

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

He carried the little secretaire upstairs and there, locked in his own room, he wrote a letter which was destined for St. Petersburg, but traveled in the first instance to the care of one Dr. Brun, of Hollington place, London. In the solitude of his own chamber Mr. Zeno permitted himself an accurate and intimate acquaintance with the French language, little of it as he allowed himself for his present purposes to know outside.

Meanwhile things were going more pleasantly in the garden. Angela, with a little twinge of conscience, had informed Austin that Major Butler would be delighted to meet him and had expressed his great regret that he had been unable to make the call he had contemplated that day. The fact that the major had charged her with this message did not help her much, for she knew its hollowness. The major rather dreaded the advent of a man who wrote books and regarded Austin as a fellow who would be likely to know a lot of things and expect other people to know them also.

"I'll meet you of the party myself," said Fraser, with his own invaluable sang froid, "but I've need you to me mind to go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" said O'Rourke. "That's a little sudden, isn't it?"

"I wish you'd come, O'Rourke," said Maskelyne. "But Major Butler is a dreadful Tory, and I am not sure that you'd care to meet each other."

"Major Butler might convert me, perhaps," said O'Rourke. "No, no. Clearly I am impossible." He spoke with so perfect a gravity and good humor that he hurt nobody. But a little later he contrived to get Maskelyne apart, and to question him about a matter which had puzzled him a good deal. "How does your dreadful Tory's niece contrive to be familiar with Dobroski, when a mere Home Ruler like myself is quite too terrible for the old gentleman? I call him the old gentleman with no disrespect," he added, with his delightful smile. "And, of course, he may be a young gentleman, and still be the lady's uncle, though, again, he is her guardian, and probably elderly."

"Dobroski and Miss Butler's father were dear friends," said Maskelyne, repeating what he had heard from Angela. "When Dobroski escaped from Siberia he landed in England without funds or friends. Miss Butler's father found him out, maintained him, so far as I can learn, for years, and was a staunch friend to him. She has known him from childhood, and has a great affection and veneration for him. It is a difficult position, for he and her uncle are at daggers now. But Dobroski seems to worship her."

"Yes, I can see that," O'Rourke answered. "A charming girl," he added, softly, and in so natural a way that Maskelyne supposed him to be ignorant of his own interest in her. "There's romance in the situation, too," he continued, in a lighter tone. Maskelyne, with a mere nod in answer, made a move in Angela's direction. "No," said O'Rourke, putting an arm through one of his. "You don't escape me in that way. I have something to say to you, and I know that you will be shifty and evasive and underhanded in your ways until I have said it. Let me speak, old fellow. We shall both be easier. I can't tell you what I think and feel about that splendid loan of yours. I was really desperate. I don't know what I should have done without it."

"Very well," said Maskelyne, pressing his companion's arm with a gesture of affection, but speaking very dryly; "it is over now?"

"No, my friend of outward marble and inward tenderness, it is not over. And it never will be."

"Once for all, O'Rourke, bury that confounded thing, and have done with it."

"Well, there, the thing is buried. I'll say no more till I can pay you back again. But I suppose you don't forbid me to think of it in the meantime? It was the only kindness in that way I ever had or ever wanted. I shan't forget it; that's all. And now it's buried."

On the following day O'Rourke took a quiet walk by unknown ways across the fields. He was a born townsman, and had but little love for rural tranquillities by nature, but he was already weary of the work of the session, and was glad to escape to fresh air and silence for a while. One gentle little hill after another drew him on. He would see what lay beyond this gentle eminence, and then he would see what lay beyond the next, and in this fashion he sauntered on until he came in sight of a most exaggerated castellated house of gray stone standing in the midst of a dark pine woods. The building was of a moderate size, but its peaks and turrets dwarfed it, and from a little distance made it look at least as much like a child's toy as a dwelling house for real people. This was the chateau of Roufou, and the present residence of Major Butler.

The wanderer, who had fairly good taste in most things, stood for a moment to smile at this preposterous edifice, and then walked on again. It was a day of cloudy soft light, and the air was wonderfully sweet. The woods were in the freshness of their greenery, and the dark hues of the contrasting pines set off the lighter foliage. A few hundred yards before him lay the first link of a river which went winding in a rounded zigzag until it lost itself to view behind the shoulder of a wood-clad hill.

He strolled down to the river side, and there cast himself upon the grass, and stared up at the soft motionless clouds. The stream ran through narrower banks than common near where he lay, and kept up a pleasant drowsy gurgle. Listening to this, he lay there enjoying all the delights of leisure after labor in every fiber of his body, until he fell into a light dose. From this he was awakened by a rustle and the sound of an execration gently breathed. Sitting up he was aware of a gentleman of British aspect, florid, sturdy and well set, who stood on the other side of the river, red in hand, per-

suasively pulling at a fly which had lodged in one of the branches of a bush. Lying down he had been hidden from the angler, who, seeing him rise, gave something of a start.

"Pardon me, sir," said the stranger, in labored and very English sounding French, "can you detach that fly for me?"

"Major Butler," said O'Rourke to himself. "Is this Major Butler, I wonder?"

He answered, also speaking in French, that he would do his best, and walked to which the fly was attached, and cut it away, after which he disentangled the hook, and the angler and he raised their hats to each other.

Major Butler, for O'Rourke's not unnatural guess had hit the mark, expressed his obligations with some little difficulty, and O'Rourke, who was Paris bred, responded that he was infinitely delighted to be of service. If this were Major Butler, thought Mr. O'Rourke, it would be good fun to conquer his prejudices, and apart from the amusement, it would be agreeable to have a country house to call at during his stay. Then he thought of that charming girl.

He began by asking after sport, and the quality of the stream and the fish, and the major, who was an accessible and friendly soul when once the ice was broken with him, displayed his take, and floundered on with his French in a very courageous and adventurous manner.

Presently he hooked a half-pounder, who behaved in a very lively manner, and was finally grapsed workman-like. O'Rourke looked on with interest.

"They give plenty of sport," he said.

"Capital sport," replied Butler, heartily. "They're not feeding well to-day, though. Two or three days ago a young friend of mine, an American, who's staying at my place, fetched out seven pounds in half an hour. Used a fly quite strange to the water, too, a gaudy American thing, but very killing."

"There can't be any Americans over here."

"Only one that I know of," said the major. "Maskelyne." He had time enough to think that this was the novelist, ten to one, and a very different sort of fellow from the man he had expected.

"Pleased to meet you," he said. "Shall be glad if you'll look me up."

"Thank you," said O'Rourke, sweetly. "Thank you very much indeed. Maskelyne and I are very old friends."

"Not the novelist," said the major, silently. "Of course not. Spoke much too intimately from the first mention of him only to have met him yesterday."

"You are Major Butler?" asked O'Rourke. There are ways and ways of putting this sort of interrogatory. Butler bowed assent. "Maskelyne told me with whom he was staying. My name is O'Rourke."

"Oh!" said the major, blankly; "you're not the—"

"I'm afraid I am," answered O'Rourke, with so admirable a good humor that Butler could not refrain from a smile. "We needn't talk politics if we differ, as I dare say we do."

Honestly, if Major Butler could have withdrawn his invitation he would have done so, and he was a little annoyed with himself for having given it. But he bethought him, the man was a friend of Maskelyne's, and Maskelyne spoke of him in the very highest terms. But then again, there was something about—people talked—they said the Irish members were here to make terms with that infamous old scoundrel Dobroski, a rascal who thirsted for royal blood and wanted chaos to come again.

"Do you stay long?" asked Butler, with a diplomatic purpose.

"Yes, a week or two, perhaps more. A friend of mine—I dare say you know him—he's really a very distinguished man—Farley, the novelist—is staying in the same hotel with me at Janenna, and so long as he stays I shall stay."

Angela and Maskelyne were each a good deal surprised half an hour later to see Major Butler coming down the avenue toward the chateau side by side with O'Rourke. Perhaps at bottom the major himself was a little surprised, but he was certainly vanquished. He confessed that he had never met a pleasanter man in his life than this Home Ruler, whom in advance he had been prepared to detest.

CHAPTER VI.

Dobroski and O'Rourke sat together in a chamber of the Cheval Blanc.

"You thought my scheme a madman's vision when you heard it first," said the old man, in his tired and tranquil way. "But now? Speak without fear, and with perfect candor."

"I see a practical possibility in it," returned the other. "A bare possibility, but still a possibility."

"Possibility enough to make it worth while to strike when the time comes?"

"Possibility enough to make it worth while to strike when the time comes. Yes." There was something in O'Rourke's manner of repeating the phrase which made the repetition seem weighty, reflective, and full of respect for Dobroski's years and qualities. "But—" He paused with a look of thought, and drummed upon the table with his fingers.

"But—" said Dobroski.

"We must not lose the cause. We must not lose for want of a little candor. You have laid your scheme before me—given me facts, names, numbers. You tell me that I have your perfect confidence, and that I know now all you have to tell."

"There are details," answered Dobroski—"countless details. But the main facts are yours."

"I am not disputing, sir," said O'Rourke, with a smile which seemed to say how impossible that would be. "I am only recapitulating. But you see, Mr. Dobroski, I get these things from the fountain-head, and I am assured of their verity. But when you ask me to be your emissary at home you forget that I have neither your years, your first-hand knowledge, your history, nor your authority. In short, I am Hector O'Rourke, and you are John Dobroski. If I carry this prodigious scheme to the men in England

and in Ireland who would be ready to receive it and to take part in it what credentials have I?"

Dobroski turned his mournful eyes full upon O'Rourke and regarded him in silence for a time. O'Rourke bore this scrutiny with an admirable candor and modesty.

"That does not speak well for your opinion of the scheme," said Dobroski, after a noticeable pause. "I know, and no man knows better, that when we strike we strike for life or death. I know that a single indiscretion may ruin us. I have weighed the chances and counted the cost for years."

"I recognize the dangers, too," said O'Rourke, "but we must face them and outface them." He spoke lightly, but with an underlying resolve so clearly indicated that there was no doubting him. "No, it is not the danger of the scheme that gives me pause. But it needed all your close and intimate knowledge, all the authority you carry in your name and your career, to make the existence of so vast a plan seem possible. I accept the scheme," he said, vividly, half rising from his seat. "I bind myself to it without reserve. Win or lose! But, except upon the fullest exposition, I would not have taken it. Except upon the fullest exposition, I would not have given credence to it. No, Mr. Dobroski, you must come yourself to England. Leave me behind to work as your lieutenant there, if you think me worthy of the post, but come yourself and bear the news and make the first appeal."

"I will go," said Dobroski, "if you think it needful."

"I think it actually needful," O'Rourke answered. "I will write and will make arrangements. We had better not travel together."

"Good," said Dobroski. "I will start to-night. The longer the interval the less cause to suspect that we have a common errand. Perhaps I can be doing something in the meantime. I may tell your friend Mr. Frost that the plan carries your adherence with it? Your entire approval?"

"That it carries my entire approval with it," O'Rourke answered, slowly and weightily; "because it promises nothing precipitate, because it promises cool and cautious preparation, and good generalship."

"You think he stands in need of that warning?"

"Most of us stand in need of it," said O'Rourke. "We are too eager. We fritter our chances on affairs of outposts. That has always been our trouble."

"I understand," said Dobroski. "I will not forget your warning. But now, sir, I will say farewell. We shall meet again in a little while, I trust. We have not seen much of each other as yet, but I am not slow to read a true man, and I know that I have done well in trusting you. I have fought in this war for now this forty years and more. We have done but little, but at last the hour is coming, and all will soon be done or undone."

When he first said farewell he took O'Rourke by the hand and held him so until he had spoken his last word. O'Rourke looked back into the sad and passionate eyes that gazed into his own, and his glance was affectionate and worshipful.

The little toy train at the toy railway station at Panenne was getting up steam to be gone, and was making as much noise of preparation as if it had a thousand miles before it. Dobroski emerged from the doorway of the Cheval Blanc, followed by a stout female domestic, who bore a portmanteau in either hand. The old man caught sight of O'Rourke and bowed to him. O'Rourke returned the salute, and turning round when Dobroski had disappeared, saw Austin at his open window.

"Farley," he said, "I believe our old revolutionist is leaving us. He has just gone off to the station with a couple of portmanteaus. Has he said nothing to you about it?"

"Nothing," said Farley, smiling. "Doesn't he take his fellow-conspirator into confidence?"

"Well, you see," returned O'Rourke, smiling also, "I haven't asked him for his confidence. And even if I did, he might prefer to keep it."

"Likely enough," said Farley, smiling still. "Hello! Here are our friends from Roufou. Meet them for me, there's a good fellow. I'll be down in two minutes."

(To be continued.)

Needed a New One.

"That story," remarked the man who had been listening to his wife's latest bit of gossip, "strikes me as being made of whole cloth."

Just the Thing.

"When I was young, my dear, girls were not allowed to sit up so late with young men."

Just the Thing.

"Then, papa, why do you allow me to do so? It would be so much more interesting if you would only forbid it."

Just the Thing.

"Judge."

Just the Thing.

Edyth—No! Jack Huggins actually had the impudence to kiss me last night.

Just the Thing.

Mayme—The idea! Of course you tried to scream?

Just the Thing.

Edyth—Yes—every time.

Just the Thing.

Edyth—Yes—every time.

Just the Thing.

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FARMS AND FARMERS

Cost of Hauling Crops.

The information contained in a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture was secured from correspondents in 1,894 counties in different States. The statistics deal particularly with twenty-three of the staple agricultural products grown in the United States, and embrace the number of counties reporting, average miles of shipping, weight per load, cost per ton per mile, etc.

In a summary of these data the author says: "The average costs per 100 lbs. for hauling products from farms to shipping points vary in a number of instances roughly with the relative values of the articles hauled, the more valuable product being hauled often at greater cost than the less valuable product. Corn, wheat, oats, hay and potatoes were hauled at costs ranging from 7 to 9 cents per 100 lbs., cotton 16 cents, and wool cost only 10 cents per 100 lbs. to be hauled from farms."

The difference of cost in hauling between one product and another is largely due to the relative distance traversed and the relative size of load taken."

Statistics are also presented and discussed regarding the farmers' longest hauls and methods of hauling, with the effect of these factors on local and general prices. The quantity of farm produce hauled in 1905-06 is estimated at more than 49,000,000 tons, and the cost of hauling at about \$84,084,000 for the most important crops mentioned. The value of better roads, quicker methods of loading and unloading, and other factors are also discussed in their bearing on the reduction in the cost of hauling.

Notes from correspondents, regarding the conditions of wagon transportation in different parts of the United States, are also appended.

Electric Ripening of Fruit.

Ripening fruit by electricity is one of the latest achievements of science. The experiment was tried by an English electrical expert, who found that he could reproduce the effect of the tropical sun's rays without the slightest difficulty. The ripening experiments have been tried for the most part with bananas.

When bunches of the green fruit arrive in England they are put in an airtight case made entirely of glass. Inside this case is supplied with a number of electric lights which can be turned on and off in any number at will. It has been discovered that the bananas ripen according to the amount of rays shed on them. The expert has made tests so that now he can ripen bananas at any time he wants just by regulating the lights. This is an immense advantage over the ordinary method of ripening.

Bananas are cut and shipped when quite green, but of full size. It is erroneously believed by those who have never been in banana raising lands that the fruit is allowed to ripen on the tree. This is not the case. Bananas are picked green and hung up to ripen just as they are treated in the north.

Underground Water in Arkansas Valley.

A report of the United States Geological Survey deals briefly with the general geology of Eastern Colorado, and in detail with the geology and underground waters of the Arkansas Valley region.

The principal water-bearing formation of this region is the "Dakota" sandstone, but waters also occur extensively in the alluvial deposits along the valleys, in the sands and gravels mantling parts of the upland east of the mountains, and in the sandstones of the Fox Hills, Laramie, and overlying formations. Smaller amounts, mostly of bad quality, occur in the "Red Beds."

The quantity of water available from the "Dakota" sandstone in Eastern Colorado is variable, and in portions of the region has been found inadequate. As a rule the pressure is too low to sustain a vigorous flow. The largest volume of water has been obtained from wells at Rockyford. In some districts the quality of the water is satisfactory, in others the waters are highly charged with minerals.

Lima Beans as a Special Crop.

Lima beans are very profitable, if picked green and sold in the general market, or by commission merchants. They are then sold in the hulls, though some shell them. They require considerable labor, as the daily picking and shelling are items of heavy expense, while the cost of poles and cultivation adds largely to the outlay. There are "poleless," or dwarf, varieties, however. If sold dry they are flatted, the yield being from 15 to 30 bushels per acre, according to the variety and fertility of the soil. They are greatly reduced in yield should dry weather occur. The most profit is made by selling them in the green condition. Under favorable conditions as much as \$200 per acre can be cleared, but \$100 is above the average for an acre of green beans. Potash fertilizers are preferred. A mixture of 150 pounds nitrate of soda, 300 pounds acidulated phosphate rock and 350 pounds sulphate of potash per acre would be a proper application on many soils.

Rough Feeds.

Rough feeds, including pasture, are usually so plentiful that frequently we feed them without any idea as to what and how much will produce the desired results. Much rough feed is wasted in careless feeding. The cow will eat the best of her menu first and if given too much will pick the most desirable morsels, leaving what might be called passably good, which too frequently is treated as waste and thrown underfoot. No more hay should be given an animal than it will eat up clean. This refers to first-class quality, however, as we could not expect a cow to eat up clean a poor quality of hay.—Exchange.

Prune Habit.

The Man Who Boards—Do you think a man becomes what he eats?

The Man Who Keeps the House—No; I think a man who stays where he has to eat prunes becomes a lobster.—Yonkers Statesman.

At the Play.

"So you couldn't tell the villain from the hero?"

"No. The actors were all bad."—Detroit Free Press.

Animals that Roam.

"Now, Johnnie," asked the teacher, "when you go to the country in summer what animals do you see roving about?"

"Boarders," was the prompt reply.

An Exacting Intelligence.

"She's awfully original," said Maude.

"Yes," answered Mammie. "Why, she even insists on writing letters because she can't find post cards that say things to suit her."—Washington Star.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. There are persons in northern New York who have been in the habit of keeping diaries for years, and it is from the pages of an old diary begun in 1810 and kept up unbroken until 1840 that the following information regarding this year without a summer has been taken:

January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking. There were a few cold days, but they were very few. Most of the time the air was warm and springlike. February was not cold. Some days were colder than any in January, but the weather was about the same. March, from the 1st to the 9th, was inclined to be kindly. It came in like a small lion and went out like a very innocent sheep.

April came in warm, but as the days grew longer the air became colder, and by the first of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed, and the cornfields were planted again and again, until it became too late to raise a crop.

By the last of May in this climate the trees are usually in leaf and birds and flowers are plentiful. When the last of May arrived in 1816 everything had been killed by the cold.

June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed; all fruit was destroyed; snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont. There was a seven-inch fall in the interior of New York State, and the same in Massachusetts. There were only a few moderately warm days. Everybody looked, longed, and waited for warm weather, but warm weather did not come.

It was also dry; very little rain fell. All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts, laden with snow and ice. Mothers knit socks of double thickness for their children, and made thick mittens. Planting and sowing were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens.

On June 17 there was a heavy fall of snow. A Vermont farmer sent a flock of sheep to pasture on June 16. The morning of the 17th dawned with the thermometer below the freezing point. About 9 o'clock in the morning the owner of the sheep started to look for his flock. Before leaving home he turned to his wife and said, jokingly:

"Better start the neighbors soon; it's the middle of June, and I may get lost in the snow."

An hour after he had left home a terrific snow storm came up. The snow fell thick and fast, and as there was so much wind the fleecy masses piled in great drifts along the windward side of the fences and outbuildings. Night came and the farmer had not been heard of.

His wife became frightened and alarmed the neighborhood. All the neighbors joined the searching party. On the third day they found him. He was lying in a hollow on the side hill with both feet frozen; he was half covered with snow, but alive. Most of the sheep were lost.

July came in with snow and ice. On the Fourth of July ice as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York, and in some parts of the State of Pennsylvania. Indian corn, which in some parts of the East had struggled through May and June, gave up, froze and died.

To the surprise of everybody, August proved the worst month of all. Almost every green thing in this country and Europe was blasted with frost.

Snow fell at Barnet, thirty miles from London, England, on Aug. 30. Newspapers received from England stated that 1816 would be remembered by the existing generation as the year in which there was no summer.

Very little corn ripened in New England. There was great privation, and thousands of persons would have perished in this country had it not been for the abundance of fish and wild game.—Danbury (Conn.) News.

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