

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 lone, 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 labeled 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 gravelly 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 rickling 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-pitiful, 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 hurried 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 pleasantest 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, becked the way 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 he were the best of men, 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 innaked through 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 dreadfully?"

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

"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 is 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 I suppose anybody would quite without provocation if I blew that man sky-high. I don't say that regime 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, she 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 beyond the limits of the dell. When they came back they found that he had packed up his traps and was sitting 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 returned 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 sulphur-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 with considerably the strain of the Jew in him. His nose was like an eagle's beak and acutely fine. His temples were hollowed like those of a death-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 dark when the old Nilbilist turned his footsteps into the wood, and having just remembered that he had

"I've knocked about Paris a good deal," said Fraser. "I speak German with the same facility, though I'm probably no Scotch extraction, but 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 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 caressed 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 find time to turn to 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 you as if he were your father."

"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 so much. "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 the gray eyes with a smile which was all the lighter and the 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, as you are 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, old man, tell me what's the best place to get up at here?"

"Hotel des Postes," said the major. Mr. Fraser raised his hat to the major, but he did not look as if this statement could be accepted.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Do people so greatly change? Is sprightly conversation a lost art? Was there a time when everyone in society was gifted verbally? One of the chapters of the revised edition of "Manners and Social Usages" is devoted to "Society's Small-talk," and contains the observation that while there are persons who gain a reputation of being most agreeable people, because they talk sympathetically to anyone with whom they are brought in juxtaposition at a dinner or other social function, "there are others, deficient in this gift who can only say 'Really,' 'Indeed' and 'Oh' people," the writer affirms, "are the despair of the dinner-giver." But these people do not constitute a new species. Lord Edward Bulwer-Lytton, in one of his essays, more than half a century ago, complained that "Humming, hawing and drawing are the three graces of our conversation."

To prepare for talking one must begin thinking. A man or a woman who is interested in people, in events or in books, should have no difficulty in finding subjects of conversation or in making observations likely to be well received. The best talks naturally, are people of culture, but culture may be acquired out of college as well as in. The days of the French salons are gone never to return. The habits of the salons were men and women picked for their brilliancy of mind and speech, or for some other trait that made them interesting in society. But not all of them were equally gifted, some of them were better listeners than talkers. There is a refuge for the individual addicted to society, but without hope of succeeding as a talker—let him listen sympathetically to others who talk, and he will not lack appreciation.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

PLAIN SENSE FOR AUTOMOBILISTS.

THE automobile is not going to be regulated by legislation. It has come to stay. It may be largely used for pleasure just now, but its practical value is manifest and increases its permanence. When a business man can order twenty to thirty miles in an hour or two and do in that time work that it would take his day to do with a horse and buggy, it is just as idle to attempt to suppress the introduction of railroads or any other labor-saving device. The more reasonable the law—and by that we do not mean the more lenient, but the greater the liberty allowed consistent with the rights of the rest of the community—the more satisfactory will be the results to the non-automobile portion of the community. An excessively high speed ought not to be tolerated where it endangers any one but the occupants of the automobile; but what constitutes a high speed ought not to be measured by the performance of some broken-down cart horse.

On the other hand any automobilist who habitually and unnecessarily puts in jeopardy the lives of others, who runs at high speed over narrow roads where the shying of a startled horse may cause an upset, who dashes through crowded thoroughfares or past cross streets where the approach of another vehicle is observed, ought not only to be dealt with by the courts much more severely than is customary, but to be made to feel that he is an outlaw among representative automobilists. An enlightened selfishness dictates such a course no matter how disagreeable it may be; for the conduct of those automobilists who do offend is so outrageous and so inexcusable that unless it is clearly dem-

WITHOUT FLOURISH OF TRUMPET

There Are Rewards for Charitable Work Along Quiet Lines.

Miss Darrow paused in her work and looked for a moment out of the school basement window. Across the street floating banners and flaring posters on the exhibition hall announced the opening of the largest bazaar of the season. She sighed as she watched the handsomely dressed women alighting from their carriages and making their way through the curious crowd about the doors into the building.

The work she and the other members of the School Children's Aid Society were doing seemed rather a prosaic and dull affair in contrast to the gayety and glitter of the bazaar, where fancy costumes, elaborate decorations and gay music made the scene appear more of a fashionable social event than a labor of charity.

"Oh! oh!" she cried.

"What is it?" asked a friend who was tying bundles near her.

"I thought for an instant that a little boy was going to be run over by an automobile, but a policeman snatched him away just in time. It gave me a dreadful fright," said Miss Darrow, turning from the window and beginning again to count out the comfortable little dresses and suits with which the society clothed the poor children of the great city who otherwise would not have been able to attend school.

Thoroughly engrossed, she did not notice the entrance of a policeman and a small ragged boy until she heard some one say:

"Miss Darrow; she is our president."

The officer touched his helmet respectfully as Miss Darrow stepped toward him.

"This little chap came pretty near being run down by an auto just now," he began.

"Yes, I saw you rescue him," she said, including both the policeman and the boy in her pleasant smile.

"Well, when I dragged him away and took a good look at him, I saw he wanted a little more covering for this kind of chilly weather, and I've brought him here to see what you can do. He hasn't any folks to buy him clothes, and he's pretty young yet to make much selling papers, although he manages to pay his board at the newboys' home."

"I said to that woman who came so near fixing him by her careless running of her auto that he wouldn't ever need clothes again, that I was going to let you ladies have a chance to fit him out. She told me that she was working for charity in the bazaar, and she seemed to think she was doing somebody a great favor by selling gawags one day in the year."

"I asked her to come in here with me and see where good people worked hard one day in every week without any dancing or flowers or brass bands. But she wouldn't come. I guess she didn't care to know what real charity is. She likes the noisy kind better."

"We must each help in our own way," said Miss Darrow, sweetly.

"Yes, maybe so," was the policeman's reply, "but I like your steady, quiet way best myself. Here, bub, thank the ladies for all these nice clothes."

As he and the beaming child departed Miss Darrow looked at her fellow workers with shining eyes, and said, "How great are the rewards for our service!"—*Youth's Companion.*

INDIAN GIRL'S "COMING OUT."

In the early part of one September, I announced among the Apaches that my daughter, Eva, having attained womanhood, should put away childish things and assume her station as a young lady," says Geromino, the famous old war chief of the Apaches, in the story of his life. At a dance of the tribe she would make her debut, and then, or thereafter, it would be proper for a warrior to seek her hand in marriage.

Accordingly invitations were issued to all Apaches and many Comanches and Kiowas to assemble for a grand dance on the green by the south bank of Medicine Creek, near the village of Natchez, former chief of the Chokonen Apaches, on the first night of the full moon in September. The festivities were to continue for two days and nights. Nothing was omitted in the preparations that would contribute to the enjoyment of the guests or the perfection of the observance of the religious rites.

To make ready for the dancing, the grass on a large circular space was closely cut. When the night came the stinging was led by Chief Natchez; and Geromino, assisted by his medicine-men, directed the dance.

First Eva advanced from among the women and danced once round the camp-fire; then, accompanied by an older young woman, she again advanced and danced three times round the camp-fire; the next time she and three other young ladies advanced and danced four times round the camp-fire. This ceremony lasted about an hour.

Next, the medicine-men entered, stripped to the waist, their bodies painted fantastically, and danced the sacred dances. They were followed by clown dancers, who amused the audience greatly.

Then the members of the tribe joined hands and danced in a circle round the camp-fire for a long time. All the friends of the tribe were asked to take part in this dance, and when it was ended many of the old people retired and the "lovers' dance" began.

The warriors stood in the middle of the circle, and the ladies two and two, danced forward and designated some warrior to dance with them. The dancing was back and forth on a line from the center to the outer edge of the circle. The warrior faced forward to the center and the ladies toward the outer edge he followed, facing them.

This lasted two or three hours, and then the music changed. Immediately the warriors assembled again in the center of the circle, and this time each woman selected a warrior as a partner. The manner of dancing was as before, only two instead of three danced together.

During this dance, which continued

onstrated that automobilists as a class will not protect the offenders the demand for restrictive legislation will become even more general than it has been. The autist needs to exercise common sense as well as the authorities.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

THE COST OF WAR.

VERY century lives are wasted in war at the rate of 20,000,000 in Europe alone—an average of 200,000 every year. Two and a half million men fell on European battlefields during the first half of last century alone; and this slaughter cost Europe the colossal sum of \$6,850,000,000. Each victim cost \$2,600 to kill.

In the Boer war each Boer killed cost England \$25,000. The daily expense of the Russo-Japanese war amounted to more than \$1,000,000 every day on the Japanese side; while the Russians had to foot a bill for \$2,500,000 every day—and this for a period of eighteen months! Now try to figure out what this war cost Russia and Japan.

To the actual cost of carrying on war must be added the expense of preparation. The greater European nations every year spend many hundreds of millions of dollars each, preparing for war. It costs \$5,000,000 to build a modern battleship. A hundred-ton cannon costs \$75,000—a single discharge of these monsters burns up \$1,500, and they can be discharged only a few hundred times, then they are worn out.

Is this not an insane waste of both human lives and money? Why do nations go to war, anyway? Because of jealousy, mostly. The great commercial nations, especially, are mutually distrustful, always afraid that the other will gain greater wealth and territory. Japan is looking with jealousy upon America, since we have territory (the Philippines) near its doors. England is jealous of Russia. Germany and France are always ready to fight should one or the other extend its influence in Africa.—*Illustrated Home Journal.*

THOUSANDS FIGHT AND TRIUMPH.

HARDLY a day passes that the newspapers of this city do not report one or more suicides or attempts at suicide. In the vast majority of cases "despondency" is given as the cause. That one word eloquently sums up the story.

But all the despondency that triumphs in this way over the weakness of the few is infinitesimal compared with that which is dominated and beat down by brave hearts every day of the year. Those who want to take their own lives have no monopoly of this feeling. Thousands and thousands of men feel it come over them at times. The causes of it are infinite. But they do not yield to it because they cannot afford to. The husband with a wife and children to provide for bravely puts it aside for their sake and his own. The woman whose life is often a mere mechanical routine fights it down that those whom she loves may not be infected with her cheerlessness.

These are the silent wars of which we do not read in the newspapers, but in which men and women reach the supreme heights of heroism. The other kind of war has more of noise and pageant and music. But in real grandeur it cannot compare with the victory of a single human soul over the weakness that leads to despondency or the despondency that ends in death.—*Chicago Examiner.*

WIVES WHO LIVE IN FEAR.

If Their Husbands Are Engineers They Are Always Unhappy.

When railroad wrecks occur the fireman may jump, but the engineer, if he is faithful to his trust, must stay by the throttle. To do this means death in many cases. No one knows this better than the engineer's wife. The engine men say that they become indifferent to danger and lose all dread of accidents and death. Their wives, however, are the ones who live most in fear.

Engineers' wives are not happy—if they love their husbands. Many of them will admit that a shadow rests on their lives if you ask them in confidence. Their husbands, perhaps, do not know it.

"I do not care to make my husband miserable, but little time he is at home, complaining of his profession," said an engineer's wife. "I never knew of an engineer quitting the business for his wife or anyone else but once. I heard of a man who gave up the road for the solicitation of his sweetheart. But after that he had been married a few years he went back and was killed in a wreck."

"My husband has been an engineer on a fast mail train for nearly thirty years," said a woman with an unhappy face. "I have found that being an engineer's wife is a kind of semi-widowhood. The only time that I am absolutely sure that I am not a widow is the two or three days out of each week that my husband is at home."

"When we were first married he ran a switch engine in the yards and was at home every day. There wasn't so much danger of accidents in that. I hoped that he would always run one of these busy little engines with a headlight on both ends."

"But my husband was ambitious like other engineers. He was not satisfied with work in the yards. I shall never forget the day that he came home and told that he had been promoted to the road. He seemed very much pleased. I hid my feelings and made an effort to share his pleasure with him. He

Pa's Housecleaning.

When the April sun's shining' hot an' things is nice and fresh, When the willer's droppin' tassels an' the blackbird's in the bush, An' pa comes in fer nooon' an' the floors is wet as usual, Then it's 'Laws-a-massy on us! Your ma's a-cleanin' house.'

Then me an' Jim is sure to find rag carpets in the sun When we'd planned to go a-shinin' fer the suckers in the run; But while pa takes his nooon' an' the bosses eat their snacks, Us boys can beat them carpets while we're restin' up our backs.

An' then next day pa's certain sure to have to go to town; But he always leaves us orders, 'Help to put them carpets down.' An' at night, when he gets home again, you'd think, to hear him groan About the house of it, that he'd done the job alone.

Poor ma! She has it awful hard, she'll work until she drops, An' pound her thumb nails half way off, an' wet her feet with slops; She'll get so hoarse that she can't speak, an' sore at every bone; But pa, he says if it was him he'd let the house alone.

An' when that night the kids is sick an' has to have a drink, An' ma she can't get up because her back's so sore a kick, If pa should bang the furniture whilst brock'n' fer a cup, You can feel him gettin' mad enough to fairly eat her up.

So me an' Jim was sayin', if the time should ever come When pa an' ma should change their work an' pa should stay to hum, I wouldn't like to be a boy, but jest a little mouse.

To hear what things pa would say if he was cleanin' house.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Being a True Sport isn't much of a recommendation in any other line.

ran a freight engine for a few years. Then he was advanced to a fast passenger engine."

The woman stopped talking for a moment and looked at the clock.

"It's 3 o'clock now; let's see. He is near the town of L— now. A few miles this side of the place is a bridge across a river. I am always afraid of that bridge during high water."

She said that she had learned her husband's schedule by heart. Every hour of the day she knows just where his train should be at that time. She has been over his run many times and knows the location of every bridge, every high embankment and every dangerous curve.

"The life of an engineer's wife is made up of many sad farewells. Each time that I see my husband leave it is with the thought that this may be his last trip. I believe that I owe my gray hairs to those hundreds of times that I have had to say good-by."—*Kansas City Star.*

QUITE NATURAL.

Business and Social Relations Inter-tingled in This Case.

She was the elegant and gracious mistress of a fine old mansion in a little town, and her caller was an ancient sociologist. His seat was near the window, and as they talked he observed an aged whitewasher, splashed and shabby, going by with his pail. Suddenly the man paused, retraced his steps, and came up the garden path. A moment later the lady was summoned to the door.

"Oh, is it you, Henry?" the caller heard her say. "We shan't be ready for you till next week. I think there must be some mistake."

"There ain't no mistake, and it ain't the job I came about," drawled Henry's voice, leisurely, "but the skirt of that green dress you wear Sundays is flappin' out a side winder up-stairs, and there's a storm comin' up—like to be a downpour any minute now—and I kind o' thought maybe 'twouldn't be improved by a soakin'. I guess you'd forgot it."

"Certainly I had!" cried the lady. "I took a spot out with benzine, and hung it over the sill to air, and forgot all about it. O, thank you, Henry!"

The door closed; the guest heard his hostess flying hastily up-stairs, and when, a few minutes later, she reappeared, flushed and laughing, the storm had already broken, and the amiable Henry, with his coat-collar turned up, with scudding away into the distance before a pelting gale.

"If the business relation everywhere merged as naturally and simply into friendliness as between your white-washer and you," said the visitor, with a sigh and a smile, "how much easier and fewer would the problems be we sociologists have to consider!"

"Henry is a very nice man, and I've known him all my life," said the lady, with a touch of surprise, settling again comfortably into her easy chair. "Of course he wouldn't let my dress be spoiled as long as he happened to notice it. I'm very glad he looked up."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE FAVOR IN RETURN.

Secretary Straus, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is the most punctilious of men. The mere suggestion that courtesy demands an act will wring from him what no other considerations could extract. When the strike on the New York subway occurred in 1905, it was reported that the Civic Federation would attempt to settle the trouble by arbitration. Mr. Straus was then vice president of the Civic Federation, and the newspapers tried to get from him a statement in regard to the matter, but he dodged all interviewers.

One paper sent a reporter to Mr. Straus' house at night. Despite the most insistent and varied appeals sent up by the reporter, Mr. Straus refused to see him. After each appeal the butler brought back a polite reply to the effect that Mrs. Straus was sick and that Mr. Straus could not leave her.

In despair the reporter left the house and telephoned his city editor that he could not get an interview.

"Go back and try again," came to him over the telephone.

To return and plead for an interview was both useless and stupid. The reporter sat down on a step and racked his brains for a means of forcing an interview. Suddenly an inspiration came to him. He dashed across the street to a drug store, where he could write, and penned this note:

"Dear Mr. Straus—Please pardon me for disturbing you again, but it is unavoidable. When the Russians were massacring the Jews at Kishinef, the undersigned, at your request, wrote an article of protest that was given wide publicity. He would consider it a return of courtesy and greatly appreciate it if you would give him a short interview at this time relative to the subway strike."

In less than a minute after receiving this note Mr. Straus escorted the reporter into his library, and there dictated an interview.

TACT AND POLITENESS WIN.

How Miss Weary Cunningly Gets Rid of Tiresome Visitor.

"Oh, Mr. Boreley," said Miss Weary when the clock in the drawing-room pointed to 9, "I wonder if I could get you to do me a great favor?"

"I am yours to command, Miss Weary," replied Boreley, gallantly.

"You are very good. I'm sure. The favor is that you would post a letter for me as you go home?"

"I will do so with the greatest pleasure," said he, as he settled himself comfortably back in his chair.

"I would not trouble you with it," she went on, "but it is rather important that it should be started toward its destination to-night, as I am extremely anxious for it to reach my friend without loss of time."

"You may depend on me, Miss Weary. I always remember letters which are given me to post. I never was known to carry one about in an inside pocket for two or three weeks, as is the manner of my sex."

"I was sure I could trust you, Mr. Boreley, and you will pardon me for saying again that it is important that the letter leave here to-night." As she spoke she went to the little writing table at the end of the room and returned with the letter. "Here it is, Mr. Boreley," she said. "The last collection at the box on the next corner is made at 9:20 precisely."

Mr. Boreley looked at his watch.

"Why," he said, "I have barely time to get there before the pillar box is cleared. Good-night, Miss Weary."

"You are so good, Mr. Boreley. Good-night. Be assured that I appreciate your kindness. You will call again soon, I hope."

As Miss Weary went upstairs she said to herself:

"A girl nowadays has to be a regular schemer if she is to get any beauty sleep."—*Cassell's Journal.*