

# THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"The carriage is ready, dear," said Angela, laying a hand upon her uncle's arm. Fraser bowed with a flourish, and she could scarcely do less than respond. "One of those Home Rule fellows" asked the major, as he took up the reins. "Don't like 'em. Traitors, the lot of 'em."

The groom and his master sat side by side, and Maskelyne and Angela had the interior of the carriage to themselves. "It is a real pleasure to be here," said the young man as the carriage rolled along, with wood on one side and river on the other. He looked about him on the landscape, which seemed to dome in the warm light, but his glance returned to Angela. "I was afraid that I shouldn't be able to come, for my lawyers called to me twice to call me home again, but I managed to get the business through without crossing. I wouldn't have missed coming for the life of the New York."

"You will find us a little dull here," said Angela. "The fishing is very fine, and you will find plenty of work for your camera, but the evenings are very long, even in this beautiful weather."

Just at this moment the major's whip whirled in the air with an angry sound, and the horses, which had been going at a steady trot, dashed for a minute into a gallop.

"Surely," cried Maskelyne, "that was Dobroski who we passed just now." Angela raised her eyebrows a little, and held up a warning hand.

"Ah," said the major, who had pulled the horses back into their settled pace again, and now turned upon his seat with a crafty face. "You know that fellow, do you, Maskelyne? Where did you meet him?"

"I met him in the States," returned Maskelyne. "Here and there. He excited a good deal of notice there two years ago."

"Please do not speak of him in my uncle's hearing," Angela said in a low tone. "I will tell you why later on."

No later than that evening she told him, and he was quite clearly that it could scarcely be politic to mention Dobroski to Major Butler if he desired to see that excellent gentleman keep his temper.

"Mr. Dobroski," said Angela, "escaped from St. Petersburg in a very romantic way more than thirty years ago, after the seizure of his wife and children by the government. He went to England, and my father heard his story there and found him out and was a help to him in many ways. My father was an ardent sympathizer with the Poles, and Mr. Dobroski was known as a really ardent and self-sacrificing patriot. People sometimes speak of him as a Russian, and that is not true. He is a Pole, and he has nothing but Polish blood in his veins."

"He looks Jewish," said Maskelyne, "not commonplace Jewish, but heroic Jewish. A modern Jeremiah, and full of indignation."

"He became passionately attached to my father," the girl went on, "and I do really believe, without exaggeration, he would have laid down his life to serve him. When my father died he transferred his affections to me, and I know he loves me dearly."

"That," said the young American to himself, "is not a surprising circumstance." But he kept silence.

"I could never tell you," said Angela, with an earnestness which seemed to the listener very pretty and engaging. "A title of the things he has done to prove his gratitude to my father and his affection for me. He has been most devoted and most self-sacrificing. But he tinges everything with a sort of fanaticism, and an idea once seized is immovable with him. My uncle entrusted some funds of mine, as my trustee, to a business enterprise of some kind which failed, and Mr. Dobroski thought for some wild reason—or no reason—that my uncle had profited by my loss, and he actually attempted to rob me. Nothing—not even the fact that before my uncle heard this accusation he had restored the lost money to my account, and had taken the whole loss upon his own shoulders—could or can persuade Mr. Dobroski that this man's fancy was not true. They quarreled desperately, and I have tried for two or three years to reconcile them, but with no result. My uncle will never forgive Mr. Dobroski, and Mr. Dobroski will not abandon his ridiculous fancy. It is hard for me sometimes to keep my place between the two."

"You meet Mr. Dobroski still?" asked Maskelyne.

"Oh, yes, I meet him still, and my uncle makes no objections to my meeting him. But when my uncle decided to buy this house, I find my place between them difficult, though they both deserve to have it said that they do their best under the conditions to make it easy."

"Mr. Maskelyne had taken, a year or two ago, an attitude toward Angela which made him see whatever she did or thought in the most favorable light, and yet the continuation of her friendship with Dobroski struck him as being a little curious in the circumstances. Perhaps she saw this, for she hastened on:

"I do not think that I could give you any idea of poor Mr. Dobroski's devotion. My uncle understands how hard it would be to separate myself from him. I never seek him, but when we meet I cannot treat him coldly. And, indeed, until he formed these dreadful fancies, there was no one in the world I loved so well."

"Excuse me, Miss Butler," said Maskelyne, "but is Dobroski quite—"

"I wouldn't say anything to annoy you for the world. But is he quite—how shall I put it?—quite master of his own fancies?"

"No," she answered, frankly, "he is not. But here comes my uncle. Let us go no more about him."

CHAPTER III.

When Fraser had seen his luggage taken from the van and bestowed in the small omnibus which met the train he walked leisurely toward the hotel, guided by the gilt sign which gleamed high above the surrounding village houses.

Coming suddenly, as he had done, out of the golden glory of the evening sunlight into a shadowed chamber, he did not at first manage to get into the wrong train at Namur. The people of the house told him that Fraser is staying here. You have seen him, of course?"

"He has gone to see Dobroski," said Austin.

O'Rourke turned in his own swift, bright way.

"Ah," he said, "Dobroski is staying here." The tone was half questioning, half affirmative.

"You know he is," returned Austin, laughing. O'Rourke laughed also.

"Hello! There's Fraser in the road. Who's that with him? Is that Dobroski?"

"That is Dobroski."

O'Rourke raised his hat with an air of involuntary homage, and turned his face away from Fraser. By and by he spoke in a low and softened voice, with his face still turned away.

"That's the one indomitable heart in Europe, Farley. I must go and speak to him," he added in his customary tone, and left the garden at a brisk pace. Presently Fraser saw him in the street advancing toward the Cheval Blanc, in front of which stood Fraser and Dobroski. O'Rourke shook hands with Fraser, and then stood hunched in talk with the old Anarchist. It was not until Dobroski had several times motioned to him that he replaced his hat.

"This is my friend and colleague, Mr. O'Rourke," Mr. Dobroski said. Fraser, O'Rourke's attitude and expression were almost reverential.

"I have long hoped to have the honor of meeting Mr. Dobroski," he said. "The smallest drummer boy has a right to wish to see his general. There is not a patriot in Ireland, sir, who does not envy Mr. Fraser and myself this honor."

"I am honored by your presence here," Dobroski answered, with dignified simplicity.

"We are not charged with any formal mission," said O'Rourke, "and you will understand how impolitic it would be to allow ourselves to be taxed with such a mission by our opponents in the House of Commons. But we are charged with the private and personal greetings of a hundred men who are animated by your own spirit or by some reflection of it. We bring you, sir, the profound and passionate sympathy of every true Irishman, and their thanks for the part you have played. The mere spectacle of one unconquerable and unrepentable patriot is a help to true men the world over."

He spoke in a low tone, but with a manner and accent of great earnestness.

"Sir," said Dobroski, in an unsteady voice, "I thank you. Let us say no more of this."

"Hallo!" cried Fraser, who gave no sign of being at all overwhelmed by any of the sentiments of veneration which appeared to influence O'Rourke. "Here's Farley's spy. Have ye seen Farley, O'Rourke? He's steering at the same boat with me."

"I have seen him," said O'Rourke. "What do you mean by Farley's spy?"

"Oh," returned Fraser, with his smile of allowance for human weakness, "poor Farley got into his head that he was spying on Mr. Dobroski. The delusory part of the business is that the man doesn't speak a word of French or of English either. But ye know Farley?"

(To be continued.)

HER LESSON.

She Came Very Near to Weeping Her Little Son's Faith in Her.

"My mother's going to call for me to-day," cried Elsie, jumping up and down while the first grade teacher tried to put her wobbly arms into the ridiculously tiny coat-sleeves. "Doesn't your mother ever call for you, Phillip?" she asked of the small boy who was hunting for his cap among the rubbers.

"Oh, yes, sometimes," he answered, with feigned indifference.

"You said she promised to come to-day," continued his tormentor.

This remark was received in silence, and the next moment Elsie's mamma arrived. After a kiss and a hug and a few words with the teacher they went merrily off together.

Phillip looked lonesomely after them, and knit his tiny brows as he said to himself, "I wish mother would ever come; but of course," he added, loyally, "she has a great many places to go."

At bedtime, as he snuggled into her lap, he asked for at least the tenth time since school began, "Mother, won't you call for me to-morrow instead of nurse?" and again he heard the oft-repeated promise, "Yes, dear, if you'll be a good boy and go right to sleep."

The next day, in spite of former disappointments, he watched the door eagerly, but his head dropped when nurse walked in as usual. From time to time there were rulers promised and long pencils, which never appeared on Phillip's desk.

"Never mind, Phillip!" said Elsie one morning. "I'll lend you my long pencil. I guess your mother doesn't tell the truth very much."

"Don't you say that!" he shot back, fiercely. "I don't want your pencil. I'll—I'll never walk home your way again!" But all the same he blushed and felt choked.

That night, when his mother took him into her lap and read him a story, he felt that he must vindicate her in some way to himself and to those dreadful children.

"Mother, Elsie says it's the same as a lie when you promise you will and then don't, but it isn't, is it?" he asked, looking up into her blue eyes.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," she answered, a little absently. "Soon nobody would believe your word."

"But if I say I'll pick up my playthings and go on never doing it, it isn't a lie," he protested.

"Just about the same, I think."

There seemed to be small satisfaction for him, yet he felt that somehow it might be different with "grown ups."

"But, mother, dear," he sobbed, throwing his arms round her neck, "it isn't the same, oh, isn't when you say you'll call for me and don't?"

"It is in no sense an ambassador," said O'Rourke had the pleasant face, the pleasant voice, and the pleasant manner in the world. A well-shaped head, square and sagacious, gray-blue eyes full of expression and variety, a nose with a squarish plateau on the bridge and a good deal of fine modeling about the nostrils, a handsome beard and a mustache of the ruddiest gold, and a figure at once lithe and sturdy confirmed the impression of the pleasant voice, whenever a stranger, attracted by it, looked at him.

"How did you come here, Mr. O'Rourke?" asked Lucy. "Nobody came by the train but the engine-man and the guard."

"I came by diligence," said O'Rourke. "I managed to get into the wrong train at Namur. The people of the house told me that Fraser is staying here. You have seen him, of course?"

"He has gone to see Dobroski," said Austin.

O'Rourke turned in his own swift, bright way.

"Ah," he said, "Dobroski is staying here." The tone was half questioning, half affirmative.

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# AGRICULTURAL

**Crop Rotation and Root-Aphis.**

From the fact that in the midst of the corn belt, and where the root-aphis is known to prove destructive under certain conditions, almost complete immunity is secured here a system of crop rotation has been carried out for many years, involving but one corn crop in the cycle of rotation, it is self-evident that this measure offers the greatest protection from the ravages of this pest, says a government report. Indeed, it is only where such a system of crop rotation is not practicable that the root-aphis need be considered in farm practice. To the eastward, where there is more general rotation of crops, this pest does but little injury.

Unfortunately, local conditions, often extending over large sections of country, will not permit of crop rotation being generally adopted, and some other plan more feasible must be put into practice. Two other methods may be followed. One of these is practicable throughout the corn-growing section of the country in seasons of not more than normal precipitation during the time intervening between the first plowing of the ground and the first cultivation of the young corn. The other is perhaps best adapted to the southern portion of the country on account of the milder winters.

**Experiment with Lambs.**

Some breeds of sheep attain heavy weights if pushed from the start, but they must have rich pastures and be given plenty of grain. A full allowance of hay will be sufficient, with but little grain, but some of the mutton breeds can consume over two pounds of grain each per day. An experiment with lambs at the Iowa station showed that 109 lambs of various breeds consumed 34,501 pounds of food in ninety days and gained 4,678 pounds, while seven selected individuals of the breeds consumed 23,792 pounds of food and gained 3,281 pounds. The gain was at the rate of one pound increase in live weight for each 7.37 pounds of food (dry matter) of all breeds tested, and one pound for each 7.25 pounds of food by the seven special breeds, the food consisting of corn, oats, bran, oil meal, turnips, mangels, pea hay, clover hay and timothy, the average gain being a little over half a pound a day. The cost of the grain in live weight was 2.88 cents per pound for the selected breeds and 2.93 cents for the others. This does not include the fence, labor and manure. The lambs sold at \$4.75 per hundred pounds, live weight, and the yearlings at \$4.25. Shropshire yearlings dressed over 62 per cent. Where early lambs are gotten into market the prices received are sometimes very high, and the growth of the lambs is promoted by liberal feeding and care. The object in calling attention to the mutton breeds is to show the importance of feeding lambs and sheep, instead of depending on cheap lands and scanty pastures. In the summer give the sheep good pastures and grain; in winter, feed a variety of food, using plenty of hay and grain, and give them comfortable quarters at night.

**Good Variety of Plum.**

The Lincoln plum here shown is described by the Ohio experiment station as being of a variety of rare beauty and excellent for market, one of the best second early plums; quite free from rot in some seasons; first blossoms May 7, full bloom May 10, last blossoms May 15; in full fruitage Aug. 15.

Fruit large to very large, roundish oblong, blunt at apex, slightly necked; stem long and strong and set at an angle; suture distinct, slightly depressed; color light greenish yellow, overspread with a beautiful shade of crimson; dots many, very minute and indistinct; bloom, thin lilac; flesh light yellow, firm; pit rather large, free; quality only fair; tree only a moderate grower, but healthy, and

**Convenient Turkey Coop.**

This coop may be of any preferred size, but not smaller than four by six feet, thirty inches high. The posts may be of two-by-three-inch strips, with one-by-two-inch strips fastened thereto, to which lath or wire may be nailed, if preferred. The sides are of cut lath, the top being of wire. Boards or tarred paper may be used as a covering over a portion of the coop, as a protection against sudden showers, under which portion a box open at one end only to the coop, as the turkeys should be on the ground during the day.

**Grafting Wax That Will Not Crack.**

Take ten pounds of resin, two pounds of beeswax, one and one-half pounds of tallow and melt all together; then add when not too hot, one and one-half pounds finely pulverized charcoal. Stir well in white warm, then have a bucket of cold water, pour on the water so it nearly covers, then with the fingers gather together and cool till it will take it in the hands and work it well. Make into rolls an inch or more thick; lay it on a board to cool. When you wish to use, break a roll and melt; apply with a small wooden paddle about half an inch wide (not too hot). Close up all around well, and you need not look for cracks. Keep rubbing off the sprouts below the grafts as they appear. I am 77 years old; have used the above ever since my boyhood every year, I put in forty-six this spring; forty-two are growing, and I can't see to thread a needle. The wax kept in a cool place will never spoil.—R. Good-year, in Orange Judd Farmer.

**Growing Pumpkins.**

Growing a lot of pumpkins in the field of corn is an old practice, but it is doubtful if pumpkins so grown are as profitable as when grown as a separate crop from corn. The pumpkins will prevent the proper cultivation of corn, as working the corn destroys the pumpkin vines, the result being that late weeds get a chance to grow and mature. It is urged in defense of growing pumpkins in the corn field that they do not interfere with cultivation until the corn is "laid by," but much depends upon the land, rainfall and thoroughness of cultivation. Corn should never be "laid by" as long as weeds and grass can have an opportunity to grow, cultivation being given if it is possible for a horse to pass along the rows.

**How to Keep Hay.**

Haystacks should never be used if the hay can be put under shelter. Hay sheds, which are simply roofs on poles, cost but little, and will save much valuable food in a year. Clover hay does not retain its quality when closely packed, being liable to heat, which is also an objection to baling it. The best prices for hay are obtained only when the hay is bright and clean, and when exposed to the weather it is liable to injury unless stacks are made by experts. The best hay is that which has received careful attention in both curing and storing.

**Poultry in the Orchard.**

That poultry will benefit orchards and keep down many insects is true only to a certain extent. The hens will be found more useful when confined in yards here and there in the orchards. Movable yards, which can easily be placed around any trees desired should be used.

**Care of the Lawn.**

Be careful in mowing the lawn during very dry weather. If the grass plot is kept too close the grass may die out should there be a lack of sufficient moisture. The cutting of grass weakens the plant at first, as every successive growth is in the direction of producing seed. Any plant can be destroyed if kept close to the ground. It may make new growth several times, but sooner or later becomes exhausted. When moisture is abundant, however, the plant has better opportunities to renew its growth.

**PECULIAR CUBAN JUSTICE.**

Based on idea that One Is Guilty Until Proven Innocent.

The Cuban idea of justice is a peculiar thing and the policeman of the whole system is the policeman. He can do just about as he pleases and any resistance whatever of his authority is a serious matter. There is a standing sentence for striking or even pushing a cop around. It is now one year, four months and seven days. It used to be two years, eight months and fourteen days. It was so fixed on the books of law and was unalterable. The policeman makes an arrest, if he is resisted by his prisoners he can file charges to that effect and the prisoner must prove his innocence. The theory that one is guilty until proved innocent runs through the whole thing.

An American in Havana awoke one night to find a burglar in his room. He got up to chase him out. A fight ensued, in which the American shot the burglar in the leg. The police came and the American was arrested for shooting the thief. This American has influence, but it took all he could muster to keep out of jail, and the case was not finally settled until he had paid the burglar \$5,000 for that damaged leg. Under the law the American had no right to shoot, and by so doing he was guilty of attempted homicide. It is very difficult for Americans to understand the system and they often get into trouble.

Another odd thing happens when there is a fire. The Fire Department is, of course, called out, and the police follow along. The police arrest the owner of the establishment which is burning and hold him until he proves entire innocence. It is said that this is on the theory that whoever there is a fire the owner of the property must have started it.

If a person is injured in the street no one is allowed to touch him until the judge of the instruction gets to the spot. Sometimes an injured person will lie for hours, perhaps in the hot sun, with two or three policemen standing around keeping the crowd back until the arrival of the judge. It makes no difference if the man might be dying—it is the law, and must be respected.

**UNFAMILIAR FACTS.**

The aggregate of wealth buried with Turkey's sultans would pay Russia's national debt.

New South Wales offers \$30 a head toward the passage money of approved agriculturists and domestic servants to that colony, and \$20 a head for other desirable immigrants.

There are altogether, foreign and natives, 25,790 persons that are actively engaged in bringing the gospel to India, while ten years ago there were only 10,189—a gain of nearly 60 per cent.

Cock partridges are caught on French shootings by means of a trap that closes on the entrance of a bird, the lure being a mirror in which it sees its own reflection, which it is anxious to attack.

An effort is being made to get all the scientific societies of Washington, D. C., housed under a single roof. The scheme is to get them all to pool their issues and erect a fine structure which will be a source of pride to them all.

A new office has been created in Berlin by the British government to provide for a regular scientific investigation of the condition of the Berlin working classes, with a view of obtaining ideas for the improvement of similar classes in England.

Lady Frances Balfour, who, critics declare, writes admirably as well as lectures, married Eustace, the architect brother of Arthur Balfour, in 1870. Her father was the late Duke of Argyll, from whom she inherited many of the talents that made him famous.

At the last meeting of the Waterloo and City Railway Company (tube), London, which has been taken over by the London and Southwestern, the chairman mentioned that since the railway was completed, in 1868, it had carried 41,000,000 passengers without an accident.

There is a curious origin of a recent fire in a Manchester (N. H.) telegraph office. The sun streaming through the windows fell upon a heavy glass paper-weight, which slowly absorbed the heat until it grew so hot that it began to radiate it, and the messages underneath caught fire.

An Italian named Ventura, who, in 1865, was condemned to death, has been liberated by order of King Victor Emmanuel III. He was about to be executed, when a piece of the machinery broke. The spectators were so affected that they obtained the commutation of his sentence.

**ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.**

There are a good many rabbits playing lion parts.

A few good beatings are the only efficient antidote for a quarrelsome disposition.

How some men's sporting blood crops out when it comes to betting on a sure thing!

No man is fierce enough looking to engage in house-cleaning without appearing henpecked.

Careful comparison makes any other heritage look insignificant compared with common sense.

A man has nothing to be proud of if his children obey him, because he is larger than they are.

You can't expect much from a girl who seeks information from a dream book instead of the encyclopedia.

In course of time a young father will develop as much patience with the baby as he once had in tying his tie.

The old-fashioned girl who was sorry to see the school term close seems to be about as scarce as she used to be.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who inquired, on meeting an acquaintance, "Well, what is the good word?"

There isn't much to swearing; even the man who swears off is more likely to begin again than the man who merely quits.

If you have a good deal of confidence in the people, divide it among a good many; don't invest it all with one person.

Some houses are so prim and orderly they remind one of the systematic arrangement of the tombstones in a well-kept graveyard.

The little girl who practices on the piano four hours every day is entitled to a great deal of credit which she does not receive from the neighbors.

**KITCHEN MEASURE.**

Ten eggs—Equal to one pound.

Forty drops equal to one teaspoonful.

Soft butter—One quart is equal to one pound.

Powdered sugar—One quart is equal to one pound.

One wine glass is equal to one-half gill, or two ounces.

Wheat flour—One quart is equal to one pound two ounces.

Four tablespoonfuls are equal to one-half gill, or two ounces.

Best brown sugar—One quart is equal to one pound two ounces.

Strange of Senator Morgan.

A young woman in Washington had been reading that Senator Morgan advocated the system of reciprocity. "What is meant by reciprocity?" asked she of a young man, long known to be an admirer. "Reciprocity," responded the glibful youth, "may be defined to mean an exchange in which neither party gains an undue advantage at the expense of the other. For instance, if you gave me a kiss, I should feel bound to give you one in return." "I see," answered the young woman, "but I fail to understand why an old gentleman like Mr. Morgan should attach so much importance to it."

Translation Called For.

Downright Woman—Where did you come from?


Classic Tramp—Madam, I catalogued my itinerary from the classic Athens of America.

D. W.—I asked ye where did you come from?

C. T.—I beat my way from Boston.

Baltimore American.

**PLAN FOR TURKEY COOP.**



**A Marvel of American Medicine.**

The human body is the most perfect piece of mechanism in the world and is capable of wonderful resistance to injuries. The case of Phineas P. Gage, a railroad man, is a classic in the annals of American medicine. Gage was engaged in blasting, and at the time of his accident was tamping powder into a hole in the side of a huge mass of rock. The tamping rod was a piece of iron an inch and a quarter in diameter and weighed more than thirteen pounds. The powder exploded and shot this iron clear through the poor fellow's forehead.

It struck him on the left cheek immediately under the cheek bone, and passed up through his brain, behind his left eye and out the top of his head. In a word, there was a ragged wound through his brain at least two inches in diameter and nearly six inches long. But instead of killing the man instantly, this injury merely stunned him.

He was carried to shelter nearly a mile away, and then without assistance walked up a long flight of stairs to bed—talking to those about him all the while. Several hours later a surgeon arrived and found him resting easily and absolutely clear in mind.

His splintered skull was trimmed, the wound through his brain was cleaned as much as possible, and a mild sedative was administered. In a month he was at work again, and saying that he was blind in his left eye he suffered no permanent injury.

**Apparently Impossible.**

Alexander Graham Bell, the famous inventor of the telephone, was discussing flying machines. Prof. Bell speaks with authority on this subject, for it is his tetrahedral kite that has given the unit upon which flying machines must be proportioned, and Santos Dumont's success has been due to his observance of the principle first enunciated by the great American scientist.

"We go very awkwardly about flying," said Prof. Bell. "In all inventions the first steps are taken with an awkwardness that to later generations seems ludicrously incredible. Indeed, at the start, we are like the two men with the plank. One man asked another to help him carry a long and heavy plank home. Accordingly they stooped down, back to back, took it up, and—of course they couldn't make any progress with it."

"No go," said the owner, after a while of balking. "Turn round."

"They both turned round, and were face to face. With the plank on their heads they stood in this posture, regarding one another sadly for some time. Then the first man said, disgustedly:

"Have the beggar down, Jack. No two men can carry one plank. I'll take her—home myself."

**When It Begins.**

"Has your parrot used profanity long?"

"Only since my husband got an automobile."—Milwaukee Free Press.

By order of the police all cabmen in Berlin must wear white hats.