

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The boy, who at first sight of O'Rourke had expected to be hailed with a friendly boisterousness and treated to a free seat on the patriot's shoulder, had not known what to make of him under his new aspect, and after waiting for some time to be noticed, had betaken himself to one of the windows which looked upon the street. There he would himself up in a window curtain and drew upon the dusty panes with his forefinger. He was still concealed when the spy and his companion entered.

"Enraged?" said Zeno, with an oddly foreign gawky which had distinguished him for a week past. "The good Frost and I are a little before our time. We will wait. We will wait. That is but little trouble."

Close on this rang out the boy's clear treble in a delighted laugh.

"Mr. Zeno," he cried, and danced out from behind his window curtain.

The spy turned and stooped with a horrible threatening face, both hands drawn back and apart, with the fingers working. The boy fell back, frightened and wondering. O'Rourke by a mere impulse seized the spy by the shoulder and dragged him back. Zeno's hand went like lightning to his breast pocket and stayed there, and he fixed an eye like a serpent's on O'Rourke. The patriot dropped his own hand and smiled. Whatever else he was, he had never been a coward in his life.

He glanced at Frost, and saw that estimable old acquaintance leaning against the wall with a face made ghastly by terror, and both hands groping helplessly outside his coat in the region of his heart.

"My dear little Austin," said O'Rourke in his silkiest voice, "come here. You are frightened." He sat down and took the child upon his knee. "What made you take this gentleman for Mr. Zeno? Mr. Zeno was a very wicked man, and this is a very nice gentleman indeed."

"I don't like him," said the boy, shrinking into O'Rourke's arms. "I liked Mr. Zeno."

"This is a very nice gentleman, indeed," said O'Rourke. "What made you think he was Mr. Zeno, Austin?"

"I didn't," said little Austin, rubbing his eyes with his knuckles. "I thought I heard Mr. Zeno speak."

"What a funny mistake!" he said. "I shouldn't tell that to anybody if I were you. People would think that was quite silly, wouldn't they?"

"Yes," assented little Austin.

Over the little fellow's innocent golden head, O'Rourke looked at Frost and Zeno. "Monsieur," he said placidly, speaking in French that the child might not understand him, and choosing his phrases to that end, because Austin had mastered a few phrases of the language at Janene's.

"I have never met a more striking example of infantile perspicacity. I am prodigiously indebted to our young friend and shall probably profit a little by this brilliant stroke of his."

There were five or ten minutes of blank silence, and then Dobroski, opening the door, looked in and nodded smilingly at his three friends.

"Good morning, gentlemen. I will join you immediately. Come this way, dear little one. Your father is going away now. Let me see. I think I have somewhere a packet of bonbons. Little people like bonbons, eh? Sometimes old gentlemen eat bonbons also. I do. Ah, you find that dull? I will be with you immediately, gentlemen."

The smiling old man led the child away, and closed the door with a bow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Beautiful summer we are having," said Mr. Frost, with a ghastly attempt to seem at ease. His lips were blue, and his eyes were dilated and curiously pale. Neither O'Rourke nor Zeno took the slightest notice of him, but each regarded the other fixedly.

"You are here," said O'Rourke to Zeno, "to discuss the purchase of arms for Ireland?"

"That is why I am here," answered Zeno.

"When that is over we will find a private place somewhere and discuss another question," O'Rourke said quietly.

"Very well," said Zeno, just as calmly.

Dobroski and O'Rourke discussed the business of the morning seriously, and Zeno's aspect of seriousness was complete. The patriot had never before concerned himself personally in an enterprise of this kind, and would scarcely have cared for Frost as a colleague even now if he had not felt so sure of his hold over him. The discovery of the morning alone would have given him a power which Frost would have been powerless to fight against, and even apart from that he knew enough to break him a score of times over.

When the morning business was finished, and it had been finally arranged that the whole details of the purchase should be left practically in O'Rourke's hands, with Frost to act as his interne-diary, the three guests took their leave together.

"Where can we have that talk I spoke about?" asked O'Rourke, as they came upon the street.

"You can come to my rooms, if you please," responded Zeno, somewhat sullenly.

"On second thought," said O'Rourke, "we will find other quarters. Mr. Wroblewskoff. I happen to know a very respectable and quiet restaurant near your house, where we can have a private room. Suppose we drive there?"

"As you please," returned Zeno.

In a little while the three were seated together in quiet. Frost ordered cold lunch, and intimated to the waiter that they wished to be left alone until they should ring for his further attendance.

"I had not the advantage of knowing you very intimately at Janene's," said O'Rourke, when they were finally left alone. "Even if I had had that advantage, I do not believe I should have recognized you but for the little accident of this morning. We have a proverb to

the effect that little pitchers have long ears. I shall think of that proverb with respect forever after to-day."

"You choose to be facetious, sir," said Zeno, with an air of chagrin. "I will not pretend not to understand you, but your good fortune is less agreeable to me than it is to you. Will you kindly make a matter of business of our talk, sir?"

"That is just what I wish. I happen at this moment to be pressed for eleven hundred pounds."

"Ah, sir!" said Zeno, "if I should happen to be pressed for any such sum as that I am afraid I should be forced to quit the country."

"I am about to transfer the pressure from my shoulders to your own," said O'Rourke quietly. "The sum is small enough in all conscience. I merely mention it because I happen to want it now. It does not leave me a solitary five-pound note when my immediate necessities are met. Your employers will find my humble charge no more than a flea-bite, Mr. Wroblewskoff."

"Very well," said Zeno, "I throw up my hand and go. That is all. It is not in my power to find such a sum or anything like such a sum."

"Will you ring the bell for me, Frost?" asked O'Rourke. Frost rang the bell, making a somewhat crab-like progress across the room in order to keep an eye on Zeno. "Bring me a dozen telegraph forms," said O'Rourke to the waiter.

There was another pause, and when the forms were brought and they were again alone O'Rourke handed the sheets to Frost. "Go to that table," he said, "and write to my dictation. Are you ready? Never mind Mr. Wroblewskoff, Frost. I will take care of him. Now, if you please, write: 'Guard every dock and station. Wroblewskoff is Zeno.' Repeat that on every form. Address to Bremmer, to Dobroski, Slater, Hughes, MacAdam, Joyce; address them from yourself at your own address. I will give you more names by and by."

Frost wrote one form after the other, shooting a shifty, frightened eye at Zeno every now and then. Zeno leaned back in his chair, looking from Frost to O'Rourke with a mischievous, sly, and gleaming glance, which expressed with tolerable clearness his own feeling at the turn affairs had taken. O'Rourke, with his hand on the back of a chair, stood at the head of the table, and never took his eyes from Zeno for an instant.

"Write me a telegram, my faithful Frost," said Zeno, suddenly. "Date from here. From Angelo, A-n-g-e-l-o, to Dr. Brun, B-r-u-n, two dots over the u, my good Frost, if you please. Thirty-eight Hollington place, N. W. Have you that down? 'Check book. Immediate.' That is all."

"Give me the other forms, Frost, if you please," said O'Rourke. "It will save trouble to them, perhaps. It would be a pity to have to rewrite them. Thank you."

The telegram was dispatched to Dr. Brun, who responded in person, and after a parley paid O'Rourke the sum demanded.

When O'Rourke and Frost reached the former's chambers after this episode, Frost told of his fears for Dobroski.

"I think," he said, leaning forward and speaking in a whisper, "they want to get the old man away—split him out of the country."

"Dobroski?"

"Dobroski. Wroblewskoff's in the pay of the Russian government, and the old man's been in the very middle of all the plots against the Czar and the government this fifty year. It's my notion they want to get him into Russia and squeeze things out of him there. I guess they'll make it warm for him if ever they do get him into the Czar's dominions."

"But he will never be idiot enough to go there," said O'Rourke half to himself. This was horrible if it were to be believed. To have left spies at liberty to dog the old man and frustrate his plans was bad and base enough, since he who did it, and was paid for doing it, had professed to be with him heart and soul, but to hand him over to his enemies was worse.

"No, no," he said; "Dobroski's too wily to be caught by any trap of the Russians. He knows better than venture into any part of the Czar's dominions."

"They ain't going to ask his leave," whispered Frost. "I'm certain about one thing, and I can average the rest. They're going to drug him. I'm sure of that. Zeno's been at me—Wroblewskoff been at me, I mean. He's been at me about how to give a man a drug over and over again. Look here, he's brand new furnished his rooms. I caught a chap making sketches of the walls one day. Ugly as sin the house was, too, and a fellow there making pictures of the inside of it. Wait a bit. You help to hunt this down. He sent me down to the railway station with a lot of packing cases—one lot for Calais and another for Vienna. His rooms didn't stand in want of new furnishin' a bit, and these yer packin' cases came from the same establishment he got his furniture from. Do you see anything in all that, now?"

"Nothing," O'Rourke confessed—"nothing." He began to think that Frost was inventing some sham secret to keep back what he knew, and he watched and listened keenly, but with no great appearance of interest.

"Try a bit further," said Frost, still leaning forward and speaking in a whisper. "This struck me as being all a little bit queer. I wasn't let know much, and it kind of piqued me, so I took a walk into the Tottenham Court Road, and I got into talk with a warehouseman. I wasn't long in finding out what I'd guessed to be about the thing before. The stock for Calais was the same as the stock for Vienna, and the stock for Vienna was the same, to a tuppence, as had gone to Zeno's rooms. Anything in all that, now?"

The patriot's eyes were bent upon the floor, and his face was shaded in his hand. "Three sets of rooms furnished alike to a hair. Calais is on the way to Vienna. Vienna's on the way to a good many places, but I reckon the Rus-

slan frontier's on the list, ain't it? Drawings made of the old walls to have every thing put in the same place. I don't lay out to be supernatural, but I ain't such a born woodenhead, I can't make a guess as to what all that means. It's cute."

"Do you happen to know," said O'Rourke, suddenly turning on his companion, and seizing him by the wrist, "if Austin Farley's new novel is on the book stalls yet?" His look was triumphant for the moment, and, indeed, he thought he had trapped Frost with great neatness. Farley had never written a book with the theme of which O'Rourke had not been made acquainted long before his first page had reached the public, and he knew this story perfectly. Frost did not look in the least disconcerted. On the contrary, his eyes took a new light of certainty, and he slapped the table emphatically with the hand O'Rourke had left at liberty.

"Austin Farley?" he cried, with a voice of triumph. "It was him that guessed that Zeno was a spy. And I couldn't make out how it was that he was so sweet on him in spite of that. Said he was a peck of men, and a man of genius. Said he'd love him for a collaborator. I asked him what set him admiring Farley, and he said it was his native talent. If Farley's done a book like that, he's got his idea out of it, that's positive."

O'Rourke knew Frost for an unblinking liar, but it was improbable to his mind that Farley's book could be out as yet.

He dismissed Frost, and wandered out into the streets, striving to banish his own thoughts.

He walked on gloomily, not knowing whether he went, and not caring, and conscience struck him hot and hard all the way. Yet what could he do? Nothing but torment himself until the thing was done. And afterward, forever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

With his hat tilted over his brows, O'Rourke walked on staring at the pavement. Suddenly a timid voice breathed his name, and looking up with a great start, he beheld the widow, who stood near him with pale face, eyes swollen with many recent tears, and clasped, petitioning hands.

"Hector," said the widow, in a frightened and appealing voice.

"Julia," he answered. He was glad that his own face was pale, and that his eyes were haggard with trouble. He was rejoiced that he was dejected in mien and careless in dress.

"I—I ought not to speak to you," she said, flutteringly. "But I couldn't help it. I want you to tell me the truth—the real truth."

"Julia," he said, "I have nothing but the truth to tell you. I was half-respectful, wholly pitying, and devoted in his looks. 'May I drive home with you? May I tell you everything?'"

"Yes," she said, laying both hands upon her heart, and fluttering painfully. "Come. Tell me the truth."

"Under any less pressure than this," he answered, "it would be unmanly to tell it. But the whole truth is to a woman's unfounded and unreasonable jealousy has parted us and made us both unhappy."

"Hector, I told her so. But she said she hated you."

"My darling, said O'Rourke, with a lofty and yet tender remonstrance, "do you see how impossible, how cruelly impossible, you made it for me to defend myself properly in her presence? Don't you see how still more cruelly impossible it was for me to defend myself when Maskeyne appeared? How could I wound Maskeyne? A man I've loved like a brother this ten years? A man who has heaped countless benefits on me? A man who has acted toward me with a constant kindness? Julia, I swear to you by all I hold sacred that I knew Miss Butler's predilection for myself before you and I ever met. If you and I had never met—I confess it! You ask me for the truth, Julia, and you shall have it all without disguise! If you and I had never met I might have brought myself to look upon Miss Butler as a charming and suitable future wife for me. But that I ever loved her, that I ever told her so, or gave her reason to hope so or believe so, is profoundly false. I have never loved a woman until I met you. I have never breathed a word of love to any woman but yourself. You will believe me some day. I can go away and wait. And even if I meet no more, I have a certain prophecy in my own heart. You will understand me and do me justice."

(To be continued.)

Saved from Disgrace.

In one of the old families of Charleston, South Carolina, writes Mrs. Ravenel, there was an important personage, Jack, the butler. Jack disputed with another old man, Harry, the butler of Mrs. Henry Izard, the reputation of being the best and most thoroughly trained servant in the town. From the judging of the wines to the arrangement of a salt-stand there was nothing which these withered brown potentates did not decide and maintain. Nothing would have astonished either more than that master or mistress should dissent from his verdict.

Jack was intolerant of anything which he considered a breach of the etiquette of the table. Nothing could have induced him to serve a gentleman before a lady, or a younger before an elder brother. To place fruit and wine on a table-cloth instead of upon the mahogany was to him a falling from grace. On one occasion he was much annoyed when a Senator from the up-country twice asked for rice with his fish. The first request he simply remained deaf; at the second he bent down and whispered into the senatorial ear. The genial gentleman nodded, and suppressed a laugh; but when the servants had left the room, he burst into a roar, and cried, "Judge, you have a treasure! Jack has saved me from disgrace, from exposing my ignorance. He whispered, 'That wouldn't do, sir; we never eat rice with fish.'"

Up to a few years ago the dentists of Japan pulled teeth with their fingers. Forceps and other instruments are now being generally used.



Seed Corn Selection.

That pretty ears are not always the best seed corn has been shown by the experiments at the Ohio Station. They selected twenty-four extra fine ears, all of the same variety. The seed of these were planted, each ear in a row by itself, and thinned to three stalks in a hill, so that each ear had the same chance as its neighbor. One ear out of the twenty-four yielded at the rate of 114 bushels per acre, another 112 and a third 104 bushels, while other ears made fifty-five, sixty-five and seventy-seven bushels per acre. The row that made the smallest yield had fifty-eight barren stalks. The row next to the highest had fifteen barren stalks, and the row that made sixty-five bushels had fifty-two barren stalks. The ears were all of equal appearance and of equal germinating quality. The results show very plainly that what we have been for years insisting upon, that the breeding of corn in the field, the removal of disturbing influences about it, and the working toward an ideal plant as a whole, a plant of productive character rather than big ears, are all of far more importance than the selection of fine ears by the score card without any knowledge of the breeding of the corn. Selection of the largest ears tends toward single-ear production, for it is a law of nature that when we increase the size of the individual fruit of any plant we will decrease the number of fruits, and when we increase the number we decrease the size of the individual fruits. But it has also been shown that a stalk with two or more medium-sized ears of corn will make more corn than a stalk with one big ear. In a test made for the yield of grain, one sample was from a single-ear plant, one from a two-ear and one from a three-ear and one from a four-ear plant, and the quantity of corn shelled increased exactly with the number of ears on the plant. The breeding in the field to breed out barren stalks is the essential matter in developing the productive character of the corn, and the best ears are merely relative and not by any means the largest.

Simple Slaughtering Outfit.

Figure 1 shows a big galvanized iron washbasin set upon a few bricks piled up for the occasion. A small fire can be

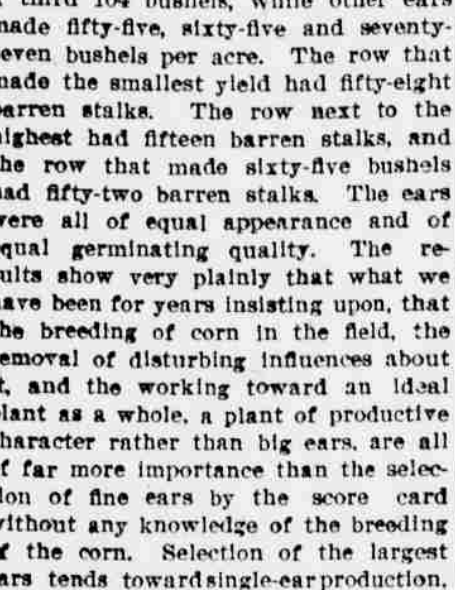


FIG. 1.—TUB FOR HEATING WATER.

built beneath, which will, of course, melt off the coating of zinc on the bottom of the tub, but this will do no great harm. Such a tub costs about 75 cents, and can be purchased anywhere.

Fig. 2 is the table and hog-head for

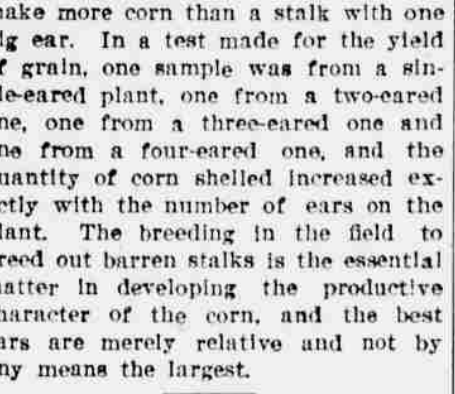


FIG. 2.—SLAUGHTERING TABLE AND VAT.

scalding and taking off hair, scraping, etc.



FIG. 3.—FRAMEWORK FOR SMOKE OUTFIT.

Fig. 3 is the framework on which to build the smoking box.

Potatoes for Planting.

In digging potatoes, known to be pure seed and of the same variety, frequent variations may often be noticed. Some of these are due only to differences of soil, but others are true "sports," and will reproduce their kind if planted another year. If these "sports" are usually productive and valuable they should be carefully saved for planting. In this way some of the best varieties of potatoes have been originated, one or two kinds of late rose being prominent instances.

Strawberries.

The strawberry propagates itself in two ways—by runners and by seed. If the runners are kept from rooting, the vine will make an effort to reproduce itself from seed (production of berries) in the spring, and some horticulturists have given as their opinion that if the vines are not allowed to throw out runners in the summer there will be no loss of vitality by the old plants, and the matter intended to be converted into runners will be stored in the plants and converted into fruit when the proper time arrives. The first thing to do after harvesting the crop is to thoroughly clean between the rows and pull out the weeds between the plants in the rows, so as to give the beds the benefit of the hoe as much as possible. Moisture is always beneficial to strawberry plants, and the ground should be worked deep at first and then kept loose on the surface until late in the fall, when the vines may be mulched. Burying the beds should be done when the ground is frozen. This, it is claimed, will enable the plants to begin anew in the spring, the old plants being thereby invigorated, the ashes providing potash, and the seeds of weeds destroyed. Leaves, straw or other materials may be placed over the plants before winter sets in, to remain as a mulch until early in the spring. Fertilizer is applied both just after harvest and early in the spring. Potted plants are runners that are grown in pots, close to the parent plants, each runner being separated from its parent when it is well rooted in the pot. It is transplanted from the pot to the open ground.

Coal Ashes.

In one ton of ashes from bituminous coal are 8 pounds of potash, 9 pounds of phosphoric acid, 38 pounds of lime and a large proportion of waste matter. Coal ashes are said to be about equal to clay, and are nearly of the same composition. They possess little or no value as a fertilizer, but serve to assist light, sandy soils to retain moisture, answering the same purpose as clay. The percentage of potash and phosphoric acid contained is too small in quantity to pay for hauling and spreading coal ashes on the ground as a fertilizer. If any benefit is derived it is due to the mechanical effect of the ashes on the soil and as an absorbent material.

Storing Potatoes.

There is more loss storing potatoes than in storing any other crop. Barring all waste from rot, there is a heavy shrinkage, both in quantity and weight. A bin holding 100 bushels will show a shrinkage of nearly one-tenth, besides a greater loss in weight. A bushel basket full that will weigh fully sixty pounds in October, when taken from the soil, will not weigh so much after being stored in the cellar during the winter. The shrinkage in weight is much less when kept in pits closely covered with earth, for there is then less chance for evaporation.

Horse Breeding.

To a careful observer it is clear that horses are now better classified than formerly. Thus the horse that is best adapted to road purposes is placed at such work, and the horse that is suited best to the plow and heavy hauling has its own proper work assigned. Hence the advantage of breeding for a purpose. The man who makes the best success of rearing horses is the one who clearly understands the situation, and breeds what is most desirable for his customers.

Grazing on Rye.

The practice of turning cows on young rye in the fall is a good one, but when the ground is very wet damage may result. Grazing the rye causes it to stool, and the young rye provides late green food; but, while the rye field may be used for cows in the fall, they should not be turned on too early in the spring. It does not do so much harm for cows to change from grass to rye, as it does from dry food in the spring to young rye.

Keep Sheep.

Every farmer should have a few sheep, in order to save much of the material grown that may be wasted. Sheep will eat a great many plants which cattle reject, and they graze closer to the ground. Young and tender weeds are delicious to sheep, and they, therefore, assist in ridding the fields of such pests. A small flock of mutton sheep should be kept, if for no other purpose than to supply the family with choice meat.

Keeping Animals in Condition.

If the animals are allowed to run down in flesh it will be a loss to the farmer, as he is then compelled to restore them to their original condition before he makes a gain. At the same time, there is a waste of many days, as the animals are below their normal condition, which is lost time that can never be regained.

Feeding Cabbage to Poultry.

The small and inferior cabbages are valuable as food for poultry, and will be highly relished in winter when green food is scarce. They are easily handled, as the heads require no cutting, the fowls picking them to pieces and consuming them down to the stalks.

TO PASS THE TIME.

The Ladies Felt It Necessary to Rest Themselves Awfully.

One day Ellen Dow and Aunt Martha, on a city shopping jaunt, acquired innumerable bulky packages and two string bags full of smaller bundles. By afternoon they were completely exhausted, and there was still a list of things yet unpurchased.

"I can't walk another step!" exclaimed Aunt Martha at last. "I must find some place to rest and sit still a full hour."

"We can go to some waiting room," suggested Ellen.

"No, that's a waste of time; we shan't be seeing anything while we're doing that," responded Aunt Martha. Suddenly her eye fell on a sign across the street:

"Concert at Three O'clock!"

"Now that's the very thing!" she burst out. "We can go to that concert, and rest while we're there, and then finish our errands. What do you say, Ellen?"

"That will be nice," Ellen responded, "unless it is too expensive."

"Oh, it's likely we can get some sort of seats for fifty or seventy-five cents. I don't mind where I sit."

"Anything will do for me," rejoined Ellen. "I'm never fussy."

"How much are the seats?" Aunt Martha asked the doorman, a little tremulously.

"It is a free concert to advertise the Pollard piano," replied the man. "Step right in."

"Well, if this isn't luck!" gasped Aunt Martha. "And there is scarcely a person in the hall, either, so we have our pick of seats."

"They always say music is better far off," suggested Ellen, motioning to some seats near the back of the hall.

Aunt Martha agreed as she dropped into a chair, and disposed the bags and parcels.

"I don't know," Ellen said, after an interval, "but we've made a mistake; we can't see much here. Don't you think we'd better go farther front?"

"Maybe we had."

They gathered up their packages, moved down the aisle, and took possession of two end seats. The audience began to assemble.

"Let's move to the middle of this row," whispered Aunt Martha. "No one can crawl past all these bundles."

Accordingly they moved to the center of the row, and were quiet a few seconds, when Ellen murmured:

"It makes me dreadful nervous to be packed in among these seats so I can't get out. What if there should be a fire?"

"That's a fact," assented Aunt Martha. "We'd better go and sit in those seats by the wall—they're right on an aisle."

Again they gathered the bundles and struggled past the long row of people to the two seats near the wall.

There was a pause, and then Aunt Martha said, softly:

"Ellen, I don't think I can stand sitting here! There's a hot radiator right by my side."

They rose once more to search for other seats, but the hall had filled, and there were no empty seats left. Even those they had just vacated were instantly taken.

"I wish we had stayed where we were at first!" said Aunt Martha petulantly. "We might as well be shopping as standing up all through this concert!"

Youth's Companion.

When Macaulay Spoke.

What can be the matter? Doors open, members rush out; members are tearing past you from all points in one direction—toward the house. Then wigs and gowns appear. They tell you with happy faces their committees have adjourned, and then come a third class, the gentlemen of the press, hilarious. Why, what's the matter? Matter! Macaulay is up. You join the runners in a moment. It was an announcement one hadn't heard for years, and the passing of the word "Macaulay's up" emptied committee rooms now as before it emptied clubs; the old voice, the old manners and the old style—glorious speaking; well prepared carefully elaborated, confessedly essayish, but spoken with perfect art and consummate management, the grand conversation of a man of the world condensing his learning and his recollections and his logic to a party of gentlemen and just raising his voice enough to be heard through the room.

As the house filled he got grander and more oratorical, and then he poured out his speech with rapidity, increasing after every sentence, till it became a torrent of the richest words, carrying his hearers with him into enthusiasm and yet not leaving them time to cheer. The great orator was trembling when he sat down. The excitement of a triumph overcame him, and he had scarcely the self-possession to acknowledge the eager praises which were offered by the ministers and others in his neighborhood.—From Whitty's "Parliamentary Retrospect."

How to Make Eyelets.

There's a new way of making those troublesome eyelets, discovered by a girl who is locally famous for inventing labor saving ideas, says the Washington Star. It consists of running the eyelet around and then cutting it from end to end and buttonholing it, making the stitches as deep as those upon the usual buttonhole, but reversing the stitch so that the edge stitches back upon the material instead of around the open edge of the eyelet. It is about one-fifth as hard to do as the usual way, and the difference in length of time is even more marked.