

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

He carried the little secretary upstairs and there, looked 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.

"Old meek won of the party meself," said Fraser, with his own invaluable sang froid, "but oi've meed up mo 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 mastery 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 sidery."

"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. "The resemblance 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 he says 'What 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 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 season, and was glad to escape to fresh air and silence for awhile. 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 more exaggerated castellated house of grey 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 Houfou, 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 year, and the day had been of the contrasting pines set off by 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 doze. From this he was awakened by a rustle and the sound of an ejaculation 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, rod in hand, persuasively 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.

"Harden up, 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 had raised their hats to each other.

Major Butler, for O'Rourke's un-

FARMS AND FARMERS

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 cost 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 loss 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 air-tight 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 in the stores, in thousands and gravels masting parts of the upland east of the mountains, and the sandstones of the Fox Hills, aramie, 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 water is 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 to the bulls, though some of them sell. They require considerable labor, as the daily picking and shelling are items of heavy expense, while the cost of soil and cultivation adds largely to the outlay. There are "poleless" or dwarf varieties, however. If sold dry they are valued, the yield being from 15 to 30 bushels per acre, according to the variety and fertility of the soil. They are greatly reduced in the yield should dry weather occur. In 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 sulfate of soda, 100 pounds superphosphate rock and 250 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 is thrown away or treated as waste and thrown underfoot. No man hay should be given an animal that will not set up clean. This refers to the first-class quality, however, as we could not expect a cow to eat up clean a poor quality of hay.—Exchange.

Grading Prunes.

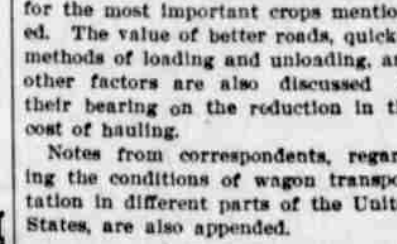
A horticultural society in Oregon has begun a vigorous agitation for the adoption of a new system for grading prunes, and it has expressed itself strongly in favor of a change in the present method of grading, alleging that it is arbitrary and the cause of a constant loss to the growers. The society believes the two largest sources of city losses are now at present grading season's output as first or fancy and should be known as sizes as second or medium, and the smaller sizes as third grade or small prunes.



MAKING DENATURED ALCOHOL.

When the farmer comes to make denatured alcohol at his own place he will find that the expense of fitting up his distillery will amount to something. The picture beneath shows the large vat in which the mash is prepared in a large distillery. The farmer can, of course, use very simple appliances, but denatured alcohol cannot be produced without the proper tanks, vats, pipes and other apparatus. In the large vats the stirring is done by machinery, which of course would be much too expensive for the average farmer. It has been suggested that farmers form small associations and establish a distillery at a central point to which farmers can bring their material to be made into alcohol.

Farmers should not be so sanguine over the prospect for immediate profit in manufacturing denatured alcohol at home. It must be understood that farmers' stills would need to rival the business of the great whiskey trust and reduce the profits. It is not reasonable, therefore, to believe that it will allow the farmers to make alcohol if it can prevent it by fair or unfair means. The trust in the last season of Con-



WASHING AND COOKING APPARATUS.

gress sought to emancipate the farmers' alcohol bill by imposing restrictions that would render it impossible for farmers to engage in business. The trust, through friendly senators, partially succeeded, and no alcohol will be made on farms this year or next. In fact, it is safe to say that it will be many long years before the laws are so framed as to carry out the intention of Secretary Wilson in the matter. There is, however, every prospect that the manufacturing of denatured alcohol will soon assume large proportions and that farmers will profit by raising those crops that can be used in the business.

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 under- ground waters of the Arkansas Valley section.

The principal water-bearing formation of this region is the "Dakota" sandstone, but water also occurs extensively in the alvial deposits along the valleys, in thousands and gravels mantling parts of the upland east of the mountains, and the sandstones of the Fox Hills, aramie, 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 water is highly charged with minerals.

FACTORY HEROINE

Miss Mary Guinan First Woman to Get a Roosevelt Medal for Bravery. Miss Mary Guinan, the first woman to receive the Roosevelt prize for bravery, is not at all confused by the great honor bestowed upon her. She is a modest little woman and continues to work every day at her machine in the Middletown, N. Y., shirt factory where she has been employed for eighteen years.



MISS MARY GUINAN.

On Dec. 19 last when Miss Guinan was returning from her work she saw John C. Runyon, an aged merchant of Middletown, standing on the Erie railroad tracks waiting for a train to pass. The train was going west and Mr. Runyon did not see an eastbound train approaching. Miss Guinan saw the old man's danger and stopping under the gates pushed the aged merchant off the eastbound track as the train rushed past.

She—Have you ever written any poetry? He (proudly)—I had a sonnet once in one of the leading magazines. She—No, but I mean any real poetry. —Somerville Journal.

Dyer—What did your wife say when you told her you wouldn't be home till late? Rowdner—Don't know. I hung up the receiver as soon as I was through talking.—Brooklyn Life.

"How do you know he is used to receiving letters from that girl?" "Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "he knew immediately where to look for the second page."—Washington Star.

Strong-minded Old Lady (to the new vicar's wife)—Oh, yes, mum, I've 'ad my ups and downs, but I never 'ad what you may call a serious trouble. I've only lost two husbands!—Punch.

Neil—Maud says she has had seventeen proposals this year. Belle—I didn't think she knew so many men. Neil—Oh, sixteen of them were from Chollic Sapbedde.—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy—Pop, was writing down on tablets of stone in the old days? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son. Tommy—Gee! It must have taken a crowbar to break the news.—Philadelphia Record.

Old Hubbs—Didn't you marry me for my money? Answer me that, madam! Mrs. Hubbs—Certainly I did. And we'd get along just lovely if you were not so stungy with it.—Chicago Tribune.

Fortune Teller—Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a check. Visitor (despairingly)—No, she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife.—Baltimore American.

"Chumpley's auto got away from him and ran fourteen miles on a country road." "I'll bet he was mad." "No, he was tickled. He said it was the best run his car had made without adjusting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Where," asked the tendorfoot, "was the last man killed here?" "He ain't been killed yet," replied Arizona Al. "There's your gin" to be at least one more killed as soon as him and me comes face to face.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Yes, ma'am," the convict was saying. "I'm here just for trying to flutter a rich man." "The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor. "Yes, ma'am, I just tried to imitate his signature on a check."—Philadelphia Press.

"Ah!" he sighed. "I have long worshiped you at a distance." "Well," she replied, coldly, "if it is necessary for you to worship me at all, I prefer it that way." And it was back to the boarding-house for him.—Chicago Daily News.

She—Gladys is so sorry she took her engagement ring round to the Jeweler's to have it valued. He—Why? Did he say it was too cheap? She—Oh, no. He said he would keep it for a bit, as Freddie hadn't settled up for it yet.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Stubbs—Land's sakes, John, there must be a great many barber-shops in Wall street!" Mr. Stubbs—"What causes you to think so, Maria? Mrs. Stubbs—Why, the papers say hundreds of men are "trimmed" there every day.—Chicago Daily News.

Jones had a vegetable garden in which he took a great interest. Brown, his next door neighbor, had one also, and both men were especially interested in their potato patches. One morning, meeting by the fence, Jones said: "How is it, Mr. Brown, you are never troubled with caterpillars, while my bushes are crowded with them?" "My friend, that is easily explained," replied Brown. "I rise early in the morning, gather all the caterpillars from my bushes, and throw them into your garden."—Tit-Bits.

FLASHES OF FUN

Miss Mary Guinan First Woman to Get a Roosevelt Medal for Bravery. Miss Mary Guinan, the first woman to receive the Roosevelt prize for bravery, is not at all confused by the great honor bestowed upon her. She is a modest little woman and continues to work every day at her machine in the Middletown, N. Y., shirt factory where she has been employed for eighteen years.

On Dec. 19 last when Miss Guinan was returning from her work she saw John C. Runyon, an aged merchant of Middletown, standing on the Erie railroad tracks waiting for a train to pass. The train was going west and Mr. Runyon did not see an eastbound train approaching. Miss Guinan saw the old man's danger and stopping under the gates pushed the aged merchant off the eastbound track as the train rushed past.

She—Have you ever written any poetry? He (proudly)—I had a sonnet once in one of the leading magazines. She—No, but I mean any real poetry. —Somerville Journal.

Dyer—What did your wife say when you told her you wouldn't be home till late? Rowdner—Don't know. I hung up the receiver as soon as I was through talking.—Brooklyn Life.

"How do you know he is used to receiving letters from that girl?" "Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "he knew immediately where to look for the second page."—Washington Star.

Strong-minded Old Lady (to the new vicar's wife)—Oh, yes, mum, I've 'ad my ups and downs, but I never 'ad what you may call a serious trouble. I've only lost two husbands!—Punch.

Neil—Maud says she has had seventeen proposals this year. Belle—I didn't think she knew so many men. Neil—Oh, sixteen of them were from Chollic Sapbedde.—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy—Pop, was writing down on tablets of stone in the old days? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son. Tommy—Gee! It must have taken a crowbar to break the news.—Philadelphia Record.

Old Hubbs—Didn't you marry me for my money? Answer me that, madam! Mrs. Hubbs—Certainly I did. And we'd get along just lovely if you were not so stungy with it.—Chicago Tribune.

Fortune Teller—Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a check. Visitor (despairingly)—No, she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife.—Baltimore American.

"Chumpley's auto got away from him and ran fourteen miles on a country road." "I'll bet he was mad." "No, he was tickled. He said it was the best run his car had made without adjusting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Where," asked the tendorfoot, "was the last man killed here?" "He ain't been killed yet," replied Arizona Al. "There's your gin" to be at least one more killed as soon as him and me comes face to face.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Yes, ma'am," the convict was saying. "I'm here just for trying to flutter a rich man." "The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor. "Yes, ma'am, I just tried to imitate his signature on a check."—Philadelphia Press.

"Ah!" he sighed. "I have long worshiped you at a distance." "Well," she replied, coldly, "if it is necessary for you to worship me at all, I prefer it that way." And it was back to the boarding-house for him.—Chicago Daily News.

She—Gladys is so sorry she took her engagement ring round to the Jeweler's to have it valued. He—Why? Did he say it was too cheap? She—Oh, no. He said he would keep it for a bit, as Freddie hadn't settled up for it yet.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Stubbs—Land's sakes, John, there must be a great many barber-shops in Wall street!" Mr. Stubbs—"What causes you to think so, Maria? Mrs. Stubbs—Why, the papers say hundreds of men are "trimmed" there every day.—Chicago Daily News.

Jones had a vegetable garden in which he took a great interest. Brown, his next door neighbor, had one also, and both men were especially interested in their potato patches. One morning, meeting by the fence, Jones said: "How is it, Mr. Brown, you are never troubled with caterpillars, while my bushes are crowded with them?" "My friend, that is easily explained," replied Brown. "I rise early in the morning, gather all the caterpillars from my bushes, and throw them into your garden."—Tit-Bits.

Why the Bill Was Big.

The closet that lights by electricity when the door opens has its drawbacks. When he went South for a month's shooting a young New Yorker thought he had left his bachelor apartment in such order that he would have no cause for complaint on his return. The size of his electric light bill on his return convinced him that something was wrong, says the New York Sun.

He complained with unusual fervor, the company investigated and found out the sources of the extra expense. In the hurry of departure he had left open the door of one of his closets. The electric light shone night and day in that closet for more than a month.

A Peculiar Safeguard.

"You needn't be afraid, my friend, the hotel will not burn."

"Why, it isn't fireproof, is it?"

"No, it isn't fireproof."

"Then why do you say it will not burn?"

"Because there is no insurance on it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Same Thing Here.

Mag—I say, Tom, de Frenchies call a gal's feller her fiancé.

Tom (gloomily)—Aw, well, ain't dat wot it all comes ter?—Baltimore American.

Two men are nearly always braver than one, even if one of them has cold feet.

One pair in the front parlor beats three of a kind.