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 doze in the warm light, but his glance returned to Angela. "I was afraid that I shouldn't be able to come, for my lawyers cabled to me twice to call me home again, but I managed to get the business thro without it crossing. I wouldn't have missed coming for all the lawyers in 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 swished 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 whom 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 wrathful 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 on than that evening she told him, and he sa wquite 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 greatly angers him, for 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 lamentations."

"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 tithe 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 intrusted 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 had 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 monstrous fancy is 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 we had no idea he was living near here 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 and 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 say 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 make out the things about him with any great distinctness, but he could see that a man and a woman sat at the far end of a table, and he bowed to them.

"Hillo, Fraser!" said a voice. "That you? Are you holiday-making over here?"

Fraser advanced, shading his eyes with his hand.

"That you, Farley?" he returned. "How are ye? I'm a troyfle short-soyted—and I didn't make y'out at first. How are ye? Deloyted to meet Mrs. Farley once more. Are yo here for long?"

He bowed and shook hands and waved a royal condescending pardoning sort of refusal to the chair Farley pushed toward him.

"We have been here a month," said the novelist, "and we intend staying on until the crowd comes. Then we run away. Do you stay for any length of time?"

"I can't say how long I may stop," returned Fraser, with a smile. "The man would like to know my secrets," said the smile. "I'll be having a companion in a day or two," he added. "O'Rourke's coming over."

"Ah!" said the other, carelessly. "I forgot. It's getting near the Whitsuntide recess."

The landlady, seeing her new guest in conversation, had withdrawn, but at this moment she re-entered, in conversation with an older visitor. She seemed to have considerable difficulty in making him understand what she had to say, for she said the same thing three or four times over, and he looked at her with a puzzled face and an occasional shake of the head.

"It is a pity, monsieur," said the landlady at last, turning upon Farley, "that there is no one here to talk the language of monsieur."

The new arrival understood the tenor of this speech, for a wagged his head at the novelist and spoke. "English not," he said. "French, so leetel—ver leetel. Grec? Ah, yes. Deutsch? Yes."

"He speaks German, madam," said Fraser, splendidly. "Allow me to translate for you." Then, addressing the newcomer, "If I can serve you I shall be pleased."

The new arrival smiled, and put a question about the postal arrangements of the town. Fraser got the required information from the landlady, and transferred it. The other was profuse in thanks, and ducked ingratiatingly at his magnificent interpreter.

"I've never been able to get to like that fellow," said Farley, as the man sat down at the dining table, after the manner of the place, to write his letter. "He came here shortly after our arrival, and we have been here together ever since. He is always very civil, and he smiles as if by clock work, but his eyes are a good deal too close together for my fancy; his forehead slopes back too much for my liking; he has a stealthy way of walking; he is my beau ideal of what a spy should be."

"Ye do expect a spy to understand the language of the land he lives in, don't ye?" asked Fraser.

"Well, yes," Farley admitted, laughingly. "I suppose that's needful. But I shouldn't be in the least surprised to learn that he did understand. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if he understood what I am saying now."

"Perhaps he might be," said Fraser. "He'd not be pleased, anyway."

The man at the table went on with his letter. While Farley and Fraser still talked about him, standing at the window, he arose and walked to the end of the room, where stood a table spread with writing materials. Taking from this a little porcelain jar of sand, he sprinkled a part of its contents on the sheet of paper he had just written, and then, turning with the paper in both hands, he stood sifting the fine sand to and fro in an absent way, regarding meanwhile the two men at the window. At that moment the expression of his face was sinister, but as Farley turned in speaking his face cleared, and when their eyes met he was smiling, and he gave that little half-nod whereby some people always recognize a glance of which they are conscious from a man they know. Just then Maskelyne came in.

"This is me young friend, Mr. George Maskelyne, from New York," said Fraser. "He's just doying to know ye, Farley."

"I have desired to know you, sir," said Maskelyne, in his solemn, gentle way, "for a year or two past, and to thank you for all the pleasure you have given me. It may please you to know, sir, that you have as large and as affectionate a circle of readers on our side as on your own."

"'Twould please him more," said the delicate-hided Fraser, "if the Yankees wouldn't steal his copyrights."

"Mr. Fraser," said Austin, "has a knack of hitting the right nail on the head. Not only that, but he always hits it at the right moment, and, as Charles Reade says, he does it with a polished hammer."

"Ye flatter me," cried Fraser, smiling and bowing. The young American threw an extra but unintentional heartiness into the shake of Farley's hand.

"I am in some sort an ambassador," said Maskelyne. "An English gentleman, Major Butler, and his niece are residents in the neighborhood, and will be greatly pleased if you allow me to take back a permission to them to call upon you, and make the acquaintance of Mrs. Farley and yourself. Miss Butler and I had an accidental meeting with Mrs. Farley this morning."

Farley saw a period of loneliness for his wife since he had begun to work again, and he was disposed to welcome the advent of pleasant people who would break the monotony of her retirement. There would be time enough to make excuses for himself hereafter.

O'Rourke came the next day. Mrs. Farley leaned smilingly between the flower pots on the window ledge to bid the arrival welcome, and he, with his reddish wavy hair bathed in sunshine, and a brighter light in his gray-blue eyes, stood laughing and nodding back to her.

O'Rourke had the pleasantest face, the pleasantest voice, and the pleasantest 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 engineman 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 tell 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.

"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 Farley. 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 Farley 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 bareheaded in talk with the old Anarchist. It was not until Dobroski had several times motioned to him that he replaced his hat.

"This is me 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 in 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 unpurchasable patriot is a help to true men the wide 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 steeing at the same hotel 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 it into his head that this fellow that's going down the street was spying on Mr. Dobroski. The deloytful 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.)

The Kindness of the Poor.

The old adage that the poor are the best friends of the poor was instanced in the story of a chambermaid, who is a young widow with two children to support. After a lingering sickness the younger of the children died, and the young mother's bank account having been depleted from defraying the expenses of the weeks of medicine and doctor's visits, she was obliged to contract a debt at the undertaker's. After that she paid a small monthly installment until the bill was half settled, when one day there came through the mail a receipt for the remainder. The receipt was accompanied by a badly written and blotted note from a scrubwoman in a large uptown hotel, who knew of the trouble, knew the family and the circumstances, and in her note explained that she had no family nor near relatives and that she earned enough to support herself and that she wanted to use this surplus money for the little mother, who needed all that she could make extra to support the remaining child. As scrubwomen receive only 50 or 75 cents a day, one will readily appreciate the spirit which moved one kind soul to help another in distress.—Leslie's Weekly.

He Never Smiled Again.

"Really, Miss Primm, you ought to get married," remarked Wedderly. "You'll soon be in the spinster class if you don't hurry up and catch on."

"Oh, don't worry about me, Mr. Wedderly," replied Miss Primm. "If I were as easy to please as your wife I would have been married long ago."

Not Justified.

Mrs. Uppson—Your former nurse girl applied to me for a position to-day. Why did she leave your employ?

Mrs. De Style—She whipped darling Fido unmercifully for almost nothing.

Mrs. Uppson—Indeed!

Mrs. De Style—Yes; he hadn't done a thing but bite the baby.

It does not pay to envy any man's success nor rejoice in his failure.

A MISFIT INDEPENDENCE.

Pop said that independence was the
greatest thing he knew,
And when my daddy says a thing it's
generally true.
It helps a man to triumph for the right
and send his foes
Up where the great Salt river is, up
where the woodbine grows.
But woe is me that it should be;
It didn't work that way with me,
And this is how it was, you see:

On July Fourth when I got up I'd settled in my mind
That I'd be just the freest of the independent kind;
I'd have my way all through the day, no matter what should hap,
And that is why face down I lie across my daddy's lap,
And that is why I cry, "Oh, my!" as he lays on the strap.
He told me just at breakfast time to help him feed the cows,
And when I said I wouldn't we'd the prettiest of rows.
But I was firm, for I was free,
Just as he said I ought to be.
And then I skipped. Ah, woe is me!

I stayed away the livelong day,
And then there was the deuce to pay,
For when I got back home that night
My daddy's wrath was out of sight.
He wouldn't hear a word from me
About the glories of the free.
But simply put me on his knee
And gave it to me—one, two, three—
From which I judge that while it's clear
That independence has no peer
For nations fond of liberties,
It doesn't do for families,
Else pop has gone and changed his mind
Or mine was not the proper kind.
—Harper's Bazar.

A DILEMMA OF THE FOURTH

By Mary Caroline Hyde

Six boys, aged about 14 and 15, had formed a club called The President's Own. Originally, the club room had been the upper story of a brick stable, and the boys had secured the use of it free of rent.

For several weeks the club had been saving money for a glorious Fourth of July celebration. Sky rockets, Roman candles and even flower baskets were to be bought with the ten dollars and thirty-two cents they had collected for this purpose and were to be set off from a huge rock above the village, where all could see the display.

James Porter, the keeper of the largest grocery in the village, went to New York for the fireworks which the President's Own had ordered; the weekly paper announced the pyrotechnic treat in store for Dogberry, and all was in trim for the most patriotic Fourth the little town had ever known.

The Fourth was due on Saturday and all Friday the President's Own fidgeted through their lessons, and 4 o'clock had no more than sounded than they ran pell mell to the club room, where they had agreed to meet, six strong.

"I saw Jim Porter this afternoon," announced Maxwell Fenn, a leader of the club, "and he said he had our fireworks all right. Suppose we go right away and get them."

"That's the idea," said Alfred Warren, leading the way. "Come on. There's no time to spare."

The boys started whistling and doing a double shuffle down the path, when Clarence Richmond called out, "Who's got the money for the 'technics?"

"That's so!" answered the rest, stopping short. "Guess we'd better go back and get it, if you've forgotten it."

Upon this The President's Own wheeled and returned to the club room, moving in a body on the closet, where the money was hoarded in an old leather wallet. The closet was well lighted by the window opposite, and the boys searched every nook and corner without finding the wallet.

"Where did you keep it, anyway?" was demanded of Maxwell Fenn.

"I didn't keep it anywhere; I gave it to Clarence," growled Maxwell.

"I know where I kept it well enough," retorted Clarence. "I kept it right up here on this shelf under the baseball caps, but it ain't there now; that's sure enough."

The President's Own groaned. Again and again they fumbled among the caps on the shelf, and among the bats, golf clubs and tennis racquets on the floor of the closet. The money was not to be found and they turned away looking into one another's faces for explanation, but finding none.

"What's to be done now?" asked Clarence.

"You ought to know."

"Well, I don't."

"Say! How'd it do to say nothing 'bout it to-night and to-morrow we can look again," suggested Alfred.

"Agreed!" cried the others, so they filed out of the club room, locking it with the greatest care, and disbanding, to go home with very sober faces and gloomy hearts.

The much-anticipated Fourth was a sunny, delightful day, and the President's Own convened early at the club room, as they had agreed. A second search, however, was as disappointing as the first had been, and a heavy-hearted six stood about the club table, tapping abstractedly upon it.

"It's hard on old Porter, too," observed one of them.

"Oh, his fireworks'll keep till next year, when we'll be able to buy them," said another.

Locking the door, the boys walked slowly down the main street, looking at other boys' fireworks. Thus they whiled away the day as best they could till 4 o'clock. Wandering dejectedly along a side street, they came face to face with Gen. Bradbury, the summer cottager of whom all Dogberry was so proud.

"Halloo, boys!" he cried. "A glorious day for your celebration. Hear you are to give us something fine to-night."

Glancing hastily from one to another, the boys blurted out, "That's all up now; the mon's lost somehow!"

"What! How?" the general demanded, sympathetically, much surprised.

"We don't know," answered Clarence. "The men about the stable might have stolen it," and then he stopped, flushing at the realisation that he had unintentionally expressed the boys' suspicions.

"See here, my lads, don't be so quick to blame someone till you're sure! Suppose you come up to my house this evening, and if there are any fireworks to be found in the town we'll send them off."

"We will," said the President's Own heartily, then added hesitatingly, "Jim Porter's got some fireworks, sir. We were going to take them, but——"

"Oh, yes! I understand," laughed the general, and he turned on to the main street and hurried to the pyrotechnic supplying Porter.

Half-past 7 o'clock that evening found the President's Own assembled upon the terrace of the general, helping him to adjust the most elaborate fireworks display that the little village had ever dreamed of.

The general's pretty daughter and housekeeper now left her seat on the piazza and, joining the President's Own on the terrace, invited them to the dining room to complete their celebration there. This invitation produced a lively whispering among the boys of the club, and they followed their host and hostess to the dining room. Before partaking of the tempting refreshments, Maxwell Fenn rose to make a little speech.

"It has been unanimously decided, Gen. Bradbury," he said, "that you shall be asked to become a member of the President's Own. The club has now existed two years, and this is the first occasion upon which we have extended the right hand of fellowship to a fellow not our own age. We shall be glad to have you belong."

With cheeks very red, he sat down and dug deep into his mound of ice cream.

"Thank you, my boys," answered the general, waving his glass of lemonade. "I am highly honored and shall be very pleased to become what might be termed a sleeping partner of the President's Own."

The cheers that followed this pithy acceptance were only quieted when Miss Bradbury held up her dainty hand and asked for a moment's attention.

"My father," she said, "has told me of the club's pecuniary loss, and I have thought that if they would be so good as to allow me to visit their club room, that well——" and she stopped and looked up at her father as if he were to complete her meaning.

"Do come! We shall be glad to show you our room," the boys cried in one voice.

So that is how it happened that the next Monday afternoon, after school hours, Miss Bradbury was escorted by her father to the club room of the President's Own, and she seemed much interested in all she saw.

"See what a nice, big closet the club has," said the general, pointing to a door which was ajar, disclosing the paraphernalia of athletic boys.

"May I look inside just once?" she asked, exchanging a glance with her father.

"Oh, do!" they answered.

And it was then that, reaching up to the shelf on which the baseball caps were tossed, the girl felt under them and drew out the lost wallet, its contents undisturbed.

The President's Own stared at Miss Bradbury as if she were a magician, but she only smiled and told them that she had mistrusted that it was there ever since her father had told her about its loss.

"A woman's fingers," she added, "are much better for finding things than a boy's—that is, the boys of The President's Own," and she smiled archly at them.

The club did not argue the point. It whistled, stamped, cheered, apologized for the racket, and immediately voted the charming girl the one and only feminine member of The President's Own.—Detroit Free Press.

NOTHIN' DOIN' ON THE FOURTH.

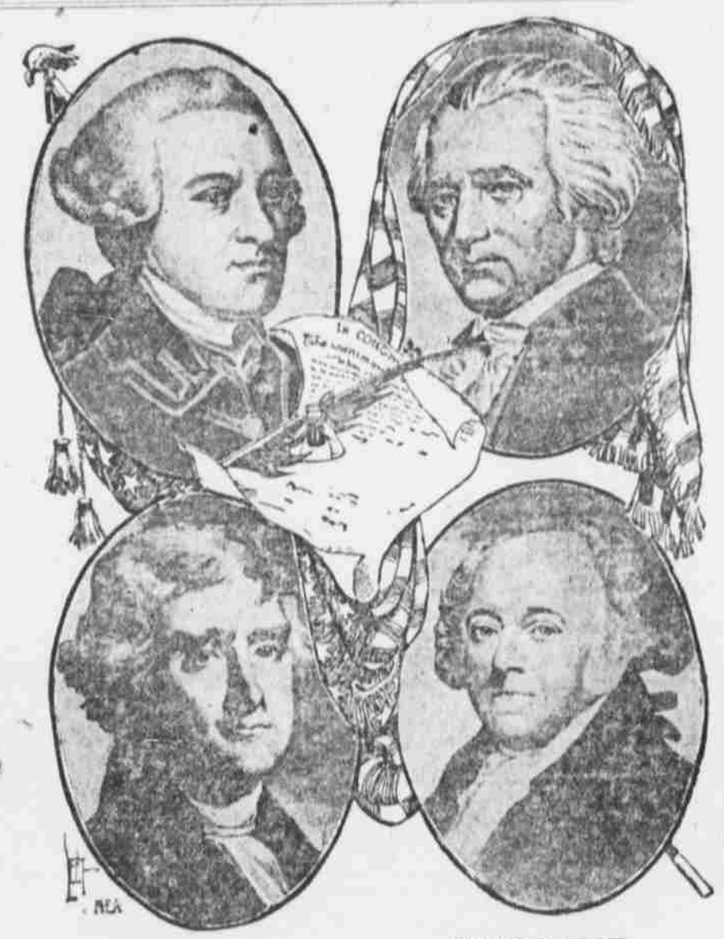
July 2 Was the Date on Which Independence Was Declared.

The government has published a book showing that the Fourth of July ought to come on the 2d of the month. The book is entitled "The Story of the Declaration of Independence," and the author is Col. Wm. H. Michael, who has charge of that historic document and the priceless archives which go with it. The brief account given in the preface of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence shows that Congress passed the resolution on July 2. That is really the date on which a majority of the people's representatives formally and legally expressed their intent.

According to the journal of that Congress, the original of which is on file, nothing actually happened on the Fourth of July. On the 9th of July the vote, by States, was made unanimous by the addition of New York, which had not before been authorized to take this course. So this date might be celebrated if it were desired to commemorate the date of the complete adoption of the resolution. If it were desired to commemorate the day when the declaration was signed, Aug. 2 might be selected, as on that day the members of Congress began to attach their signatures to the formally drafted document.

By an error in the journal a note was made on the 19th of July to this effect: "Ordered that the declaration (passed on the fourth) be fairly engrossed on parchment, with the title and style of "The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America." It is evident that the journal should have read "passed on the 2d," for that was the day when Richard Henry Lee's resolution commanded a majority of the votes. On that day the resolution received the votes of all of New England, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia. South Carolina and Pennsylvania voted against it. The Delaware vote was evenly divided; the New York delegates were uninstructed, and refrained from voting. The next day, July 3, Cæsar Rodney of Delaware came eighty miles on horseback, as hard as the beast could go, to add his vote for independence, and thus Delaware was swung into line. It was several days later that Pennsylvania and New York came wabbling along.

The first celebration of independence day was at Philadelphia, on July 8, when the sheriff of that city read a copy of the original declaration, passed on the 2d. The man who drafted the resolution passed on the 2d of July, which consisted of a short paragraph sufficient to voice the sentiment of each State for or against the proposed war for independence, was Richard Henry Lee. The man who supported the resolution on the floor, and led in the debate which preceded the vote, was John Adams. The man who afterward drafted the formal declaration to the outside world, embodying the sentiment of the Lee resolution, was Thos. Jefferson. The man who presided over the convention where the resolution was adopted was John Hancock.



JOHN HANCOCK. THOS. JEFFERSON. RICHARD HENRY LEE. JOHN ADAMS.

The Unexpected.

He bought a huge cracker as big as a rail,
To be used at poor Tabby's expense.
The cat ran away with the fur off her tail,
While Willie flew over the fence.
—Judge.

FOURTH OF JULY ENTHUSIASTS.