

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XII.
At Orend's pretty window 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 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. Janette? Is it Janette?" 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 repast 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. Hearing 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—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 Namour to be the nearest city. It's a little place called Houffoy."

"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, no. I do wonder if Angela Butler and Maskelyne ever 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 Houffoy to see Miss Butler?" asked O'Rourke. "That is delightful news indeed to me. We shall be neighbors. I am going to Janette to see some old friends of mine, and Janette is the nearest village to Houffoy."

"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 Houffoy, 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 Houffoy?"

"It does not go on to Houffoy," returned O'Rourke. "It reaches Janette 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 those dreadful foreigners' jargon, it. From Mrs. Spry, Brussels, to Miss Angela Butler, the Chateau, Houffoy. 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 rushed, and opened one of the paper-bound volumes.

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

"Yes," she answered, looking up with a falter memory of the book 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 very sensitive. 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

"Well," he said, with a gleam of 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 worn 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 buckle. "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 scores 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. "Get up," said Zeno. "It is empty." Frost rose, 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 as he lit 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 hoghead 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 feeling 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.)

FARMS AND FARMERS



Summer Pest.

The illustration shows one of the most destructive of the summer insect pests, which attacks both fruit and ornamental trees. It is known as the yellow-neck caterpillar, and is usually found in numbers along the branches of trees, feeding on the foliage until the limb is entirely denuded, when they migrate to another limb. The female deposits the eggs on the leaf of the tree, where they are usually hatched during July, and the young insects begin feeding on the leaves.

The full-grown moth is shown in the upper part of the illustration. The caterpillar is about two inches long, with a dull yellow band just back of the black head. This pest is familiar to most farmers, for it may be found in nearly every section of the country.



THE YELLOW CATERPILLAR.

A good way to rid the trees of them is by spraying with paris green, but if this is not desirable because of fruit on the trees, a torch made of cloth or small rags and saturated with kerosene may be applied to the infested limbs and the insects destroyed in this manner.

Dog Sausage No Joke.

The old joke about eating "hot dog" is no joke in Germany any more, for no less than 7,000 canines of various breeds were slaughtered and eaten by the subjects of Kaiser William last year, according to a report from Consul George N. Ifft at Annberg. The eating of horse meat seems to be quite general in Germany, for no less than 182,000 horses were slaughtered for human food in 1906.

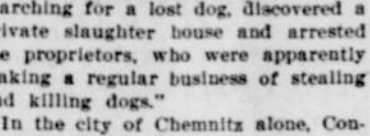
"Horseflesh is very generally advertised in the German papers," says Consul Ifft, "especially in those large industrial centers, and most market towns, which makes it a specialty, claiming for it a higher percentage of nourishment than that of beef, veal, mutton or pork. Neither is it unusual to find advertisements of dog meat or for the purchase of dogs for slaughter. In the city of Cassel recently the police, in searching for a lost dog, discovered a private slaughter house and arrested the proprietors, who were apparently making a regular business of stealing and killing dogs."

In the city of Chemnitz alone, Consul Ifft reports, 698 dogs were slaughtered for human food in 1906, this being an increase of eighty-eight over the previous year.

YANKEE TRICKS OF CHINESE.

How the Foreigner Is Dealt with by Dealers in Antiquities.

The way in which the art trade is carried on in Hsinanfu is a matter of curiosity in itself, says the Craftsman. The shops of the dealers are tiny rooms, dimly lighted and a never-failing source of wonder to the new arrival. Trifling bric-a-brac is heaped up in the front room, some crumpled paper paintings spread over the walls; not a sign that important art objects would ever be forthcoming. The foreigner whose eyes are accustomed to the magnificent, glaringly gilt stores of Shanghai and Peking has not yet learned that the true Chinese antiquarian never exposes his heart-loved treasures to the profane eye. What he displays openly is cheap trash to allure the innocent and ignorant. Woe to him who is trapped in this pitfall; he will never rise to see himself treated to a good genuine piece.



HEGE TRIMMER.

It requires patience, proper introduction, personal acquaintance and the power of wholly adapting one's self to Chinese usages to be initiated into the sanctum where true art yields the scepter. It is not the possibility that the foreigner may be willing to pay the price—or any price, that induces the Chinese to lift the veil; but the certainty that he possesses a discriminating knowledge and judgment. Only this affords a passport to the hall of secrets and to fair treatment. The shrewd Chinaman is well aware of the fact that he can palm off on the inexperienced foreigner an imitation at the same prices as an original. Why, therefore should he let him have the genuine article of which he does not recognize the value?



Cabbage Knot.

The disease known to the cabbage growers as black rot, or stem rot, has come into prominence within the last few years, and is said to be a serious hindrance to cabbage growing in several States. From a recent farmers' bulletin prepared by the chief of the division of vegetable pathology, it appears that no way is known of curing the disease or of entirely ridding a locality of it when once it is well established. The whole subject of treatment may be summed up in one word—preventing. The disease is not confined to the cabbage, but attacks a number of species belonging to the mustard family. The planting of other crops for a long series of years is said to be the only satisfactory way to get rid of this disease of the cabbage when it has once become serious.

Summer Feeding of Sheep.

The summer feeding of sheep is not difficult. There is no other animal that can be shifted from field to field in summer to consume the weeds as can sheep. When handled in this way, they will keep the fence corners clean. To what better use could you put your weeds than to turn them into mutton? Inquires a grower in New England. Homestead. But do not overlook the fact that they also enjoy and thrive upon good grass. In order to keep a large number on a small farm you should have small fields and change them often, for this gives them short, tender grass, which they like best, and also keeps them healthy by not allowing them to remain upon one pasture too long.

The Collie Dog.

The intelligence of the collie is believed by many to come as near to human thought as that of any animal, and it is possible to teach them so many things that some very remarkable stories are told about them.

They are for this reason the great sheep dog, and no Scotch herder would attempt to get along without his collie, with which he lives alone far off on the hills, says the Collie.

And that is saying nothing of their beauty and charm as companions.

Unseen Workers.

Earthworms have a special duty and they perform it—the unnumbered millions of them scattered far and wide, unseen and so obscure. They have crept into all the loam and all the arable land of the whole globe.

They pass through their bodies the fallen leaves and decaying vegetable matter and by their labor rendering cultivation and harvesting possible.

When one kills an earthworm, an agricultural laborer of the most respectable class is destroyed.

Prophecy Fulfilled.

Patent—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 Blattes.

THE OLD-SOAKED 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 come with the bulk of their wares,
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 coil! How I seized it with hands that were glowing.

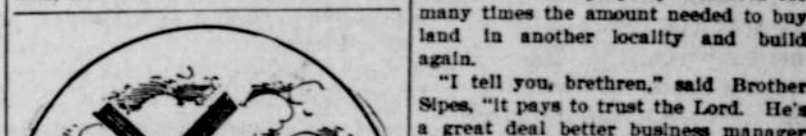
And safe in my pockets it speedily fell;
Alas! now my business they've been overthrowing.
The bucket shop business that did 'em up well,
The lucrative business, the get-rich-quick business,
The bucket shop business that did 'em up well.
Alone in my sorrow, I scarce can believe it,
I'll profit no more 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 soaked bucket shop, cab-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.

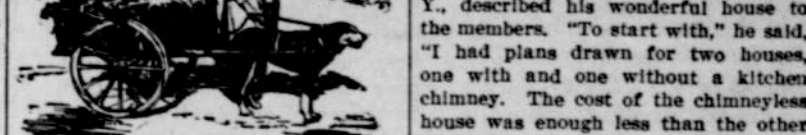
There is a land across the sea, sandwiched in between Holland, Prussia and France, that is more densely populated than any other country in the world. It is the kingdom of Belgium, where there are a little more than 550 inhabitants for every square mile of territory. The inhabitants are of French and 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 delightful.

Professional growers of small fruits have been on the lookout for some such satisfactory device in which the picked fruit can be temporarily held by the picker. These devices have taken many forms, the majority consisting of baskets and similar receptacles, which are secured to the body of the picker.



TYPICAL BELGIAN MILKMAID.

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TYPICAL BELGIAN MILKMAID.

lightly 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 most 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 checked 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.

Better than They Know.

A congregation in a hilly district in Ohio bought a small tract of land and erected a church building upon it. Then the question of insurance came up. Mr. Sipes, the wealthiest member, who had contributed more than half the money needed for the new structure, declared that he did not believe in insurance. "This is the Lord's building. He'll take care of it," he said.

His view prevailed, and there was no insurance. In a few weeks the building was struck by lightning and almost totally consumed by fire. An-

The Logical Result.

"What dividend did his heirs make of old Moneybag's estate when his will contest was decided?"

"There wasn't any division."

"No; the lawyers got the whole of it." —Baltimore American.

Electrical House—Everything Run by Current.

One of the delegates to the electric light convention at Washington, who is builder and owner of the famous "electrical house" at Schenectady, N. Y., described his wonderful home to the members. "To start with," he said, "I had plans drawn for two houses, one with and one without a kitchen chimney. The cost of the chimneyless house was enough less than the other to pay for the wiring and equipment, and after a couple of years' experience, I can say—with my wife's authority—that nothing would induce us to go back to coal and gas. In the kitchen there are an electric oven, griddle-cake cooker, meat broiler, cereal cooker, water heater, egg boiler, potato steamer, frying pan, coffee percolator and a stove for ordinary cooking utensils. The whole outfit can be purchased for about \$55. But this is not the only way we can use electricity. In the dining room there is a small electric table for a chafing dish and percolator. On the veranda and in the smoking room electric cigar lighters make matches an unknown quantity. In the sewing room the machine is run and the flat-iron heated by electricity. In the bathroom an electric shaving mug furnishes hot water in less than a minute. An electric radiator takes the chill off the room and an electric heater warms the water. I am not sure that I have given you a complete list of all our devices. To build a fire in our house means simply to turn a switch or to turn a plug, and the required degree of heat, mild or extreme, is there in a few seconds. The possibility of regulating the degree of heat exactly as wanted results in considerable economy of fuel. As to cost, I have kept careful records, and the average monthly bill for electricity for two years is \$6.69 a month, or about 10 per cent more than we paid for coal or gas. And there are no ashes to carry away, no fires to build, no dust nor dirt. The electric kitchen is as neat, clean and healthy as the sitting room. There is no doubt that the electric home will be commonplace in a little while. The immense increase in the sale of all sorts of domestic electrical apparatus proves that."