of which he has used during his bachelor days. He takes the greatest pleasure in showing his intimate friends about the place and is especially delighted at the astonishment they express when his own "den" is reached. He has always been a quiet, studious fellow, but as refitted the room gives the appearance of the lounging place of a regular rounder. There are racks of long pipes, photographs of actresses are stuck about the chimney glass, a shelf of beer steins runs all the way around the room and a few feminine gloves, handkerchiefs and fans are scattered about.

"Great Scott, Jack!" the last visitor gasped, "where did you get this outfit and why?"

"Bought out a college fellow," was the complacent reply. "Just think how pleased that dear little girl will be when she sees all this truck and thinks how much wickedness she has won me away from!"—Harper's Weekly.

## Refute Oler's Theory.

Mrs. Eddy was 40 when she discovered Christian Science, just as Mrs. Stowe was 40 when she wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin. Scott began the Waverley novels when he was 43; Mohammed was 52 when the begrim marked the beginning of his great work; Swedenborg was 54 years old when what is called his illumination began, and if Newton and Darwin had regarded themselves as past their best at 40 there would now be neither the Principia nor The Origin of Species.

## Answering a Fool Question.

The attendant in the dentist's office approached the man with the swollen jaw who had just entered.

"Do you want to have a tooth extracted?" she inquired.

"Want to" he snorted. "Want to! What do you think I am, a lunatic? I've got to."—Ann Arbor Chaparral.

## Only Rarely Thought.

Once in a while you meet an old college graduate who remembers what the words the initials in the name of his Greek letter society stood for were.—Somerville Journal.

## An Odd Business.

In France at this season the banks of streams are yellow with bonfires every night. About the fires leaf-peasants, men and women, smoking, chattering, spooning.

They keep the blaze going all night, and at dawn the ground is an inch or two deep with May flies, fireflies, moths—little creatures that flew out of the darkness into those clear and gem-like flames, fluttered forth again in agony, fell and died.

The tiny corpses are sold to the French bird dealers at five or six cents a pint, and are resold for food to the owners of pet birds, finches, thrushes, canaries, nightingales and the like.

## Government Lands in Canada.

Of the 90,000,000 acres of fertile land in the west of Canada, the government has allotted 75,290,000 and has only 14,180,000 left. In 1906 the crop acreage of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with a population of 806,928, was 7,283,719 acres. Only a small proportion of this has fallen into the hands of bona-fide farmers. Forty million acres of the fertile land given out by the government is in the hands of companies, syndicates and private and other owners, all of whom are holding for the purpose of obtaining higher prices.

## How They Manage.

"Every girl in that chorus has a lot of diamonds."

"That's so."

"I wonder how they can afford it?"

"Why, as you may see, they have scarcely any clothes to buy."—Houston Post.

It's to a man's credit if he can truthfully say that his credit is good.