

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER I.

A little dell in the heart of a wood was deliciously dappled with leafy shadows. A loosely clad man, bearded and spectacled, and a little on the right side of forty, sat on a camp stool before a small field easel, and gazed at the landscape at his ease, pausing at his work now and then and drawing back his head to survey it with an air of charmed appreciation. Near him, on the gnarled trunk of a tree and in the shadow of a moss-grown rock, sat a lady some ten or a dozen years younger, leisurely torturing thread into lace with a hooked needle.

A little way down the dell a boy was clambering among the rocks, shrieking every now and then with ecstatic news of a beetle or a butterfly. He was a sturdy, blue-eyed, golden-haired little fellow of five, the picture of health, and he was risking his limbs and chattering to all animate and inanimate nature—a delightful boy, and all alive from his golden head to his restless feet and tips of his brown little fingers. The mother snatched him to her arms and covered him with kisses. Suddenly she looked up, flushed, half piteous, with a flash of tears in her eyes.

"Austin, I feel afraid. Have I a right to be so happy? Has any one a right to be so happy? Will it last?"

"Who knows?" he answered. "Human affairs run in averages, but then the averages are not individual. We have had almost trouble enough in our time to have paid for a little joy. Let us take it gratefully."

"Sometimes," she said, "a shadow seems to fall upon it all—the shadow of a fear."

"The shadow of the past—experience. The burned child dreads the fire. We are burned children, both of us. Five years' illness and poverty out of seven years of married life is a large allowance. And after all our present happiness isn't phenomenal, my dear, though it looks so. We have health, and we value it because we have each missed it in turn. We have a little money, and we think it a great deal because we have been so deadly poor. And then," he laughed and half blushed, "we have a little fame, and that is all the pleasanter because we were so long neglected. Sweet is pleasure after pain."

"I am dangerously happy," she answered.

"Come, let us unpack the luncheon basket. Cold chicken. Salad. Bread. Cheese. Milk. There we are. Fall to. Sit down by your mother, Cupid. Take a pull at the milk, old man, and then you'll have an appetite. What a sudden shadow!"

A cloud had floated between themselves and the sun, and a strange quiet had fallen with the shadow on the woods.

"Austin," the wife whispered, "there is that dreadful man again. It seems as if he had brought the darkness with him."

A brown sloping path, covered still with the fir needles shed in the foregoing autumn, broke the wall of green which bounded the dell, and down this footway, between the silver steps of the birches and the reddish stems of the firs, walked a gray-bearded man, with his head drooped forward and his hands clasped behind him. He looked neither to left nor right, but went by as if unconscious of their presence, and in a little while was lost behind the thicker growth of trees. As he went out of sight the sun broke through the cloud, the leafage was inundated with life again and the birds renewed their song.

"Look," she whispered; "the shadow follows him."

"What an odd mood this is to-day!" said her husband, smiling at her. "And why is the poor old gentleman so dreadful?"

"But, Austin, do you know? You can't have heard. He is known to have hatched plots against the czar."

"Well, yes. It is known also that he has been wifeless and childless this twenty years. His wife and his two sons died in Siberia. They went there without trial, and people who know him say that the loss of them in that horrible way turned his brain. Suppose anybody stole you and little Austin? Suppose he drove you on foot through hundreds of miles of ice and snow? Suppose that he made you herd with the human off-scourings of the world, and that you died after three or four long-drawn, hideous years? It might be wicked, but surely it would not be quite without provocation if I blew that man sky-high. I don't say that regicide is a thing to be commended. I don't defend the poor old gentleman's political opinions. But I do say that human nature is human nature."

Luncheon over, he returned to his painting, to find the lights all changed. He worked away, however, with great contentment for an hour or two, while the wife and the boy wandered behind the limits of the dell. When they came back they found that he had packed up his traps and was lying at length on the moss, with his face turned to the sky.

"I do this better than I paint," he said, cocking an idle eye at his wife from beneath the soft white felt which rested on his nose. "Shall we get back now?"

"I want to carry something, papa," said the boy, possessing himself of the camp stool. They sauntered on together tranquilly through the twinkling lights which dazzled from between the leaves, and their steps were noiseless on the dense carpet of fir needles. The boy laid down his burden to chase a sulphure-colored butterfly. They had gone a hundred yards before they missed him, and when they turned to look for him he was seen at the far end of a wooded vista, seated on the camp stool.

"Look at the little figure, Lucy," said the father. "Isn't there something lonely and almost pathetic in it? He looks as if he were waiting for somebody who would never come—a figure of deserted childish patience." He hailed the child and turned away again. "He knows the road?" he asked. "There is no danger of his losing himself?"

"He knows the way," she answered. "We have been here twice a day for a month past."

So they marched on, well pleased, talking of indifferent matters, and the little

fellow sat on the camp stool behind them and held animated talk with Nature.

The gray-bearded man wandered through the wood with his chin sunk upon his breast and his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was tall and gaunt and swarthy, and looked as if he had a considerable strain of the Jew in him. His nose was like an eagle's beak and ascetically fine. His temples were hollowed like those of a death's-head, and his eyes, which were large and brown and mournful to the verge of pathos, were the eyes of a born dreamer and a fanatic by nature.

It was already dusk when the old Nilist turned his footsteps into the wood, and having just remembered that he had not broken his fast for seven or eight hours, he had somewhat quickened his usual thoughtful pace, when the sound of a sob reached his ear and he stopped suddenly to look about him. Within a yard or two sat the lost child on the camp stool, with his back against a broad tree trunk. The old man knelt on the grass and looked at the sleeping boy. His straw hat had fallen off and lay beside him, his golden hair was tumbled and disordered, his long dark lashes were still wet, and his rosy cheeks were blurred and soiled with the traces of his tears.

"Eh! La, la, la!" said the old fellow, in a pitying accent. "Lost! Did you sleep in despair, dear little heart? In tears? In terror? And God sendeth a hand, ere yet it is night time. To the child, rescue, and to the old man teaching."

Then he took the child softly in his arms, and gathering up the hat and the camp stool, entered the wood. As he did so, a faint and distant cry reached his ears, and he stopped to listen. It was repeated once or twice, faintly and more faintly, and then died away. He started anew almost at a run, but he was old, and the lad was unusually solid and well grown for his years, so that the burden soon told on him, and brought him to a walk again. It was a full mile, from the spot to which the child had wandered to the Cheval Blanc, and when the little hostel was reached the bearer's back and arms were aching rarely. The landlady met him in the passage with a cry.

"Oh, the little Anglais! You have found him, monsieur? Jeanne, run to the woods and tell them that the child is found."

"You know him?" asked Dobroski. "Who is he? Where does he live?"

"He is the child of the English at the hotel des Postes," answered the woman, standing on tiptoe to kiss the boy. "He has been lost this five hours." Dobroski turned into the street, and the woman followed him talking all the way. "He is the only child of his parents, and their cherished. Imagine, then, the despair of the mother, the inquietude of his father! They are rich. See how the child is dressed. There is nothing you might not ask for."

The old man smiled at this, but said nothing. He surrendered his charge at the hotel, where the boy was received with such noisy demonstrations of pleasure that he awoke. Being awake, and recognizing his surroundings, he adapted himself to them with an immediate philosophy, and demanded something to eat. A second messenger was dispatched to the wood to bring back the party who had gone in search of him.

His mother kissed him frantically and cried over him, but his father set out for the Cheval Blanc to thank his rescuer. He found Dobroski seated in a little room with a sanded floor, and began to stammer his gratitude in broken and mutilated French.

"It was a piece of good fortune to find him," said Dobroski, speaking English, to the other's great relief. "I am delighted that the pleasure was mine."

"I don't know how to thank you," said the Englishman, a little awkwardly, juggling a purse from his trousers pocket. For a moment Dobroski fancied the stranger meant to offer him money, but he merely produced a card. "That's my name," said the Englishman, blunderingly. "Austin Farley. Upon my word, I really don't know how to thank you."

"My good, good sir," returned Dobroski, "what would you have had? What was I to do? He was sure to be found, and it was my good fortune to have found him."

"You must let his mother come and thank you, sir," said the Englishman. "Upon my word I really don't know what to say to tell you how grateful and obliged I am. His mother has been in the greatest anxiety. You must let her come and thank you."

"Well, well, Mr. Farley," the elder man answered, himself a little shy at the other's concealed emotion. "If you will think so mere an accident worth thanks to anybody— But pray let us say no more."

CHAPTER II.

There was a great crowd of people at the railway station at Namur, and the Luxembourg train had no sooner steamed into the station than it was besieged by the mob, and all the carriages were taken by storm. One tourist, who had furnished himself with a first class ticket, and had shouldered himself through the crowd to the buffet, was exceedingly wroth on his return to find that the carriage he had occupied was filled by third-class excursionists. He spoke French with a fluency, and an inaccuracy in combination with it, which fairly took off his mental feet the official to whom he appealed, and in a very passion and torrent of his oratory ripped audibly the accent of Dublin. He talked all over, arms and hands, finger tips, head, shoulders, and body. He talked with all his features and with all his muscles and with all his might, and at last the official seized his meaning, and proceeded with inexcusable politeness to turn out all the third-class passengers. The triumphant tourist stood by, suddenly smiling and unruined. He had a round, smooth face, with a touch of apple-color on his cheeks, a nose inclining somewhat upward, and an expression of satisfaction so complete that it aroused

the irony of one of the ejected.

"He is well introduced to himself, that fellow," said he, but the tourist did not hear, or did not care if he heard. He stood tranquilly by, holding the handle of the door, until the carriage was cleared, and was just about to ascend when a slow, quiet voice spoke behind.

"Got that through, old man, eh?"

The tourist turned suddenly, and stretched out a hand to the speaker.

"What? Maskelyne, me boy. Deloyed. Where are you going?"

"I am going to Janenne by rail," said the other, accepting the proffered hand with a hearty shake, once up and once down. "From there I go on to a little place called Houfroy, to see some old friends of mine."

"I'm going to Janenne myself," said the Irishman. "Can't we ride together?"

"I suppose we can," returned his friend. "Baggage is registered." He was just as calm as the Celt had a minute or two before been eager, and his voice was distinctly American. He was very precisely and neatly attired, his figure was tall and elegant; his face was handsome but melancholy, and curiously pale. The eyes were the best feature—black, soft and lustrous, but they looked as if he had never smiled in his life. "I say, Fraser," he said, in his slow, mild voice, when they were both seated, "where did you pick up your French? I never heard anything like it."

"I've knocked about Paris a good deal," said Fraser. "I speak German with the same facility, though it's probably me Scotch extraction that gives me that."

Midway between Namur and Luxembourg the two travelers changed trains for Janenne. The engine steamed lazily through a most lovely country, and the young American, looking continually out of window, seemed absorbed in contemplation of the landscape. But it could scarcely have been the landscape which half a dozen times called a dreamy smile to his soft eyes, and once a blush to the sallow pallor of his cheek. When the train drew up in front of the little red brick station, a building planned like a child's toy house and not much bigger, the blush came to his cheek again, and his hand trembled slightly as it creased his black mustache.

"Well, it's good-by for a time, old fellow," he said, shaking hands with Fraser. "But I will see you again to-morrow or next day, most likely, if you can find time to turn from affairs of state."

"Are those your friends?" asked Fraser, looking through the window as the train crawled slowly along the platform. "An uncommonly pretty girl! The old boy looks like an army man. He's waving his hand at ye."

"Yes," said Maskelyne, with his soft drawl a little exaggerated. "That is my man. Good-day, Fraser. Tell O'Rourke I'm down here and that I'll run over and have a look at him."

A minute later he was shaking hands with the young lady who had excited Mr. Fraser's admiration.

"Welcome to the Ardennes, Mr. Maskelyne," said Angela, with frank good humor. "How are all our friends in New York?"

"Thank you, Miss Butler," he answered, looking into her gray eyes with a smile which was all the brighter and sweeter because of the usual melancholy of his countenance; "I cannot undertake to tell you how all your friends in New York may be, but the few scores of whom I have heard in one way or another since I came to Europe are very well indeed. Major Butler, I am charmed to see you looking so robust. I had not hoped to see you looking so well."

"Dyspepsia," said the major. "When I wrote you I was really ill. I am all right now. But I've been a good deal worried, and when I'm worried I get dyspepsia, and dyspepsia means despair. That your baggage? Got the ticket for it?"

At this point Fraser came up with perfect sang froid, raised his hat to the girl and accosted Maskelyne.

"I say, could man, tell me what's the best place to put up at here?"

"Hotel des Postes," said the major. Mr. Fraser raised his hat to the major.

"Let me introduce you," said Maskelyne. "Major Butler, this is Mr. Fraser, a member of your British House of Commons."

"Delighted to meet you," said the major, but he did not look as if this statement could be accepted.

(To be continued.)

Origin of the Union Jack.

The British union jack, the king's colors, combines three crosses—the cross of St. George, the cross of St. Andrew and the cross of St. Patrick—all on a blue field. The union of these three crosses occurred in an interesting fashion. Primarily England's flag displayed a red cross on a white ground. The white cross of St. Andrew made its appearance side by side with that of St. George during the reign of James I., the Scottish king who ascended the throne of England. It was not until later, however, in 1707, that the two crosses were combined on the one banner and the white emblem of St. Andrew ran from corner to corner of the blue field and crossed the red emblem of St. George.

Nearly a century later the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick found a place on the same flag. It was after the Irish parliament was united to the British that this change took place.

In England it is stipulated that all colors, as flags are termed, shall be hand made. At first they were the work of women members of regimental families, but later the privilege was given to contractors, who number less than half a dozen, it is said. If, however, the wives and daughters of officers want to make colors for their regiments they are permitted to do so, but as a rule these regimental colors are submitted to the garter king at arms for his approval before they are presented to the regiments for which they have been made.

Joining Her.

Mr. A.—Going downtown to select your spring hat, eh? Well, you better wait until night.

Mrs. A. (in surprise)—Night, George? Why?

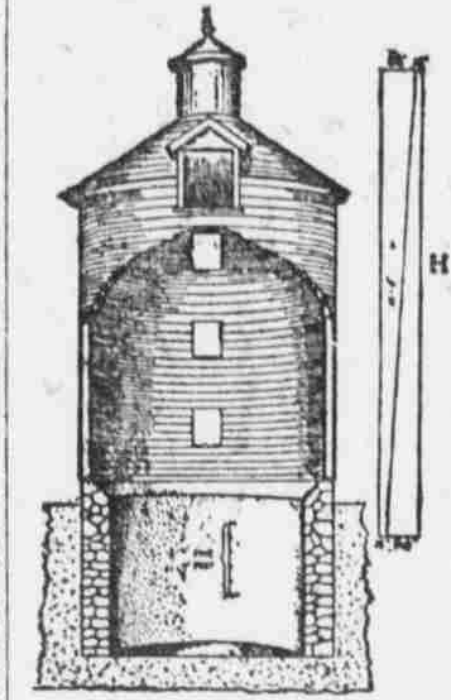
Mr. A.—Didn't you say it was going to be a dream?



Building a Silo.

In locating a silo it is well to remember that the feeding of the silage is an everyday job during the whole winter and spring. Other things being equal, the nearest available place is the best. If the ground is dry outside the barn the silo may be built alongside, providing for doors opening directly into the stable. In case silage is fed to milking cows, directly there is a danger of its odor filling the stable to the detriment of the milk. This can to some extent be avoided by keeping the cows at the opposite end of the stable and by proper ventilation.

Silos may be built of wood, stone, brick or concrete, or partly of one and partly of another of these materials. Where lumber is cheap and stone high,



ROUND SILO ON STONE FOUNDATION—H SHOWS METHOD OF SAWING BOARD FOR CONICAL ROOF.

wooden silos are generally built. Where stone or brick can be obtained readily these materials will have the preference. Concrete silos are the most durable and all things considered may be the cheapest in the end if cement and gravel or cobble stones are near at hand.

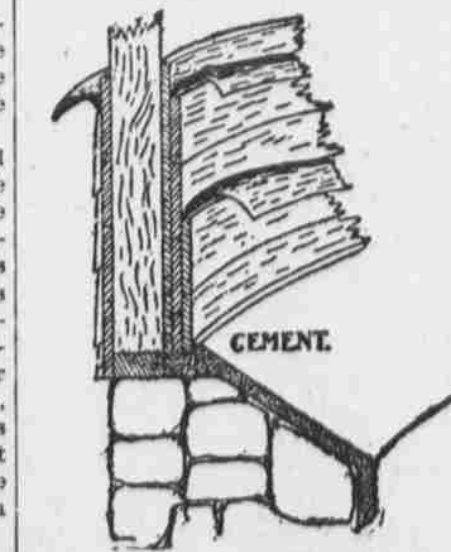
Round silos give the greatest capacity for the wall space and in the case of wood construction, lighter material can be used. In the Northern States and Canada the possibility of freezing must be taken into consideration. The sheltered side of the barn will afford some protection.

There should be a substantial masonry foundation for all forms of wood silos to bring the woodwork everywhere at least 12 inches above the earth. The bottom of the silo may be 3 feet or more below the feeding floor of the stable so that 4 to 6 feet of stone, brick or concrete wall may be counted on. For a silo 30 feet deep a foundation wall of stone should be 18 inches to 2 feet thick.

Tamp the ground forming the bottom of the silo, so that it will be solid and then cover with two or three inches of good concrete. This is advisable because clay soil will spoil the silage if permitted to rest on it. In case the wood portion of the silo rises 24 or more feet above the stone work and the diameter is more than 18 feet, it will be best to stay the top of the wall in some way. If the woodwork rises from the outer edge of the wall, then building the wall up with cement so as to cover the sill will give the needed strength, because the woodwork will act as a hoop; but if the silo stands at the inner face of the wall it will be best to lay pieces of iron rod in the wall near the top to act as a hoop.

The studding of the all-wood round silo need not be larger than 2 inches by 4 inches, unless the diameter is to exceed 30 feet, but they should be set as close together as one foot from center to center. This number of studs is not required for strength, but they are needed in order to bring the two layers of lining very close together, so as to press the paper closely.

When paper is used to make the



CONNECTION OF WOODEN PART WITH STONE WALL.

Joints between boards air-tight, as represented in the illustration, it is extremely important that a good quality be used that will not decay and is waterproof.

Treating San Jose Scale.

The aggressive orchardists of Maryland are able to control the San Jose scale, but in a number of localities this pest affords serious difficulties. Wherever orange hedges become infested the difficulty of eradicating the San Jose scale is increased.

A number of experiments were tried by the Maryland Station with different insecticides in combating the pest. Lime and sulphur mixtures were used containing from 20 to 30 pounds of lime and from 15 to 25 pounds of sulphur per 50 gallons of water. The lime-sulphur-salt mixture, tested by the authors, was made according to the formula 20-15-10-50. Lime-sulphur-caustic soda preparations were also employed, as well as a mixture containing 15 pounds of sulphur and 10 pounds of caustic soda per 50 gallons of water.

In most cases the weaker lime-sulphur preparations were about as effective as the stronger, but in a few instances an increased effectiveness was noticed where 35 pounds of lime and 30 pounds of sulphur were used per 50 gallons of water. Perfectly satisfactory results were obtained from the use of lime-sulphur-salt, and lime-sulphur-caustic soda also proved fairly effective. The sulphur-caustic-soda mixture was not so satisfactory. Kerosene limoid did not prove to be a good substitute for lime-sulphur. Certain proprietary remedies were tested and notes were given on the preparation of the various insecticides which were used.

Fighting Weeds.

If the labor annually bestowed in the endeavor to eradicate weeds could be applied at the proper times not only would the nuisance be removed, but the labor lessened. In the case of weeds the slightest amount of labor saved in omitting to kill them when it should be done entails greater labor at other times. Nor is all labor on weeds lost. During the eradication or destruction of weeds the regular crops may be cultivated and the land put in better condition. One of the greatest mistakes is in not destroying the weeds when they first appear. It will require less labor to destroy a hundred weeds when they are young than to kill a single plant after it has made considerable growth, to say nothing of the fact that every weed that reaches maturity and produces seeds leaves greater work to be done afterward.

Although farmers are busiest in spring, yet by properly preparing the land for the intended crop they gain time. For a year or two the farmer may find it difficult work combating weeds, but the time so devoted will be regained fourfold in after years. Weeds can best be destroyed when rotation is used, and the ground should be plowed for corn early enough in the spring to allow of the sprouting of weed seeds. This sprouting of the weed seeds is the most important part of the process, and the farmer should be willing to perform any amount of labor if he can sprout them at a time when they will not interfere with a growing crop.

Experience with Manure Spreader.

My experience with the manure spreader teaches me that the modern method of applying manure to land is far in advance of the old practice, says a writer in Farm and Fireside. In applying manure with the spreader it is put on uniformly, and all parts of the field are equally benefited. When the manure was dumped in piles, it frequently happened that the work of spreading was postponed for some time, and the result was that much of the fertilizing value of the manure leached out or was lost through fermentation. The manure spreader not only saves the plant food elements of the manure, but also saves time and labor, as the work is all done at one time. It does two very important things and does them well—it thoroughly fines the manure and distributes it evenly.

Managing Bees.

It is always best to start with a full colony of bees, and one that is in every respect in first-class condition. It is true that one can buy a part of a colony for less money, but it is the dearest in the long run, and more liable to be a failure. A strong colony of bees in one season is capable of storing 100 or 200 pounds of honey; besides, they may swarm and make from one to two colonies. Bees should always be in a condition to take care of themselves, and do not require such difficult manipulation as that of a nucleus, or pounds, of bees, and a queen, etc., as full and strong colonies are now sent in the ordinary hives used in the apiary, and are equipped with the necessary fixtures to have everything in working order the moment the bees are located and the entrance open.

The Boll Weevil.

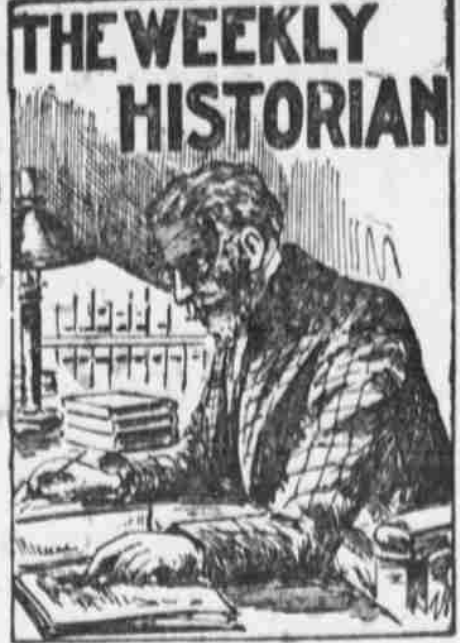
The co-operation with the Bureau of Entomology of the Crop Pest Commission of Louisiana a number of cultural experiments were carried out in different sections of the cotton belt, during which it appeared that Triumph cotton is the best variety for use in sections infested with the boll weevil. Northern-grown seed, in order to retain its early maturing qualities, must be renewed from its Northern sources at least every other year. The results obtained from these experiments confirm previous work along this line, and the author therefore recommends thorough preparation of the soil, early planting, the use of early varieties of cotton, abundant fertilizers, thorough cultivation of the crop, and the destruction of cotton plants in the fall.

The Negro and the New South.

Ray Stannard Baker, in the second of his series of articles for the American Magazine, dealing with the negro problem, condenses his observations into this phrase: "They want the new South, but the old darkey." He said he had the experience of being told that no northerner can understand the negro as well as those who have lived with them all their lives, and then of finding "that these men rarely knew anything about the better class of negroes, those who were in business or in independent occupations, and who owned their own homes." On the other hand, the best negroes did not know the higher class of the white people in the South, and based their suspicion and hatred upon the acts of the "poor white trash." To this he attributes the danger of the present situation.

An additional religious order is now represented in the Milwaukee archdiocese. The Rev. Conrad Ebert, O. S. B., a Benedictine father from St. Vincent's arch abbey, Beatty, Pa., having been appointed chaplain of the Sacred Heart sanitarium in that city.

An effort is to be made to erect a college building as a memorial to Bishop McCabe on the grounds of the American university, Washington, D. C., of which university he was chancellor at the time of his death.



1264—English barons victorious at Towton.

1404—Yorkists victorious at Hexham (War of the Roses).

1500—Louis XII. defeated the Venetians at the battle of Rivolt.

1525—Anabaptists defeated at Frankenhausen.

1610—Assassination of Henry IV. of France and accession of Louis XIII.

1642—Montreal founded by Maisonneuve.

1783—St. John, N. B. founded by U. E. Loyalists.

1791—Lord Cornwallis routed the army of Tippeco Saib.

1795—Alliance of Paris.

1804—Lewis and Clarke started up the Missouri river on their trip of exploration.

1804—Napoleon Bonaparte proclaimed Emperor of the French.

1809—British took possession of the Island of Anholt.

1811—Battle of Albuera, between French and British.

1830—Caroline Murat, sister of Napoleon I. and ex-Queen of Naples, died.

1840—John M. Niles of Connecticut became Postmaster General of the United States.

1841—Fall of rock from Cape Diamond, Quebec, killing 25 people.

1848—Insurrection in Vienna. Emperor fled to Innsbruck.

1853—First railway train left Toronto.

1856—Queen Victoria distributed medals to the wounded heroes of the Crimea.

1860—Republican convention at Chicago nominated Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin.

1861—Adelina Patti made her first appearance in London.

1872—Pere Marquette and party started from Michilimackinac to trace the course of the Mississippi.

1885—Louis Biel, leader of the rebellion in Northwest Canada, surrendered.

1886—Britain took possession of all Burma, annexing it to India.

1892—Great damage caused by flood at Sioux City, Iowa.

1895—Count Kalnoky, premier of Austria-Hungary, resigned.

1897—Turkey agreed to an armistice with Greece.

1898—Battleship Alabama launched at Chester, Pa.

1899—Edward Everett Hale resigned pastorate of South Congregational church, Boston, after forty-three years of service.

1900—Gen. Buller occupied Dundee, South Africa.

1902—Coronation of King Alfonso XIII. at Madrid.

Rate of Forest Destruction.

According to a bulletin issued by the forest service of the Agricultural Department, every person in this country is using over six times as much wood as the individual consumption in Europe, and the country as a whole consumes over three times what the forests of the United States grow during the year. The consequence of this policy is an inevitable timber famine. It is pointed out that the increased population since 1880 is barely more than half the increase in lumber cut, so that the increase of forest destruction cannot be explained entirely on the theory of increased population. The Northeastern States have passed their maximum production, and the Southern States are near their maximum, while the State of Washington now ranks first in the volume of timber cut. At present one-fifth of the total forest area is owned by the government. The average age of trees felled for lumber this year is not less than 150 years.

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