THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XII.

At Ostend the pretty widow showed signs of fatigue, and O'Rourke having seen her comfortably tucked away in one first-class carriage, with his own traveling rug for a pillow, sought another.

Mrs. Spry was heavy-eyed when she awoke, and yawned behind her little gloved hand as she stood upon the platform watching the assiduous O'Rourke, who bustled hither and thither in her behalf in his own brightest and most cheerful manner.

"I suppose your friends expect you at—I forget the name of the place. Janenne? Is it Janenne?" He glanced at her quickly and with so evident a surprise that she added: "Mr. Maskelyne told me you were going there. Is that the name of the place?"

"There is a little place of that name," said O'Rourke. "Maskelyne and I were there together a few days ago. I may go on, or I may not. I shall probably have a day or two in Brussels in any case."

When the hotel was reached, O'Rourke secured rooms for his delightful companion and ordered for her at her request a cup of warm milk and a biscuit. This modest refection was conveyed to her bed chamber, and she retired, purring an acknowledgment of obligation.

If Mrs. Spry had been charming the night before, she was still more delightful next morning. O'Rourke made a guess as to her age, and set her down as being between three and four and twenty, in which he flattered her. Bearing in mind all the while how time was flying, and how it behooved him to make the most of chances which were likely to be limited, he turned the conversation to the lady's probable movements. Did she intend to stay long in Brussels? he asked.

"Well, no," she answered, with a becoming little blush. "There's only one thing brings me here. There's an old lady living here—a little hard up, I'm afraid, Mr. O'Rourke. She's a relative of my poor dear late husband's—a distant relative, but the only one he had, and he left her out in the cold. I'm afraid she's not very likely to be very good friends with me, but I want to make it up with her if she'll let me." O'Rourke's attentive and sympathetic face was worth a volume of commonplace answers to this statement. "And then," said the widow, "I've got a friend to see, and then I've done with Belgium. I shall go and see Paris again, and I shall try to persuade my friend to go with me. I haven't seen her for two years, but she's the dearest girl in the world."

"That," said O'Rourke, "is a flattering description. Is your friend in Brussels?"

"No. From what I can learn, she's gone and buried herself alive in some dreadful quiet place; miles and miles away from everywhere. I've looked it up on the map, and I make out Namoor to be the nearest city. It's a little place called Houfoy."

"I have been there," returned O'Rourke, with admirable naturalness. "There is only one English family residing there. I have the pleasure to know them."

"Oh," said the lady, rapidly and enthusiastically, "do you know Angela Butler? Oh, now, really! I say, what a little place the world is, to be sure! Well, now, I do wonder that young George Maskelyne never told me that you knew Angela Butler."

"I only know them very slightly," said O'Rourke. "I only met them a fortnight ago. No; three weeks since."

"Oh," purred the widow, making her best and most expressive eyes at her companion. "I adore Angela Butler. Don't you adore her, Mr. O'Rourke? Oh, I'm sure you do."

"I think her a very charming girl. Frank, clever, English—thoroughly English."

"Oh, so very English," said Mrs. Spry.

"And you are going to Houfoy to see Miss Butler?" asked O'Rourke. "That is delightful news indeed to me. We shall be neighbors. I am going to Janenne to see some old friends of mine, and Janenne is the nearest village to Houfoy."

"That will be pleasant," said Mrs. Spry. When she had said this she lowered her head away suddenly, and a second or two later shot a most vanquishing glance at O'Rourke.

She discharged her one little bit of actual business, and she set out on a bright afternoon in early June, with the constant O'Rourke in attendance, for Houfoy, having previously advised Angela of her coming by wire.

"Let me see, now," said Mrs. Spry, holding her head on one side and looking up at O'Rourke thoughtfully. "How long will it take this train to reach Houfoy?"

"It does not go on to Houfoy," returned O'Rourke. "It reaches Janenne in four hours and five minutes."

"I think you know everything, Mr. O'Rourke," said the lady, admiringly. Then, clasping her hands with a soft fervor, "Will you do me a favor, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"Try me," said O'Rourke, with his own admirable mixture of jest and earnest.

"Will you go to the telegraph bureau and write a telegram? In French, or these dreadful foreigners'll bungle it. From Mrs. Spry, Brussels, to Miss Angela Butler, the Chateau, Houfoy. To say that I shall be at—what's the name of the station?—at—when does the train get there?—and to ask her to meet me there. Because she might forget."

"May I look at your books?" he said.

"Certainly," she answered, taking up a loose handful and handing them over to him. As she did so his eyes met hers, and he drew them away with a sad reluctance. Mrs. Spry blushed, and opened one of the paper-bound volumes.

"Ah!" cried O'Rourke, brightly, a moment later, "you have bought 'Fireflies,' I see."

"Yes," she answered, looking up with a faint memory of the blush still lingering in her eyes, "I heard a great deal of talk about it in London, and I want to see what it's like."

"A delightful book," said O'Rourke. "A lovely book. The author is a dear friend of mine. He is staying at Janenne with his wife and their little boy. I am going down there to pay them a visit."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Spry, clasping her hands. "How delightful to know such people! Oh, how I do envy you that privilege!"

"You will be bound to meet him," O'Rourke said, "and sure to like him. I believe that Miss Butler and Mrs. Farley are great friends."

"I shall be afraid of him, I'm sure," cried the widow, hiding her face in her hands, and surveying O'Rourke through her fingers. "I was afraid of you at first." She blushed prodigiously at this avowal, and dropping her hands before her, she turned her head away. O'Rourke caught her hands and held them for a moment.

"Of me?" he said, tenderly.

And here, since they were alone in the carriage, and had still a good twenty miles to go before they reached their first stopping point, no man can say how rapidly and how happily O'Rourke's fate might have been decided, if only the adventure had happened in England, where the guards refrain from walking about the outside of their trains during transit. But at this instant the door swung open and the ticket collector entered, and having with a perfect stony gravity punched their tickets, swung himself out through the door on the other side of the carriage and went on his way with a broad grin. O'Rourke saw the grin, and for a moment, though he was a fairly good-tempered man as a general thing, felt vengeful. The obvious impossibility of pursuing the ticket collector along the footboard did nothing to assuage his anger for the time.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I should like," said Mr. Frost—"I should particularly like to know what your individual caper really is."

"Make your desire a little clearer," returned Mr. Zeno. "I speak English tolerably well, I think, but I have yet to learn American. Try English."

The two were seated in Frost's dingy apartment. The tenant of the room was better dressed than usual, his clothes were better brushed, and his linen was stiffer and whiter than ordinary. A tall, shiny silk hat cocked lazily over one eye gave him a rakish air, and as he leaned back in a broken down rocking chair, with his heels on the window sill, he contemplated the trim and well polished boots which ornamented his feet with a look of obvious satisfaction. The evening sun shone through the dirty, uncurtained window, and gave his sallow skin an unaccustomed glow.

"What do you want to get at, at all?" demanded Frost. "What do you want to know? What do you want to do?"

"I want to know and do many things," returned Zeno. "Come to your point, my friend. Be more precise. What do you want to know? What do you want to do?"

"You don't put your head into the lion's mouth and hold it there for nothin'," said Frost, turning a shifty glance upon him. "You could know every movement that old madman makes, if that's your only game, without putting your own skin in danger for a second. There ain't a thing he does that I don't know, or couldn't know if I wanted to, and what I know you could know at a very slight momentary expenditure."

"Well," returned Zeno, "very well. You know the man in the photograph. You know Athanos Zeno. Nobody else knows Athanos Zeno, my good Frost. If Athanos Zeno is betrayed he is betrayed by George Frost. Is it worth while to talk of this any longer? Do you think that I am not content with carrying my life in my own hand, and that I put it into yours? Do you think that I am young enough and foolish enough to trust anybody without a check? Let me tell you why I employed you. I saw that you were clever, cunning and without scruple, and without courage. It is not a good thing always to choose a man without courage, but it is a good thing in your case, because when you know that your life hangs upon your good faith you will be faithful. Now, is it really worth while to talk of this any longer?"

"I own up," said Frost.

"I shall not trust you a bit more if you own up, as you call it," said Zeno, tranquilly. "I shall not trust you a bit less. I shall not trust you less for this talk, because I have never trusted you. I shall not trust you any more, because I never trust anybody. I am obliged to be in danger. Now, really, shall we talk of this thing any more? Is it really worth while?"

"You're not such a fool," Frost answered, evidently ill at ease beneath Mr. Zeno's smile—"you're not such a fool as to suppose that I'm going to throw up a tolerable safety such as I've got hold of. I ain't the man to quarrel with my rations, nor yet to get my skin pierced while I can keep it whole. I was a fool to threaten you, but I wanted to know your game and that was all. If I ain't going to be let know it, I'm placable."

"Then," said Zeno, "we will go out and have some dinner. And you shall pay for the dinner, because you have been a fool. Eh, my Frost?"

"I'm game for that," said Frost. "Are you going to take your parcel with you?"

"Ah! the parcel," said Zeno. "The parcel is your affair. I had forgotten. This is a little invention of your own. You will bring it under the attention of the committee this evening and it will secure you a little praise, I can assure you."

"What is it?" Frost demanded.

"Ha! ha!" cried Zeno, with a laugh, "you have divined its nature. What a cunning fellow it is, and what a courageous fellow it is!"

"I say, look here," said the other, shrinking closer against the wall, "you haven't got any of that stuff here, have you? I can't stand it, Zeno. I won't—"

"What?" cried Zeno, laying a hand upon Frost's collar. "You call me by that name! You are frightened, are you? and you forget, do you, my poor Frost? Never be frightened again, will you? Please! Never forget again, will you? Please!"

"I hate the stuff," Frost declared. "I can't bear to be about it."

"Do not mind the stuff, dear Frost," said Mr. Zeno, tightening his hold on Frost's collar. "Mind me, if you please. You will be very sorry if you call me by that name again."

"I won't forget again," he said, stammeringly. "But I hate the stuff. I wish you wouldn't bring it here."

"Pooh!" returned Zeno, with a brutal disregard of his friend's sensitiveness "What harm is there in this?" He released Frost, and, crossing over to the other side of the room, took from the sofa an unsuspicious-looking parcel wrapped in brown paper. Setting this upon the table, he proceeded to untie the knotted string which surrounded it, grinning and grimacing at his companion as he worked at the knots with his fingers. Frost glued himself to the wall and stared at the parcel with an involuntary batting of the eyes. When at last the knots were conquered, the paper wrappages removed, and the contents exposed, he gave a sigh of relief, and wiped his brow with the back of his hand.

"Well," he said, with a ghastly attempt at a jocular air and tone, "there ain't any harm in that, so far as I can see." Zeno held up before him a packet of half a dozen books, held together by a double strap, and differing slightly in size. Fastened to the two straps was a loop of sewn leather by which the parcel could be conveniently carried. "I don't know," said Frost, "what you want to scare me for. I've told you over and over again I can't bear the mere sight of it."

"Come here," said Zeno, laying the packet on the table and unfastening the buckles; "I have something to show you." Frost approached with a slow swagger of unconcern. Zeno, having laid down the straps on either side, opened the topmost volume. "A dictionary," he said, "of French and English." He fluttered over the first two or three score leaves.

"Well," said Frost, "where's your invention?"

"Here," replied Zeno, and, turning over another score of leaves, revealed the top of a tin box, displaying at the same time the fact that the interior part of the leaves was cut clean away, and that the apparent bundle of books was but a case. He lifted the dictionary, and some two inches of the tin box stood clear. Then he lifted the second book, which was smaller than the first, and held it up, a mere oblong frame. Then he drew out the tin case itself, and balanced it in his hand before Frost, who retired so rapidly that he fell over a chair backward. "Get up," said Zeno, "it is empty." Frost arose, rubbing the back of his head, which had come smartly in contact with the wall.

"I don't know," he said, "what you want to scare me for."

"Why," returned Zeno, showing the gaps in his teeth again, "it is right that you should know that you are a coward."

"There are some men," said Frost, rising slowly, "that can't stand snakes. I ain't sweet on snakes myself, but I'd sooner go to bed with a hogshead of 'em than be in the same room with dynamite. And outside that, I don't know that I'm such a champion coward as you take me for. It's a natural repugnance; that's what it is—a natural repugnance. I've read of men that have that same precise kind of feelin' in respect to cats, and roses, and all manner of things that you and me don't mind at all."

"Well," said Zeno, smiling still, "this is your invention, my brave Frost. I make you a present of the idea. You observe" (he restored the tin box to its place again, and strapped the innocent looking volumes together as he spoke)—"you observe that there is not the least suspicion about this. If any of your friends, who does not share your natural repugnance, should want to cross the Channel with anything that should not be observed, this may be useful to him."

"Yes," replied Frost, taking the parcel in his hand and weighing it, "it looks innocent enough. It's an ingenious idea, and I should think it would act. But it won't hold much."

(To be continued.)

No Cause for Alarm.

The honeymoon had bumped the bumps.

"You know, John," said the young wife, "that I used to be your typewriter?"

"Um—yes," grunted John.

"Well," she continued, "I wish you would discharge the girl you have now and hire a man in her place."

"Huh!" rejoined hubby. "I hope you don't think I would make a fool of myself twice in the same way."—Chicago News.

Only Explanation.

It was bargain day.

An excited man rushed into the crowded dry goods emporium.

"Say, where will I find my wife?" he queried of the head floorwalking gentleman.

"Really, I don't know, sir," replied the party of the floorwalking part. "She hasn't been here to-day."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the excited man. "Then I must hurry home at once. She is either dead or dying!"

Prophecy Fulfilled.

Patient—I have come to tell you, doctor, that that young stock broker, whom my daughter met at the sea four months ago, has now proposed to her and they are engaged."

Doctor—Now didn't I tell you that you would benefit later by your change?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Dreaming on Her Part.

Ned—Whenever Mr. Hussle begins a thing practically there's no idle dreaming about it, I tell you.

Nell—Oh, I don't know. May Yerner told me he practically began a proposal to her once. I'll bet there was a good deal of idle dreaming about that.—Philadelphia Press.

THE OLD-SOAKEM BUCKET SHOP.

How dear to my heart are the bucket shop earnings,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The clerk, the mechanic, for wealth vainly yearning,
And every one else I was able to do.
No longer they'll come with the bulk of their wages,
And hand them to me, when for margins I call;
No longer they'll find in the newspaper pages
The news that a bucket shop's gone to the wall;
The well-furnished bucket shop, swell looking bucket shop,
The bucket shop ready to go to the wall.

How oft have they stood by the ticker and waited
To learn what their profits were going to be!
How oft to their sorrow they've found they were fated
To leave all their profits forever with me.
Their coin! How I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And safe in my pockets it speedily fell;
Alas! now my business they've been overthrowing,
The bucket shop business that did 'em up well.
The lucrative business, the get-rich-quick business,
The bucket shop business that did 'em up well.

Alone in my sorrow, I scarce can believe it,
I'll profit no more as a bear or a bull;
My business is gone, and I ne'er can retrieve it,
I find they have broken my wonderful pull.
No longer I'll rake in their money and spend it,
No longer be out when my customers call;
The Legislature has passed a bill that will end it,
Forever the bucket shop's gone to the wall.
The old soakem bucket shop, cash-getting bucket shop,
The bucket shop now that has gone to the wall.

—Detroit Free Press.

"MILKMEN" OF BELGIUM.

Queer Rigs of Milk Peddlers Who Are Mostly Girls.

There is a land across the sea, sandwiched in between Holland, Prussia and France, that is more densely populated than any other country in the world. It is the kingdom of Belgium, where there are a little more than 550 inhabitants for every square mile of territory. The inhabitants are of French and German origin of about equal proportions, are quite numerous enough to engage in great manufacturing industries, but who are, nevertheless, pastoral in their pursuits and depend on the soil for a livelihood. Many canals and a network of railroads through the country enable the farmers to transport their products to the markets, and the climate in general is de-

TYPICAL BELGIAN MILKMAID.

lightfully temperate. Cattle is one of the chief products, and the corn and fruit crops come next. Many engage in fishing, and in recent years the coal and iron ore mining has grown to great proportions. Lumbering is also carried on to a considerable extent.

But cattle raising and fruit farming appear to be the national occupations. The inhabitants seem naturally adapted to such tasks, and they are surely more picturesquely interesting to the traveler when thus engaged. Dairy products cut no small figure in a country where cattle raising is an important industry, and the milk peddlers of Belgium are without a doubt the most interesting characters the traveler will meet in any country in Europe. All through Belgium you will meet the milk peddler, whether on the city streets, the villages and towns or the country highways. And as a general thing they are the robust red cheeked girls from the farms, with their milk cans and jars loaded on carts in which dogs are the motive power. The picture with this article shows a milkmaid with her cart and dog.

Milk and butter are ridiculously low priced in Belgium, and the peddler has got to make a lot of sales before a dollar is earned. However, the purchasing power of a dollar is a lot greater in Belgium than it is in this country, so things about even up. Next in importance to stock and fruit raising is agriculture, and, although Belgium is not large, it excels most of Europe.

WHY FOOD FADDISTS THRIVE.

Enthusiastic Belief Adds Taste that Insures Digestion.

Much light has been thrown on the process of digestion in the last few years by the investigations of Pavlov, a Russian physiologist, and others. These investigations have changed very materially our views of this process and have served to explain many things relating to food, especially why it is that every food faddist thrives upon his particular diet, although it may differ in toto from that of his neighbor who thrives equally on his own regimen. Stories are told of dyspeptics, living for years on carefully selected food of the blandest and "most easily digestible" sort, and suffering misery, who suddenly conceived a longing for corned beef and cabbage and surreptitiously devoured a meal of it. To their delight as much as to their surprise, there was nothing to pay for this yielding to the promptings of nature; digestion was perfectly performed for the first time in years. Such stories are not always apocryphal; they may be founded on fact, and their explanation is the same as that of the success of the food faddist.

Pavlov found in experimenting on dogs that an abundance of gastric juice was secreted when they had food that they liked, even though this food was mechanically prevented from entering the stomach; whereas, when they were fed on things they did not care for, but could eat only when half starved, the secretions of gastric juice was very scanty. This he called the "appetite juice," the process in the stomach being analogous to the familiar phenomenon of "watering in the mouth," or increased salivary secretion caused by the sight or smell of savory food or even by the thought of it. He found also that the composition of the digestive fluids varied with the kind of food, each article swallowed calling forth, through some mysterious signals transmitted to the stomach from the tongue and palate as soon as they had tasted the morsel placed in the mouth, just the sort of fluid best adapted to its digestion. The enthusiastic appreciation by the dietetic crank of the unsavory food which he is persuaded will assure him strength and long life gives him a taste for it, and so the motherly stomach provides an abundance of gastric juice of the proper composition and thereby saves him from the otherwise inevitable consequences of his folly.

Six of One, Etc.

"Look at poor Mrs. Smith working that heavy lawn mower. Isn't it a shame?"

"Yes, perhaps it is; but listen to poor Mr. Smith putting the baby to sleep."

Contentment.

"Dey say contentment is better dan riches," said Uncle Eben; "'but I mus' own up dat I'd kind o' like to try both an' decide foh myself."—Washington Star.

To a man with a little sense, probably the greatest annoyance in the world is a fool.

Summer Clothing.

It is the custom whenever one goes from northern regions to the tropics to don white garments as a protection against the heat of the sun; and a change from colored goods to white is made in our climate, also, in the summer.

The reason given for this resort to white is that "it reflects the heat instead of absorbing it;" and if one questions its virtue, answer is always made that the natives of tropical regions wear white clothes, and they ought to know what is best.

It is true that the natives often wear white, but they have dark skins by which they are protected from the chemical rays, the rays that are most injurious to man, and that break down his health, after a longer or shorter residence in equatorial regions. The white man's white clothes offer no resistance to these injurious light rays, although they give comfort by throwing back the heat rays.

If white clothes are worn externally, the undergarments, so tropical hygienists say, should be black, red or orange, since these colors offer a screen to the chemical rays. After dark, in the tropics as well as during the hot summer months in this country, black clothes are the most sensible, since they promote the radiation of heat from the body.

The head covering in summer should be light in color as well as in weight—yellow or khaki color is better than white—but should have a dark lining. The practice of going bareheaded, especially in the case of light-haired or bald persons, is fraught with grave perils. The notion that some baldheaded men have that exposure of the head to the sun's rays will promote the growth of the hair is pernicious; the man who has tried it one summer will not repeat it the next—if he is alive.

In texture, summer clothing should be light and porous. For men the outer garments should be of wool, the underclothing of linen or cotton and wool. This should be woven in a mesh which, by the air it contains, protects against chill and which absorbs perspiration; such material does not get the "clammy" feeling of a closely woven cloth when damp.

A night garment of loosely woven thin flannel of dark color will be found more comfortable than one of cotton or linen, and will also afford greater protection against chill. Summer "colds" often follow chilling of the body toward morning when it is encased in a damp clinging linen nightdress. One who finds himself in such a state in the early morning should quickly take a warm bath, followed by a cold sponge or shower, and a vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel.—Youth's Companion.

A Vague Prescription.

One of the virtues of the modern physician is definiteness of direction. To prescribe a dose "once in so often" is to leave a wide margin of chance, especially if the drug be a potent one. Let it be hoped that the good man whose prescription is quoted below was not dealing in strychnin nor prussic acid. The letter is taken from "Highways and Byways in Sussex," by E. V. Lucas, and was written by the doctor in an English village a century ago.

Mr. Andrews. I have sent you some things which you may take in the manner following, viz: of that in the bottle marked with a + you may take of the quantity of a spoonfull or so, now and then, and at night take some of those pills, drinking a little warm beer after it, and in the morning take 2 spoonfulls of that in the other bottle, fasting an hour after it, and then you may eat something, you may take also of the first and every night a pill and in the morning.

I hope this will do you good which is the desire of him who is your loving friend, William Benbrigg.

Nothing New.

Proof is below that ladies criticized each other's clothes in the seventeenth as well as in the twentieth century—and in "fonetik" spelling.

In 1686, May or June, Bridget Noel wrote to her sister, the Countess of Rutland:

"My Lady Gansbourer meet us at Burley, but in sutch a dres as I never saw without disput. Her jengan manto is the worst of its kind, it is purpel, & a great dele of green, & a letel gould, & great flours, ther is some red with the green, and noe lining, which luks a bomenable."

Fitting the Word to the Act.

John—Maria, what on airth do ye think? That pesky Si Smith we've been quarrelin' with sez he's goin' to take the matter inter the courts.

Maria—Oh, law!—Baltimore American.

Somehow when a girl appears on the front porch and spreads out a hammock, it suggests a spider, and every one wonders if a fly will come along.

Marriage is sometimes a failure because a man is unable to think of the right excuse at the right time.