

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Well," said Mr. Frost, "What is up now, sir?"

"I came over with Dobroski from Belgium this morning," said O'Rourke.

"With Dobroski?" returned the visitor.

"Dobroski has an introduction from me to you. Unless he has to know it—that is to say, unless he finds it out by coming here while you and I are together—he need not know that we have met today. He has a plan which will serve our purpose perfectly. With his name behind it, I think it certain that our people will accept it."

He sketched Dobroski's nightmare rapidly, and Mr. Frost listened.

"There is ability in it, of a sort," he said. "As a fool-trap, it has merits; but it won't act."

"There are great advantages to you and to me in this plan, will it not?" replied O'Rourke; "but Dobroski must be handled with extreme care. I send him to you in the first place because I can trust your neatness and your self-interest. I want him to be treated with perfect deference. I want him to be greeted with enthusiasm. I want at first an air of consideration for his plan, and then a fiery acceptance of it. I am going back to Belgium. I have important business there, and I shall be compelled to leave the matter in your hands. Perhaps if you manage it to my satisfaction I may be of service to you. I am not altogether without influence, and I may have something to do with the nomination of the auditors."

"I am at your service, Mr. O'Rourke," he said, "and I will do my best. To tell the plain truth, there has been a good deal less in the business than I looked for, and it carries a good deal of danger with it."

"I think we have said almost all we have to say," O'Rourke said, rising. Frost hooked him forward with a beckoning finger.

"Not all on my side. Listen to this and don't flare out, now. There's an empty house in the Old Kent road. Now, don't flare out. I'm going to give you nothing but the number. You'll do yourself a very considerable service with the British government, and you'll provide something for the Times to get up and howl about, and you'll be of the greatest use to me on the other side of the water. Come now, Mr. O'Rourke. It's a capital thing all round—good for you, good for the newspapers, creditable to the police, and good for me. You stand secure in the confidence of the government, and they'll catch nobody. The stuff's there to be seized, and for no other earthly purpose. I ought to know, I reckon. And we do want a splash of some sort real bad."

"Is everybody absolutely safe?"

"Absolutely safe. I guarantee it."

"Very well. Good afternoon, Frost."

"Good afternoon. Shall I see you again before you go?"

"I think not. I shall probably start to-morrow. Remember. The utmost deference and enthusiasm for Dobroski." Mr. Frost nodded and took his way. "A very finished rascal is Frost," said the patriot to himself when the visitor had been shown out of the front door. "But capable. It took me a year to find him out, though I was guided by that shifty eye of his. It is surprising to notice how very few of these fellows think it worth while to study manner."

CHAPTER IX.

There was only one thing just now that troubled O'Rourke. He wanted to get back to his hearse hunt, and he did not want to leave Dobroski in his lodgings to bring there any mad theorists and blood-thirsty dynamites who might choose to gather about him. But Dobroski himself saved him from this dilemma.

"You will not think, sir," he said on the second morning of his stay, "that I do not value your hospitality. But I shall be more free to move if I am away from you, and shall still, after the publicity of our joint arrival here, be able to communicate with you with perfect freedom."

O'Rourke was more than politely regretful at parting from Dobroski, but he recognized the wisdom of the proposal, and the old man took lodgings at a quiet hotel much frequented by Continental people who were not of the conspiring class. This left O'Rourke free to go back and pursue his suit, and he had written a hasty looking note to Dobroski to say that he was unexpectedly called to the Continent, when a serving maid brought up the card of no less a person than his friend Maskelyne.

He hardly knew what to make of the visit, and could only conjecture that Maskelyne was here to make some sort of appeal or protest, with respect to Angela. But he stood with a look of friendly expectancy on his face, and held the door of his room back with one hand while he reached out the other in welcome to his friend.

"Why, Maskelyne, old fellow, what brings you in London. Come in, old chap, come in."

Maskelyne shook hands cordially enough, but with extreme gravity, a gravity unusual even for him.

"Dobroski's staying with you, I believe?" he said, questioningly. "I have an important message for him. I followed him to Brussels, but could learn nothing there until I found out last night that you and he had come over together, and that he was actually staying with you."

"He was, until this morning," said O'Rourke. "I wanted to show these people here that an Irishman isn't afraid of sympathizing with him. They were talking about our getting into holes and corners at Janenne, and seemed to think that I dare not own the grand old fellow in London."

"Where is he staying now?" Maskelyne asked. "I want especially to find him."

"What?" cried O'Rourke, gayly, sitting down at his desk to write the address.

"Is Maskelyne also among the anarchists?"

"No," said Maskelyne. "I'm an outsider there as elsewhere." If this speech expressed any inward bitterness, neither voice nor manner declared it.

"You're going back to Honfleur, I suppose?" said O'Rourke, in a casual friendly tone as he wrote.

"Well, no," said Maskelyne. "I fancy not. Or not at all events for a time."

"Oh!" cried the other to himself, energetically applying a blotting paper to the address, and looking round smilingly at his friend. "Bent on out of the field already?"

"Do you go back to Janenne?" asked Maskelyne.

"I start to-night," returned O'Rourke. "I promised Farley to go back again." Of course Maskelyne saw through that little subterfuge, and of course O'Rourke knew he would.

"Tonight?" said Maskelyne. "You'll do me a service, won't you?"

"Try me," returned his friend, with smiling seriousness.

"I'm staying at the Langham," Maskelyne said. "There's a lady there—an American—whom I know at home. She's going to visit Brussels, and except for her maid she's alone. Neither she nor her maid speaks a word of French, and I shall be obliged if you'll put yourself at her service in case she wants anything."

"Certainly, certainly," cried O'Rourke. "Do I know her?"

"I think not," answered Maskelyne. "She's a youngish widow, rather pretty, and sinfully rich. A Mrs. Spry."

"And what state of riches might a poor man like yourself care to call sinful?"

"Well," said Maskelyne, with a smile, "I think two millions may deserve it."

"Two millions?" O'Rourke whistled and then laughed. "Dollars?"

"No. Sterling."

"Two millions sterling? Maskelyne, I ask you seriously, as a man of money, do you think there is such a sum? To an Irishman and a journalist it sounds fabulous."

"Yes. It's large, isn't it? But people seem to go for all or nothing in our part of the world. They're not afraid of risking what they have. They are not afraid of risking what other people have, either. The poor girl's husband only died six months ago."

In due time O'Rourke sent out for a cab and drove to the Langham, carrying his simple baggage with him. Maskelyne received him, and wore his customary manner with perhaps an extra shade of gravity.

"And now for the lady," said Maskelyne, when the repast was over. "I must introduce you." He rang the bell, and the servant's entry, made him convey the compliments to Mrs. Spry, and to ask if it would be agreeable to her to receive him. "You may say," he added, "that Mr. O'Rourke is with me."

The man came back in a very little while to say that the lady would be pleased to receive Mr. Maskelyne and his friend, and led the way to a handsomely appointed sitting room. The lady before whom O'Rourke stood bowing a moment later was small and plump, and carried her head on one side with a positive coquetry. She had large eyes, and a rather coquettish little nose, turning up at the tip. When she smiled she showed white, small and regular teeth. Her hands were small, delicately white, and very helpless looking.

"Pretty!" said O'Rourke to himself. "She's worth a score of Miss Butler." But perhaps he saw her through an atmosphere of dollars.

"Of course you know of Mr. O'Rourke already?" said Maskelyne. "He is one of the notabilities on this side of the water, and is pretty often heard of on our own."

"I have the pleasure to know, Mr. O'Rourke already," said the lady, in her purring voice—soft, languid, American. "I heard him speak at New York. I was very much impressed by your address, Mr. O'Rourke."

They set out for the railway station, where they were joined by the young widow, who wore a traveling dress of tweed, cut in such a manner as to display her pretty figure to the best advantage, and a wondrously enticing little cap of tweed to match the costume.

The bustle of departure began to grow rapid and urgent about them. Maskelyne shook hands and went his way, and O'Rourke and the charming widow found a carriage. It was empty, and the young man made no demur about accompanying the lady, and the lady gave no signs of displeasure at being accompanied.

There was still a soft twilight in the streets, in which all objects could be plainly seen, but the gas was already alight within the station, and a lamp burned in the carriage roof.

"I don't think," said Mrs. Spry, "that women ought to be so helpless as they are. It's the fashion to be helpless. We can't get outside the fashion—can we now? But it's the tyranny of mankind that makes it."

"Don't you think," returned O'Rourke, with his bright face beaming and his manner at the same time full of gentlest deference, the sweetest good-humored politeness and gayety in combination—"don't you think that ladies tyrannize over us much more than we over them?"

"You don't think that," she returned, setting her little head rather more than ever on one side, and looking at him out of her big, expressive eyes. "You don't really think it, Mr. O'Rourke."

"I think it," declared Mr. O'Rourke, and at that instant the train began to glide out of the station. "But for my own part I don't object to the tyranny."

CHAPTER X.

It was night in London, and a summer rain falling. Mr. George Frost sat in a dingy apartment illuminated by a single candle, by the light of which he was scribbling unmeaning phrases on a dirty sheet of letter paper.

"No grub, no funds. Thirty-seven pounds dropped last night. I'll never

touch a card again. I wonder how often I've sworn to that? But a man's boots must change some time. It can't go on forever like this."

A knock at the street door broke the thread of his thoughts, but he went on pacing still, and did not hear a step which came blanking up the staircase and halted outside his door.

"Come in!" he cried, in startled answer to a tapping on the panel, and a slatternly servant girl pushed her head round the edge of the door.

"Here's somebody for you, Mr. Frost. Gentleman with a portmanteau. He didn't give no name."

"I'll come down and have a look at him," returned Mr. Frost, taking up his candle. Four separate flights of dirty wooden stairs, uncarpeted, brought him to the hall. Frost, holding his candle high, advanced toward the shadowy figure of his guest. "It's you!" he said, with an odd laugh. "Come upstairs."

The guest, setting the portmanteau, mounted after him, and the dingy apartment at the top of the house was reached.

"Is this the palace you continually live in?" asked the guest, with the faintest possible trace of some foreign accent in his voice. "I had expected from your last letter to have found you in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at your side. Oh! you have been at it again, I suppose," said the visitor, making a movement in imitation of the dealing of a pack of cards. "Isn't it time you dropped that? Haven't you lost enough by this time? What should you have done if I had not turned up?"

"I don't know," Frost answered, carelessly enough. "But I was thinking at the very minute when I heard you knock at the door, and saying to myself, 'I'll drop it.' I'll tell you the truth, Zeno—"

"Tell me as much of the solid truth as your constitution will allow, but do not call me by that name. Wroblewski will answer. It's a jawbreaker, but it's very easy when you come to know it. Well," said Mr. Zeno, smiling still. "I have lived in New York a year or two. You know me there. You met me here. You know me to be a safe man—a man to be depended upon. You introduce me to Dobroski—Well, at what are you staying?"

"I will see you boiled in oil," returned Mr. Frost, with extreme slowness; "I will see you roasted on a gridiron. I will see you cut up so extremely fine that a microscope won't find you—and then I won't introduce you to Dobroski."

Zeno got up from his seat, and kneeling on the floor unstrapped his portmanteau and took therefrom a razor case, a small metal soap bowl and a brand new shaving brush. Frost watched him in silence.

Zeno took off his coat and threw it across the back of a chair, then produced a pair of scissors, and taking a great handful of his beard, sliced it off before the glass; then another, and another, and another, until he was close cropped all over the cheeks and throat and chin. Next he attacked the mustache, and cropped that also so close the scissors would go to the skin. Then pouring a little hot water into the metal bowl, he began to lather himself with great energy, and then to shave. Even to himself the metamorphosis he produced must have seemed more than a little droll. Under the razor he came out no longer Greek and austere in contour, but chubby, with fat round cheeks, and a chin very curiously thrust forward and pointed, and beneath the lower lip and the base of the chin there was a good half inch in length less than one would have expected to find. The change was amazing, and when Mr. Zeno drew a spectacle case from a waistcoat pocket, set the glasses on his nose, and, removing a wig, appeared with half an inch of forehead an inch higher than it had been, the disguise looked impenetrable. He took a handkerchief from his coat pocket, rubbed a corner of it on the soap in his shaving bowl, and applied it vigorously to his lips. The corner of the handkerchief went crimson, and Mr. Zeno's cherry lips grew pallid and dry. He sponged and moistened another corner of the handkerchief, and scrubbed at his eyebrows. The handkerchief became black, and the eyebrows sandy, like the hair. Then he resumed his coat, set the two candles upon the table, drew a chair between them, and sat down.

(To be continued.)

Could Swallow the Earth.

A queer little animal is the one called the "slipper animalcule," but which men of science call "Paramecium." The most wonderful thing about this little creature is the rapidity with which it multiplies. By a beneficent provision of nature they seem to become exhausted and die after the 170th generation. A naturalist points out that if a Paramecium family should have a run of luck and all members live for 350 generations they would crowd every other living thing off the earth and be themselves in bulk bigger than the whole planet, while if they were to have enough luck to survive to the 900th generation the sun, moon and stars would be floating in a universe of them. These little creatures are plentiful in stagnant water.—Chicago Tribune.

Beginning the First Tiff.

Mr. Youngusband (reading from paper)—Married—Blanche De Smythe to Walter Wellington Beere. What old memories that name awakens!

Mrs. Y. (blushing)—I never imagined you knew of my engagement to Walter.

Mr. Y. (chillingly)—I was alluding to Blanche.—Tatler.

Very Likely.

Jenks—Is this a monkey trick, to turn out the lights and leaves us in the dark like this?

Mrs. Comeup—Indeed, I feel real nervous in this simian darkness.—Baltimore American.

Not a Good Dodger.

"I'm afraid this motoring craze will be the death of me."

"I didn't know you had an auto?"

"I haven't; but I've got a game leg."

—Houston Post.

Rapid Growth of the Finger Nails is a sign of good health.

AGRICULTURAL



The New Farmer.

The President's address last month at the Michigan State Agricultural College is so clear an expression of the conditions of modern farm life that a future historian may turn to it to read our times. All national leaders have told us that the farmer is the backbone of the nation. Washington and Jefferson were farmers, and good ones. The Illinois that bred Lincoln was one vast farm—Chicago was then only a small town. The President of to-day, not bred in farm life, although he has been a practical ranchman, is the first to express the unity between farm labor and all other kinds. The farmer to him is an expert mechanic and business man, whose problems are precisely those of the workman in the town, who depends for success on industrial and social co-operation. He must be an educated, aggressive participant in the work of life, competing with the farmer of Europe, inviting to his workshop of many acres the most skillful young men, learning from technical students and the practical experience of his neighbors the best that is known about his business. City workers, meeting in the friction of crowded life, have always learned their craft from one another. The farmer has until recently been in social and business isolation. Now he is a citizen of the world, often closer in point of time, to the nearest city than his grandfather was to the farmers of the adjacent town. The difference between the townsman and the countryman in educational and intellectual opportunities and in industrial responsibility is rapidly diminishing. That means the diminishing of the old real or fancied disadvantage of farm life which drove ambition and initiative to the city for opportunity to show themselves. The advantage remains and increases, for no matter how near together modern instruments of unity, the trolley and telephone, bring city and country, broad acres still remain broad, and produce the conditions of free and independent life.—Youth's Companion.

Destroying Burdock.

Like all biennials, the burdock is easily destroyed in cultivated fields. It is in by-places, such as fence sides, lanes, corners around the buildings, pastures, and the borders of woodlands, that burdocks give trouble. But even in these they are not difficult to destroy. Farmers who go over their fields twice a year will soon have no burdocks. In cutting them care should be taken to strike below the crown. Every plant cut in this way must die. The cutting may be done at any time of the year when the ground is not frozen, and it is, of course, much more easily done when the plants are young. While it is not difficult to cut off a small tap root with the knife, it is much more difficult to accomplish the same when the root has attained a diameter of an inch or more. Two or three years of persistent cutting will remove nearly all burdocks from the by-places of farms.

To Give Pigs a Bath.

The unfortunate pig has always had the reputation of being the most uncleanly animal in existence. This is not entirely the fault of the pig, as his environment is generally accountable for his cleanliness. Pig raisers seldom attempt to give the pigs a bath, as it is almost impossible to catch and hold them, even for a minute. Nevertheless a Missouri stockman tackled the problem and succeeded in planning an apparatus by which the pigs are given a good washing before they are slaughtered. It should also prove equally as useful at other times. The construction and operation of the dipping tank, as it is called, will be plainly evident by a glance at the accompanying illustration. Resting on the ground is the water tank, which is connected to an inclined inlet and outlet. On the incline of the outlet are tiny stairs to assist the pig in ascending. In preparation for his "annual" the pig is forced down the incline into the water, and if his common sense does not direct him on the incline, he is prodded from behind with a bar. In fact, in time this device may become very fashionable with pigs, and it would not be surprising to hear of them taking their daily "dip" hereafter.

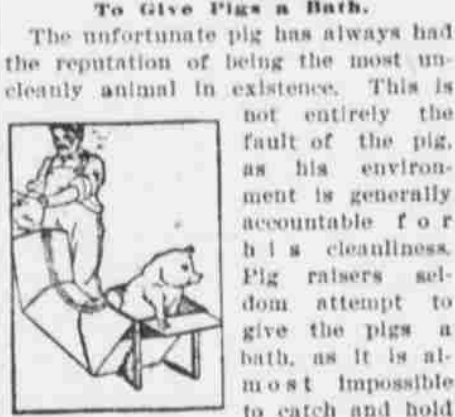


FIG BATH.

Vermont's \$1,000,000 Sugar Crop.

Various reports indicate that this has been the best maple season for years. The average sugar per tree tapped ranges from 2 to 4 pounds. Last year 5,000,000 trees were tapped, and as large a number this year. Five thousand tons of sugar worth \$1,000,000 is a crop of importance to the Green Mountain State, remarks the Country Gentleman, especially as the national pure food law (which ranks second only to the oleo bill as bringing about an immense reform in the direction of common honesty in mercantile transactions) absolutely forbids the selling as Vermont maple sugar syrup and product that which is not actually and entirely what it professes to be.

Highway of the Future.

The "future American highway," according to an inventor whose pamphlet is reviewed in Engineering News, will be a paved roadway 120 feet in total width, divided by longitudinal curbs into eight separate roadways, four for passage in each direction. It provides two 16-foot roadways for animal traction vehicles and a 4-foot walk at each side for the stray pedestrians who may still indulge in the antiquated method of locomotion that nature furnished. The rest of the width is devoted to automobile roads. As the cost of this remarkable highway would amount up to between \$100,000 and \$200,000 per mile, the inventor does well to call it a "highway of the future."

Cabbage Rot.

Black rot has been very destructive on cabbage and cauliflower for several seasons, and means of relief, even slight, will be welcomed by growers. Recent investigation by the New York station at Genesee show that the germ of disease may be carried over winter on the dry seed, a fact previously doubted by scientists, and that these germs may produce the disease when inoculated into the healthy plants. It is, therefore, a wise precaution to disinfect the cabbage seeds, as removing one possible source of infection. This can be done very cheaply, easily and safely by soaking the seeds for fifteen minutes in corrosive sublimate solution of 1 to 1000-strength.

"Wild Silk."

Among the peculiar products of Manchuria, which are becoming better known to the outside world since the opening of that country, is "wild silk," produced by an insect named *Antheraea pernyi*, which lives upon the Mongolian oak leaves in southeastern Manchuria. The annual production for a few years past is estimated at 15,000,000 cocoons. In Shantung this silk is manufactured into pongee.

BLIND MAN WILL BE SENATOR.

The Democrats of Oklahoma have selected as one of the United States Senators to represent Oklahoma, Thomas P. Gore, of Lawton, who is totally blind. His nomination is equal to an election. This is the first time in the history of the United States that a blind man has ever been sent to the Senate, as Mr. Gore will be when statehood is accomplished under the present proposed constitution.

Mr. Gore has been in politics all his life, beginning as a page in the Mississippi Senate when he was but 11



THOMAS P. GORE.

years old. It was during that time that he lost his eyesight by an accident with an arrow gun. Three years previously he had lost his left eye, a playmate, in a moment of passion, striking him with a stone.

Mr. Gore is but 36 years of age. He lives at Lawton, has a wife and four children, and is a lawyer by profession. His memory is a wonder. When his father prepared to send him to a blind school, he refused to go, saying that schools for the blind did not furnish him the books and opportunity he desired. So he went to the public schools and college, getting through by reason of his acute memory.



Watery Eyes.—Relief may be obtained by bathing the eyes several times a day with a wash consisting of ten grains of pure borax and two ounces of camphor water.

Rheumatic Knee.—Try salicylate of soda, five drams; tincture of nux vomica, three drams, and essence of peppermint enough to make four ounces. The dose for an adult is one teaspoonful every two or three hours.

Superfluous Hair.—A growth of hair is annoying to a girl who wears short sleeves. Depilatories are dangerous and electrolysis, the only sure cure, is an expensive treatment. To minimize the trouble dark hairs may be bleached. Wash the arms with a weak solution of ammonia and water. Then pour a little peroxide of hydrogen in the water and apply with a piece of linen. The bleaching process will have to be repeated from time to time, but peroxide is harmless to the skin.

Nasal Catarrh.—In the treatment of this persistent and often intractable disorder, good results have been obtained by the internal administration five or six times each day of one-half teaspoonful doses in one-half ounce of water of a mixture of one ounce of specific echinacea and two ounces of stillingia. The latter intensifies the action of echinacea in its influence upon the mucous surfaces. Tincture of gelsemium, two drops every hour during the day, pushed to a physiological point, will abort a catarrhal cold. Three grains of salicylate of strontium, added to each dose, reinforces it if rheumatism is suspected.

Neuralgia.—If the neuralgia is in the right side of the face the left hand should be placed in a basin of water as hot as can be born; or if neuralgia is in the left side of the face, then the right hand should be placed in the hot water. It is asserted that in this way relief may be obtained in less than five minutes. The two nerves which have the greatest number of tactile endings are the fifth and the medium nerve. As the fibers of these two nerves cross any impulse conveyed to the left hand will affect the right side of the face, or if applied to the right hand will affect the left side of the face. This is on account of the crossing of the cords.

No Way of Judging.

"What are the running expenses of your army?" asked one South American ruler of another.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the one addressed. "The army hasn't had a chance to run for a long time now."—Yonkers Statesman.

If a man prefers chewing tobacco to smoking, he always says chewing isn't so injurious to the health.

If any one gives you more than he gets in return, rest assured it is counterfeit.