

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

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

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

"With Dobroski?" returned the visitor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is everybody absolutely safe?"

"Absolutely safe. I guarantee it."

"Very well. Good afternoon, Frost."

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

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

CHAPTER IX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?" cried O'Rourke, gayly, sitting down at his desk to write the address. "Is Maskelyne also among the anarchists?"

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

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

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

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

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

"I think not," returned O'Rourke. "I promised Farley to go back again."

Of course Maskelyne saw through that little subterfuge, and of course O'Rourke knew he would.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No. Sterling."

"Two millions sterling? Maskelyne, I ask you seriously, as a man of money, do you think there is such a sum?"

To an Irishman and a journalist it sounds fabulous.

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

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

"And now for the lady," said Maskelyne, when the repast was over. "I must introduce you."

He rang the bell, and on the servant's entry, made him convey his compliments to Mrs. Spry, and to ask if it would be agreeable to her to receive him. "You may say," he added, "that Mr. O'Rourke is with me."

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

"Prettily," said O'Rourke to himself. "She's worth a score of Miss Butler."

But perhaps he saw her through an atmosphere of dollars.

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

"I have the pleasure to know Mr. O'Rourke already," said the lady, in her purring voice—soft, languid, American.

"I heard him speak at New York. I was very much impressed by your address, Mr. O'Rourke."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER X.

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

"No grub, no funds. Thirty-seven pounds dropped last night. I'll never touch a card again. I wonder how often I've sworn to that? But a man's luck must change some time. It can't go on forever like this."

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

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

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

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

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

"Is this the palace you continually live in?" asked the guest, with the faintest possible trace of some foreign accent in his voice. "I had expected from your last letter to have found you in marble halls, with vasaals and serfs at your side. Oh! you have been at it again, I suppose," said the visitor, making a move-

ment in imitation of the dealing of a pack of cards. "Isn't it time you dropped that? Haven't you lost enough by this time? What should you have done if I had not turned up?"

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

THE OPENING DOOR.

Found that Her Learning Could Make Her of Help to Others.

Had any one happened to ask Miss Simmons—which nobody ever did—how her passion for study came to her, she would have been unable to explain it. Her father and mother, and their parents before them, had been plain, hard-working people content with the very small knowledge necessary for the accomplishment of their daily tasks. Perhaps the gift came down to her from some far-away ancestor who, treading his narrow path of humble duties, knew himself a citizen of God's great universe.

However it was, she held it as one ignorant of its value might treasure some rare jewel, because the eye delighted in its splendor of color. Of what it might mean, of the power of it to change her life, she knew nothing.

Once in a while some one for whom she served, learning by a chance question that she had taken Chautauqua courses for ten years, or that she was attending an evening class in French, was stirred to brief curiosity.

"What a typical New Englander!" they generally said. And occasionally they gave her a ticket to something—and then forgot all about her.

Miss Simmons always accepted the ticket with a stiff word of thanks, and conscientiously attended the lecture. It made little difference to her whether the subject was "Radium and the Theory of Evolution" or the latest popular novel. It offered an opportunity to "inform her mind," and she listened with the same unquestioning patience with which she read an hour every night.

The great events of life often come to our door clad in hoddens-gray. Miss Simmons, going to begin a week's sewing at the Van Dykes' and fretting because the bottom of her poor skirt was "dragged," was as far as possible from guessing that the day was to be the greatest one of her life. At noon, when Katrina Van Dyke came in from school, she did not glance up. Katrina, however, was used to commanding situations.

"Can you read French?" she asked. "I've got a horrid exercise to do, and I'm stuck." It was like Katrina to look for and usually discover what she wanted wherever she happened to be.

Miss Simmons looked up.

"Why, yes—a little," she answered, embarrassed.

"Then," Katrina commanded, "show me this."

She pulled up a chair and opened her book. Miss Simmons bent over it, a nervous color in her thin cheeks. Suppose she could not! But shyly and hesitatingly, then more and more confidently, she did.

Finally Katrina shut the book with a bang. "That's all right. Thank you, Miss Simmons," she said, darting off.

But left alone, Miss Simmons sat with a great light dawning in her eyes. She had never dreamed that it meant the power to help other people! Suddenly, across the gray of common days, she saw the blue of tender skies—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Very Likely.

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

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

Rapid growth of the finger nails is a sign of good health.



AGRICULTURAL.

The President's address last month at the Michigan State Agricultural College is so clear an expression of the

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

To Destroy Insects.

The grayish black squash bug is difficult to manage, gathering the eggs and the old bugs early in the spring is laborious but well worth thoroughly doing. The bugs withdraw upon a piece of board laid along the vines, and may be gathered and caught. The use of poisons will do no good in the case of the bugs, as they do not eat the leaves, but pass their beaks through the outside of the leaf to suck the juices, and will not consume any of the poison. In a series of experiments in the method of preventing the attacks of the squash vine borer the preventative employed were paris green at the rate of half a teaspoonful to two gallons of water, corn-cobs dipped in coal-tar, and the kerosene emulsion; the application of the paris green and the kerosene was repeated after every hard rain until September; the cobs were dipped in coal tar again once in three weeks. All three of the applications seemed to be beneficial, with perhaps a little something in favor of the corn-cobs as being cheapest and most convenient. The odor of the tar has no effect on the insects, but sometimes repels the moth, causing her to lay her eggs elsewhere.

Weed Cutter and Gatherer.

Weeds are a constant source of trouble to the gardener, cropping up quicker than he can cut them down, and spoiling the appearance of the lawn. A Massachusetts man has invented an implement intended to help him solve the problem and lighten the labor of digging up the weeds. It is a combined weed cutter and gatherer, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The cutter is adjustable, and is operated by a lever which terminates close to the handle of the implement. The gatherer is placed in the rear of the cutter. In front of the cutter are a pair of small, light wheels. It will be seen that after bringing the implement close to the weed a pull on the lever is all that is required to operate the cutter. As the implement is pushed on to the next spot, the weed is gathered up by the rate and carried on.

Care of the Hedge.

When the hedge plants begin to die out the cause may sometimes be traced to lack of plant food. There is considerable wood removed from hedge plants every year when the hedges are trimmed, and this annual loss cannot be sustained by the plants unless they are assisted. Apply wood ashes freely every fall.

Buckwheat.

Buckwheat is a profitable crop and thrives on sandy soil. It is what may be termed a summer grain crop, as the seed may be broadcasted in June and the crop harvested before frost. It is grown as a green manure crop, or for the grain. It provides an abundant forage for bees when in blossom, though some do not claim the honey therefrom to be of the highest quality. Being of rapid growth, buckwheat crowds the weeds and prevents them from growing, and as it shades the soil it is regarded as one of the best crops that can be grown for that purpose.

The Best Hog to Raise.

It is not the large hog that pays, but the one that makes the largest quantity of pork in the shortest time and on the smallest amount of food. If a pig comes in during April he has nearly nine months during which to grow by the end of the year. If he is well bred, and from a good stock of hogs, he should easily be made to weigh 250 pounds during the nine months of his life.

Something Like Joshua.

A mountaineer of one of the back counties of North Carolina was arraigned with several others for illicit distilling. "Defendant," asked the court, "what is your name?"

"Joshua," was the reply.

"Are you the man who made the sun stand still?"

Quick as a flash came the answer: "No, sir; I am the man who made the moonshine."—Harper's Weekly.

The Fun of It.

"Why did you do that?" demanded the teacher.

"Oh, just for fun," replied Tommy.

"But didn't you know it was against the rules?"

"Sure! Dat's where de fun comes in."—Philadelphia Press.

Children are natural, but their elders seem to be ashamed of themselves and their natural instincts.

Saying What You Believe.

I have never regarded my opinions as having any special weight in the community. Indeed, I have acquired the freedom of speech which characterizes me through a knowledge that people are not going to pay any attention to what I say.

This began in childhood, when I soon learned that my elders were obliged to apologize for me to the neighbors upon the broad grounds that nobody could be held responsible for my remarks because there was never any telling what I was going to say. I never did quite learn to avoid going to say. I never did quite learn to avoid expressing sentiments until somebody else had expressed them and found they were safe.

I always did, from earliest childhood, when I sat listening to the safe and sane conversation of the visiting neighbors who were discussing platitudes in their company tone, get dreadfully tired of tried and true sentiment and break out with some mutinous idea or disturbing question that fell like a bombshell in the camp of the ultra-respectable Christian family of which I was an unworthy member.

In view of the number of times I was snubbed and punished for this, it would seem that I might have broken myself of the habit; but no, it stuck with me, and so, late in life, when I became a member of the community, a householder, a person of affairs, I was still regarded as a dangerous individual for strangers to meet, because, though I might conduct myself properly and talk intelligently, I was quite as likely to say something unlike what any one else ever said, and thus cause the impression that there was something queer about our town.

Well do I remember numerous vigorous endeavors on the part of safe and sane people to understand that I wasn't to be taken account of when it came to summing up the cultured people of the place, and that they were never on any account to take notice of anything I said. This left me free to say things, because if nobody was going to notice them one might just as well experience the relief of getting rid of a lot of bottled up sentiment that seemed anxious to get out. So I just said them.

I said that I didn't think much of woman's rights; that I thought the new woman was a fake. I said I thought society a joke and the affectations of fashionable women disgusting. I said I believed culture to be stupid when consciously applied.

I said women had run to seed in niceness. I said kindergarten work taught children to be affected and insincere. I said I was opposed to young people's religious meetings unless conducted by older people. I said I was opposed to lesson leaves; that I did not like audible prayer, except as read in a formal service. I said I was opposed to revival meetings.

This does not start the things that I said, but as nobody paid any attention to them, it did not really make any difference. But long years of saying things with impunity and not being actually run out of town, or muzzled by order of the city fathers, has emboldened me, and I may really do some damage before it is over.

However, in late years people have taken to looking with favor upon my open expressions of opinion, and I really believe it pays in the long run to hold to your own ideas in spite of the efforts of society in general to "farm" you. Young people are likely to mistake bluntness for frankness, and sarcasm for brightness. These mistakes it is well to avoid, but if you have an idea—a real belief, an instinctive objection to some popular theory, stick to it, for the world is always coming to grief by stupidity following "popular thought."

—Juliet V. Strauss, in the Chicago Journal.

RISK FUGITIVES FORGET THEIR TROUBLES; LEAD GIDDY LIFE IN PARIS.

slons in the south of France and elsewhere. By these and other means Hyde has at this time successively blotted out, so far as Paris is concerned, the ostracism which followed his connection with the insurance revelations. He is the hero of the impetuous horde of long-haired youths of the boulevards. Hyde participates fully in the free and easy life of the Latin quarter. At the last artists' ball, Hyde made a big hit impersonating an Arabian gypsy.

Recently Hyde has shown a tendency to re-enter aristocratic French society, and among the fashionables of Paris his princely wine cellar is exciting wonder and admiration.

Richard A. McCurdy's existence in Paris has been quite the opposite of Hyde's, though it is well intended to blot from the memory of the former Mutual president the disagreeable experiences of a year and a half ago. McCurdy's life in Paris has amounted almost to monastic retirement. He is surrounded by an exclusive circle of personal friends, and he is devoting himself to simple diversions which carry with them no distasteful memories. He is never seen in the gay centers of Paris, and he is entirely unknown in society. He reads no newspapers. When an effort was made to interview him he sent word that he would feel keenly any further notoriety in connection with the insurance scandal. At this time it is learned from a personal friend of McCurdy's that, while he is attempting in every possible way to eradicate memories of the scandal which enmeshed him, he finds it difficult to have any complete comfort in his life.

James W. Alexander, ousted president of the Equitable Life, who was a third prominent figure in the insurance scandal, is on a trip around the world with a party of friends.

Whatever the plans of the New York District Attorney, William Travers Jerome, may be in reference to the criminal prosecution of the central figures in the great American insurance scandal, it is patent to all Parisians, that no fear is entertained in the mind of James Hazen Hyde, former vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, or Richard A. McCurdy, who was ousted from the presidency of the Mutual. For more than a year now these two ostracized millionaire votaries of high finance have luxuriated in the distracting atmosphere of Paris.

Hyde, who is really better known in Paris than he was at any time in New York, is living an easy life. His most serious effort at the present time is to become known as the king of the Paris Latin quarter. To this end Hyde is spending his money lavishly, and the wide circle of Bohemian painters and literateurs, which he has gathered around him, regard him as their patron saint.

Hyde lives in a beautiful and mammoth mansion in Avenue Henri Martin. In the spacious salon of his beautiful home Hyde gives regular entertainments, which are the very scene of epicurean splendor. His favorite pastime is to entertain large parties of his giddy friends upon automobile excursions.

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