

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"The carriage is ready, dear," said Angela, laying a hand upon the 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 dose in the warm light, but his glance returned to Angela. "I was afraid that I shouldn't be able to come, for my lawyers called to me twice to call me home again, but I managed to get the business through without crossing. I wouldn't have missed coming to see all the lawyers in New York!"

"You will find it a little bit of a bore," 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 cracked 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 staid 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 was quite clearly that it could scarcely be put 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 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 little of the things Mr. Dobroski has done for my father, and he has done to prove his gratitude to my father and his devotion 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 his 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 had he 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 have no idea of living near here when my uncle decides 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 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 how Mr. Dobroski's person. 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 a friend to you?"

"No," he 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 glow 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.

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

Fraser advanced, shading his eyes with his hand.

"That you, Fraser?" he returned. "How are ye? I'm a troyte short-sighted—and I didn't make 't out at first. How are ye?"

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 Sea is, up But woe is me that it should be! It didn't work that way with me. And this is how it was. 299

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 face down I across my daddy's lap. And that is why I cry, "Oh, pop!" 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, he'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, was a mel!

I stayed away the freest day. And then there was the dewy 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— From which I judge that while it's clear That independence has no per For nations fond of liberty. It doesn't do for families. Else pop has gone and changed his mind Or mine was the proper kind.

Harper's Bazar.

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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 fountains 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 technique?"

"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 in the opposite wall, and the boys searched every 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.

"On this shelf above 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 rackets 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 tomorrow 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 hunt 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 the boys were about to search, however, as the first ever, was as a disappointment as the first, 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! I'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 the boys' fireworks. They whistled 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 was so proud, whom all Dogberry boys 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 burst 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 realization that he had unintentionally expressed the boys' suspicion.

"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, but we—"

"We were going to take them, but—"

"Oh, yes! I understand," laughed the

NOTAIN' 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 23d 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, August 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 23d,' 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,

general, and he turned on to the main street and hurried to the pyrotechnic supply 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 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.

OLD Favorites

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

There are no days like the good old days. The days when we were youthful! When humankind were pure of mind, And speech and deeds were truthful; Before a love of silver gold Became man's ruling passion, And before each dame and maid became Slave to the tyrant Fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls— Against the world I'd stake 'em! As buckram and smart and clean of heart As the Lord knew how to make 'em! They were rich in spirit and common sense, And piety all supportin'; They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too, And they made such likely courtin'.

There are no boys like the good old boys— When we were boys together! When the grass was sweet to the brown, bare feet, That dimpled the laughing heather; When the pewee sang to the summer dawn, Or the bee in the willow clover, Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will Echoed its night song over.

There is no love like the good old love— The love that mother gave us! We are old, old men, yet we pine again For that precious grace—God save us! So we dream and dream of the good old times, And our hearts grow tender, fonder, As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams Of heaven away off yonder.

—Eugene Field.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cosmos.

When I survey the wondrous cosmos, On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of Nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—Isaac Watts.

FAIRY TALE OF FINANCE.

Investment of Forty-four Cents Brought a Fortune.

None of the five organizers of the Wireless Telegraph Company of America was rich, and so they set about to find a man with capital. Firth found the man. This man was Abraham White, a young man who had come to New York from Texas a few years before, and had risen to fame overnight by clearing up \$100,000 on an investment of 44 cents. From the day he first set foot in New York, White's one ambition was to make a fortune. He had the money-making instinct. In his first years in New York he speculated in real estate.

When the Cleveland popular bond issue was made, in 1896, to replenish the Treasury gold reserve, White, who had lost in the panic years of 1890 and 1894 most of the money he had made in real estate, conceived the bold scheme of bidding for a big block of bonds, on the chance that they would sell at a premium as soon as the awards were made. The Government's call for bids did not ask for any money with the bids. White made several bids, amounting in all to \$7,000,000, and sent them to Washington by registered mail. His total outlay was 44 cents. When the allotments were made, \$1,500,000 bonds were set down to Abraham White, New York. The bonds were immediately quoted at a premium in open market, and young White scurried around to find the money to pay the Government for his bonds. He went to Russell Sage, who was always ready to put his money into a sure thing, and had no trouble in getting the money lender to finance his bid. Sage paid the Government for the bonds, resold them in the market and turned over to White \$100,000 profit. Ever since then White has thought in millions, and has been a gambler for big stakes.—Frank Fayant, in Success Magazine.

Greater than the Nation.

There is a certain Congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment.

Representative and Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington, on their return, Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been entrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the Congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—Success Magazine.

Curiosity.

An Irishman saw an anchor lying on the ground in a ship yard. He hung about the place all day, and when night came a watchman at the yard asked him what he was there for. "Begorry, I'm waitin' to see the man what can use that pick," answered Pat.

Our Opportunities.

In every avenue of life great opportunities are constantly confronting us. Who are ready for them? Who will fill the positions? It is the prepared men, those who are equal to the places, who generally get them.—Success Magazine.

FOURTH OF JULY ENTHUSIASTS.

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

"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, peeping up to the shelf on which the baseball caps were

to produce colored fire, metal filings are added to the gunpowder composition; steel filings for brilliant fire or cast iron filings for Chinese fire. Copper filings give a greenish tint to flame; zinc filings give a fine blue color, powdered magnesium a dazzling white light; amber, colophony or common salt affords a yellow fire. Lampblack produces a very red color, with gunpowder, and a pink with nitre in excess, and it is used for making golden showers. Verdigris imparts a pale green; sal ammoniac, a palm tree green; barium salts, a grass green; potassium pierate, a whistling sound; camphor, a very white flame and aromatic fumes.

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