

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)
He carried the little secretaries upstairs and there, locked in his own room, he wrote a letter which was destined for St. Petersburg, but traveled in the first instance to the care of one Dr. Brun, of Hollington place, London. In the solitude of his own chamber Mr. Zenith 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. Angels, 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.

"O'D meek wun of the party myself," said Fraser, with his own invaluable sang froid, "but o'le'vee'd me up me mind to go back to-morrow."

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

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

"Major Butler might convert me perhaps," said O'Rourke. "No, no. Clearly I am impossible." He spoke with so perfect a gaiety 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 disrepect," he added, with his delightful smile. "And, of course, he may be a young gentleman, and still be the lady's uncle, though, again, he is her guardian, and probably elderly."

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

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

"Very well," said Maskelyne, pressing his companion's arm with a gesture of affection, but speaking very dryly; "I am 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 to it I can pay you back again. But I suppose you don't forbid me to think of it in the mean time?" It was the kind of thing 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 townsmen, and had but little love for rural tranquillities by nature, but he was already weary of the work of the session, and was glad to escape to fresh air and silence for 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 wandered on until he came in sight of a most exasperating castle in the midst of a dark pine woods. The building was of 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 Rouffy, 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 proctosternon edifice, and then walked on again. It was a day of cloudy soft light, and the air was wonderfully sweet. The woods were in the freshness of their greenery, and the dark hues of the contrasting pines set off the lighter foliage. A few hundred yards before him lay the first link of a river which went winding in a rounded swing 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 narrow banks than common here 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 sleep. From this he was awakened by a rustle and the sound of an exertion gently breathed. Slitting 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, pensively 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 some sign of a start.

"Pardon me, sir," said the stranger, in labored and very English sounding French, "can you detect 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 the bush. O'Rourke secured the branch to which the fly was attached, and cut it away, after which he disengaged the hook, and the angler and he raised their hats to each other.

Major Butler, for O'Rourke's not un-

to work as your Lieutenant there, if you think me worthy of the post, but come yourself and bear the news and make the final appeal."

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

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

"Good," said Dobroski. "I will start tonight. The longer the interval between my going and your following the less cause to suspect that we have a common stand. Perhaps I can be doing something in the meantime. I may tell your friend Mr. Frost that the plan carried your adherence with it? Your entire approval?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

PHONETIC VARIATIONS.

How They Broke Up Latin Languages Into Romance Languages.

What led to the break-up of Latin into the various Romance languages of the Mediterranean basin? Simply the fact that in centuries of almost universal illiteracy there was no check upon the phonetic variation which is always going on in every language, but which was in this case hastened, no doubt, by the frequent invasions into the Roman empire of barbarian invaders and settlers, says the Fortnightly Review.

The standard language existed, indeed, but was inaccessible either to the ear or to the eye of the vast majority of men. Pronunciation then shifted from decade to decade and took a different trend in every geographical section of the Latin speaking world; slovenliness and corruptions entirely supplanted standard forms the very existence of which was forgotten, and it was only when the vernacular literature arose to give relative fixity to a certain number of the innumerable dialects that the process of degeneration was checked. But to give every man the means and to concede to him the right of spelling exactly as he pronounces would be to remove the checks while to strike when the time comes?"

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

"Yes." There was something in O'Rourke's manner of repeating the phrase which made the repetition seem weighty, reflective, and full of respect for Dobroski's years and qualities. "But—" He paused with a look of thought, and drummed upon the table with his fingers.

"But—" said Dobroski.

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

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

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

This, of course, is an absolutely unthinkable eventuality. Even if a truly phonetic system could be introduced it would be impossible for every parish or every country to have its own literature and its own transcription of the English classics. Linguistic crystallization would take place over larger or smaller areas. We might have, perhaps, five languages in Great Britain; the languages of Mercia, of Northumbria and of Caledonia. But each of these languages would represent a compromise between various sub-dilects, and would be, in fact, an only quasi-phonetic standard language. And if any one imagines that the Bible of Shakespeare spelled quasi-phonetically for the use of the west of England could be read without difficulty and disgust by a Yorkshireman or a Scot (not to mention a Caledonian or a Queenslander), all I can say is that he imagines a vain thing.

The other day in a Scotch railway train I listened to a conversation between a Cockney of the shopman class and a Perthshire grazier or gamekeeper. They had quite amazing difficulty in understanding each other. Not a single vowel sound did they produce alike, and it seemed evident to me that the process by which they did arrive at mutual comprehension was a speculative mental translation, often very slow, of the spoken into the printed words. Thus the visual word "name" formed a sort of bridge or half-way house between the Cockney's "gname" and the Scotchman's "gaame."

"Just the Thing."

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

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

Noticeless Scream.

Edith—Jack Huggins actually had the impudence to kiss me last night.

Mayme—The ideal! Of course you tried to scream!

Edith—Yes—every time.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Cost of Hauling Crops.

The information contained in a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture was secured from correspondents in 1,800 counties in different States. The statistics deal particularly with twenty-three of the staple agricultural products grown in the United States, and embrace the number of counties reporting, average miles of shipping, weight per load, cost per ton per mile, etc.

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

Farmers should not be too sanguine over the prospect for immediate profit in manufacturing denatured alcohol at home. It must be understood that farmers' stills would tend to curtail the business of the great whisky 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 session of Congress passed a bill to tax distilled spirits at 50 cents a gallon, and to prohibit the manufacture of denatured alcohol. The bill was introduced by Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, and was supported by the American Farm Bureau Federation.

Making Distilled Alcohol.

When the farmer comes to make distilled alcohol on his own place he will find that the expense of fitting up his distillery will amount to something. The picture herewith 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 arrangements. In the large distillery 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.

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

Statistics are also presented and discussed regarding the farmers' longest hauls and methods of hauling, with the effect of these factors on local and general prices. The quantity of farm products hauled in 1905-06 is estimated at more than 40,000,000 tons, and the cost of hauling at about \$84,000,000 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.

Ripe 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. The truth is, however, that the fruit is allowed to ripen on the plants, and over-ripening is prevented by cutting the stems and hanging them in bunches.

The principal we-bearing formation of this region is the "Dakota" sandstone, but there also occurs extensive deposits along the valleys, in the sand and gravelly materials of the upland east of the mountains, and in the sandstones of the Fox Hills, Arkansaw, 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 Rocky Ford. In some districts the quality of the water is satisfactory, in others the water is highly charged with minerals.

Ridge 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 rocky and under-ground waters of Arkansas Valley region.

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Lima beans are very profitable, if picked green and sold in the general market, or by commission merchants. They are then sold as the bush, though shell them. They require considerable labor, as the daily picking and shelling are items of heavy expense, while the cost of poles and cultivation adds largely to the outlay. There are "poleless" or dwarf varieties, however, if sold dry they are failed, the yield being from 15 to 30 bushels per acre, according to the variety and fertility of the soil. They are greatly reduced in yield should dry weather occur. The most profit is made by selling them in the green condition. Under favorable conditions as much as \$20 per acre can be cleared, but \$10 is above the average for an acre of green beans. Potash fertilizers are preferred. A mixture of 150 pounds nitrate of soda, 200 pounds acidulated phosphate rock and 350 pounds sulphate of potash per acre would be a proper application on many soils.

Holds Bag.

Not but a person who has tried it knows the difficulties encountered in filling a sack with potatoes, grain, old paper or similar articles. Generally two persons are required to perform the operation, one to hold the bag while the other throws in the contents. It will readily be seen that a scheme which will obviate

the necessity of employing a second person would be of immense advantage, both in saving time and labor. A simple device of this nature has recently been patented by a Minnesota man, and is shown in the accompanying illustration. The sack or bag holder comprises a suitable platform, on which are mounted inclined standards, by which the bag is braced. At the top is a lever which is braced to one of the uprights. At the end of the lever are two rings, one fitting within the other, the bag being clamped within them. A spring at the rear serves to hold the lever supporting the rings, thus supporting the bag in an upright position.

The Saddle.

The heavy man should be most particular about his saddle, and that it shall not be only broad-seated but long in the tree, that his weight may be distributed over as large a surface on the horse's back as possible, and he should exercise great care that not only is it well stuffed, especially about the withers, but that the stuffing is constantly worked tight and kept from caking or becoming lumpy anywhere. Neglect of these precautions, says a writer in the Outing Magazine, will inevitably lead to chafing and bruising of the back or painful pinching and bruising of the withers, this latter injury leading very possibly to further complications in the way of fistula, etc., which may result in permanent and very severe complications. The individual of lighter weight is more fortunate in these respects, as he is not so likely to injure his mount severely by the mere amount of weight he represents, but even he must be duly careful, not only upon the grounds of self-interest, but upon those of ordinary humanity.</p