

# THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)  
"On the same day," replied Mr. Zeno, "twenty different men left twenty different Continental ports and arrived at twenty different English ports with a similar contrivance, they would carry a good deal."

"That's true," said Frost, "that's true. But what do you want to help dynamite into England for? That's no part of your game."

"It will be part of my game to know who carries the parcels, and by what ports they enter," Zeno answered, with a smile which looked uglier than ever.

"Oh! I see," said Frost. "But I thought—"

"You are growing curious again, good Frost. Do not grow curious again. Do not. Please."

"Give me my orders then," replied Frost, sullenly. "They're all I want to know."

"You will produce your invention this evening," said Zeno. "You will advise its immediate employment. The pretended look parcels can be made up anywhere. You can carry the necessary books over with you, and can cut out the insides, and fit in the tin boxes in Paris."

"I'm not in that show," Frost interrupted, rapidly; "I'm on English service."

"Very well. Your friends can do it, then. The date of departure can be fixed beforehand—of departure from the Continental ports, I mean. Each man must know from what port he is to sail, and at what port he is to arrive. Let me know all their names, their ports of departure and arrival, and the date. That is all you need to attend to for the moment. And now shall we go to dinner?"

"I'm thinking," said Frost, "that this special bird will not enter the arena, and if he did, he would not fight when he got there."

"Translate, my friend, translate," said Zeno.

"It might have acted, last week. It might even have acted the night after last. But that old mudhead of a Dobroski has got 'em for the moment dead set against it. And they're after him to a man, pretty nearly."

"Why, what is this?" cried Zeno.

"There was a meeting the night before last, and Frost, and Dobroski was there. Sullivan, who's the bloodthirstiest of the whole bloodthirsty assortment, wanted to do a score of simultaneous explosions. Up gets Dobroski, and swears he won't have it. Says he won't make war against the innocent. Says he won't run an indiscriminate Malay muck against the wide, wide world. Says it's indecent and improper and indiscreet, and likely to bring the cause into general disrepute with respectable people. Says he wants to kill off all the tyrants privately, and enlist the sympathies of the churlish community, while he keeps his plans for a general assault against authority everywhere and all along the line. Then Brennan gets up on his hind legs and swears Dobroski's in the right. Then up gets Faulkner on the length of his arm, and took to hymn singing and passed a resolution that they would only lay out for the slaughter of crowned heads and commanders-in-chief, and such like. In short, sir, the trade in explosives is in a bad way for the moment."

Zeno sat down and looked hard at Frost. "Is this true?" he asked, when the other had finished.

"True as the rule of three," said Frost. "I reckon," he added, shiftyly, after a pause, "that the old man himself was in charge of the trade in explosives."

"Perhaps," returned Zeno, rising suddenly. "But if he will not, he will not, my good Frost. And now, shall we go to dinner?"

## CHAPTER XIV.

Angela and Major Butler were standing on the platform at Jamaica Station when the little engine with its train of three carriages steamed in. Mrs. Spry was so eager to open the door herself when the train came to a standstill that she gave O'Rourke no chance to render her that small service. The widow fell upon Angela with great fervor, kissed her, held her arms length to embrace her, and then embraced her. O'Rourke bustled himself in collecting Mrs. Spry's belongings and his own. Whilst the two women were still locked in their second embrace, the major caught sight of him, and came to his assistance, unwittingly.

"Hi!" cried the major, heartily. "You're back again? Glad to see you!"

"You know Mr. O'Rourke, don't you?" said Mrs. Spry, drawing Angela forward. "You don't know how kind he has been. I'm sure I can't tell what I should have done if it hadn't been for him."

O'Rourke emerged from the railway carriage and raised his hat to the women, who responded to his salute somewhat coolly, as he fancied.

"What?" said the discerning young gentleman to himself. "Does she object already to my traveling in the same carriage with all those dollars? I wonder if I shall have to treat her to a box?"

During Mrs. Spry's visit Angela heard more than enough of O'Rourke's praises. The fortunate young gentleman was always doing something which, in the pretty widow's fancy, was worthy of admiration, or saying something which was worthy to be repeated. Angela had a genuine liking for her guest and a genuine unwilling for O'Rourke; but she could not see her way to exposing his tactics.

The friendship which was forming between Angela and Lucy was of a very different and more deep-rooted sort than that which existed between the little American lady and either of them. The married woman had had own experiences to guide her, and she saw that the girl was sad at Maskelyne's prolonged absence. She more than guessed, too, that the young American had retired before the O'Rourke's advances, which had been sufficiently apparent to the observant woman. And now that O'Rourke was so plainly paying court to a richer woman than Angela, his old friend's wife, who had known him for years and had regarded him with an almost sisterly affection, began to think ill of him, and found it a painful and grievous thing to do.

Before Maskelyne's departure Angela's manner to her guest and a genuine unwilling for O'Rourke; but she could not see her way to exposing his tactics.

"Why, I've got a lot of things to say to you," he cried, with a genial, careless loudness which only belonged to an unscrupulous open-hearted fellow who had nothing to conceal. "Come along. Let us have a good-long talk together."

"I don't like the game you're playing," said Frost. "I haven't closed an eye all night. Seems to me I'm running

into danger all ways." Zeno turned to smile at him, but said nothing. "Oh, you can grin, but I'll be hanged if I can."

"Ah!" said Zeno, smiling still, and nudging his companion's arm. "How one pities the poor Frost, who cannot grin, and cannot sleep of nights, and is running all the ways at once into danger. Come then, he shall be taken out of danger."

"I wish he might be," returned Frost, with a sulky air.

"He shall be," returned Zeno. "We will go by and by and make a call upon our dear friend and leader, Mr. Dobroski, and we will make complete submission to him and admire his patriotism and his humanity, and swear to live and die for him and then we shall be safe, shall we not?"

"I'm not afraid of the Dobroski lot," said Frost; "but the other crowd is dangerous, let me tell you. As for Dobroski, he's neither more nor less than a fool."

"Very well. Very well," returned Zeno, "we shall be as cunning as he likes, and we shall be as cunning as he likes. Eh? We will go and see Dobroski first and will swear to live and die with him."

"And how long do you think you're going to play that double game?"

"Suppose I admit my capacity of attached friend to Dobroski, countryman to Dobroski, trusted entirely by Dobroski, I deputized myself to watch him for the other side? Suppose, again, that being the enthusiastic for Dobroski—Zeno's smile was a study in villainy and craft—"

"I volunteer to do the thing," he said to others, and to know the reports and to warn him if he should be in danger?"

"Well," said Frost, "what's my share?"

"You are entirely devoted to Dobroski," said Zeno, with his constant smile.

"You are as devoted as I am. But you are also devoted to the other who know you better. You will be a little suspicious and careful about me, and you will watch me if you please whilst I watch Dobroski. You will report to your old friends whatever conversations I have with Dobroski, and you will arrange to meet me, and you will be as true as steel."

"They'll nail us at it," said Frost, mournfully. "They're bound to nail us at it."

"Ah!" returned Zeno, cheerfully. "But we must not let them nail us at it."

"Couldn't we do the thing?" demanded Frost. "Couldn't I stick on with the old lot, and you—"

"Be found in your nasty, dirty, muddy Thames? No, dear friend, no. Let us work together, my good Frost. It will be so much pleasanter. Oh, ever so much pleasanter. See how nice that will be."

"I can see that you want the old one for," said Frost wearily. "He's been playing old gooseberry with the czar and all his family arrangements ever since I left the cradle. But I don't know what the other lot have got to do with you, unless you're on for Scotland Yard as well."

"Now you are curious again!" cried Zeno. "I know what I want with the other lot. Let that be enough for both, dear Frost. And now shall we go and swear to live and die with Dobroski? Eh?"

(To be continued.)

## WHAT TO EAT AFTER 40.

English Authority Lays Down Diet Rules to Lengthen Life.  
Dr. Cohen, a noted London physician, has furnished a diet that people may eat after middle age to keep from growing old too rapidly. Among the foods most likely to have the effect of keeping the body youthful as stated by him are the following, which any one past 40 should use in preference to the heavier and richer articles, and which all city people will probably find most suitable from the age of 25 or 30 upwards:

Mutton—it is better than beef for sedentary people. The leg is the best, according to Dr. Burney Yeo. Young and tender fowl and game. Eggs, lightly cooked, cooked in every form, or beaten up with milk.

Milk—it is better always to boil it. It is as good in puddings, cocoa, coffee, etc., as alone.

Potted meats and game, if genuine and unadulterated, are nutritious and digestible.

Fish, particularly white fish, such as sole, whiting, cod, flounders, smelts, etc. Fish is better boiled than fried. Grilled bread.

Sound, pure butter. It is best when home made.

Porridge of rice, tapioca, sago, arrowroot, macaroni, made with milk and eggs (not egg powders).

Vegetable purées of all kinds.

Stewed celery, stewed onions, spinach, artichokes and nearly all vegetables.

Stewed or baked fruits of every kind, and raw, well ripened apples, pears, grapes, oranges, strawberries, etc.

What is to be drunk? If wine or beer be taken, they should be light; if spirits, they should be diluted. No alcoholic drink should be taken except in very small amount.

Ten, coffee, chocolate are all good. Tea and coffee, however, should be light and quickly made.

Hard work is probably an active agent in aging the body. It is said to produce calculus and may harden the arteries. With hardened arteries one cannot be young. Use soft water for drinking.

These are some of the foods that may be used. It is a mistake to restrict the dietary too much. Moderation is the thing to keep always in mind.

Do not eat heavy suppers. Avoid rich meats and pastry. Do not grow fat by eating too much. Fat people seldom reach a good old age.

The youthful old man is lean. Lessen your food continually as you grow older.

Overeating produces all the diseases that make one old. Underfeeding shortens life. Just enough and a trifle over is the ideal.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Where New Settlers Are Going.  
Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas, Arkansas, southeastern Kansas and southern Missouri combined received an investment of about \$31,000,000 in farm property last year from new settlers. These new settlers numbered about 250,000 and they took up about 2,000,000 acres of land.

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Excellent Sugar Beets. Those who have raised beets for sugar know the value of the two varieties shown in the illustration. The one on the right is the famous Klein Wanzelbein sugar beet; the other the Imperial. The first named is largely planted for sugar making and is also a good sugar beet for sugar making. In this beet, however, attention is called to these two sorts as being especially valuable to raise for the winter feeding of stock and especially of the cow.

Being rich in sugar, they will supply much food matter, and at the same time give the needed amount of green or succulent food so much needed by cows during the winter. Neither variety is especially new, but they have

not been so freely planted as they should be. The seed is low in price, and it will pay any one with stock to plant a small field. Both varieties are exceedingly productive, and they will grow in any good soil.

How to Find Scale Insects.  
Prof. Troop of the Indiana Experimental Station gives the following directions in a recent bulletin: In looking for the scale insect, first look for its very small size. The female scale is only one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, while the male is only about half that size. The shape of the female is nearly circular, while the male is more elongated. The female is sharply convex or conical in the center. This last characteristic will help to distinguish it from many of the other more common species. Its color is nearly black, but it is found on a reddish discoloration of the bark immediately surrounding the scale, extending through both the outer and inner bark. These characters will enable one with an ordinary pocket magnifying glass to readily detect the presence of the insect.

Cowpeas an Orchard Cover.  
Growers of peaches are using cowpeas as cover crops in the orchard. The vines shade the land, and may be turned under when the peaches are nearly ripe, or may remain as a mulch in winter. It is more profitable to use the vines for food for cattle, but at the same time, if a mulch is required, it is well to grow the mulch, especially when a logumibous plant is desired. One advantage in growing the cowpeas is that it is almost a sure crop, and will grow in almost any soil. It is a fertilizer with it. The peach orchard will in no manner be injured by growing the cowpeas as long as the land is given the benefit of the crop by plowing the plants under.

Handy Fencing Device.  
A very handy device to be used in handling barbed wire is shown here. With it a man can strip 2 1/2 inches wide and 30 inches long and bore holes through each end. Through these, says the Farm and Home, put old broom handles or any round stick, and fasten by driving a nail through the square timber. Leave one loose so that it can be put through the reel of wire as shown here.

Man Not Born to Read.  
Many of the commonest physical defects of civilized man are due to an imperfect adaptation of his body to new conditions of life. Nearsightedness is an example.

C. W. Saleeby, the English writer on scientific subjects, says that all the talk about the degeneration of the human eye is "undiluted nonsense." "The truth is that man was not born to read." An instrument made for seeing long distances is forced to accommodate itself to little marks and signs on a piece of paper. Says Dr. Saleeby: "The eye which we have inherited from our ancestors is one that is used without effort at long range, merely containing within it an apparatus enabling it at the cost of nervous and muscular effort to be used at short range."

The general need of glasses arises from the necessity in modern life of the use of the eyes at short distances. If the eyes were naturally focused upon near objects the advantage, as Dr. Saleeby admits, would be great. However, he continues, "if one started to make a list of the bodily characters of man which the amazing development of his intelligence has rendered more or less appropriate to his needs than originally one would require a volume."

Breeding Salty Onions.  
Joseph Zuch, an enterprising gardener of Marietta, Pa., succeeded in raising a variety of onions which have salt flavor, so that no seasoning at all is necessary, whether eaten raw or stewed.

Insult and Repartee.  
The difference between repartee and insult depends on whether you or the other man makes the remark.—Life.

His Reception.  
Young man—I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage. Old Grumleigh—Yes, sir, accepted you? Young Man—Yes, sir, Old Grumleigh—Then what do you want to come round and bother me with your troubles for?

Cross.  
Mrs. Hicks—So your husband has given up smoking? Mrs. Wicks—Yes. Mrs. Hicks—You poor child! How you must suffer!—Somerville Journal.

Wanted to Keep Them.  
"You seem to like his attentions. Why don't you marry him?" "Because I like his attentions."—Town and Country.

Another Son of the President Has Fitted Himself for Large Things.  
Williams College in Massachusetts has selected Prof. Harry Augustus Garfield of Princeton as its president to succeed Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins. Prof. Garfield is the eldest son of James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, and was born Oct. 11, 1863, at Hiram, Portage county, Ohio. He was graduated from Williams in 1885, studied law at the Columbia Law School and then went abroad and spent a year at Oxford and the Inns of Court in London.

On June 14, 1888, he married Miss Belle Hartford Mason of Mentor, Ohio, and the same year began law practice in Cleveland. He rapidly became prominent in the commercial and railroad business of Cleveland as a director of the Cleveland Trust Company, vice president and director of the Garfield Savings and Banking Company, and in 1898 president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. He was an organizer and afterward president of the Municipal Association of that city, a member of the National Municipal League

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Could Thin Them Out.  
The Hon. H. L. Dawes in his young manhood was an indifferent speaker. Participating in a law case soon after his admission to the bar before a North Adams Justice of the peace, Dawes was opposed by an older attorney whose eloquence attracted a crowd that packed the courtroom. The justice was freely perspiring, and drawing off his coat in the midst of the lawyer's eloquent address, he said:

"Mr. Attorney, suppose you sit down and let Dawes begin to speak. I want to thin out this crowd."—Boston Globe.

The Teeth.  
The accumulation of tartar on the teeth makes them unsteady and is often the cause of a bad breath. If the teeth are properly brushed each day tartar will not have the chance to accumulate, but if it has already been allowed to do so it can be removed by a very simple treatment. Moisten the toothbrush in warm water and dip it into magnesia. Rub on the teeth, and after three applications the tartar will have entirely disappeared.

When you do exactly as you please, remember you are the only person pleased.

Nearly every one imagines he is getting more than his share of hard knocks.

## Old Favorites

A Leap for Life.  
Old Ironides at anchor lay. In the harbor of Mahon; A dead calm rested on the bay— The waves to sleep had gone; When little Hal, the captain's son, A lad both brave and good, In sport, up ahead and rigging ran, And on the main-trunk stood!

A shudder shot through every vein; All eyes were turned on high! There stood the boy, with dizzy brain, Between the sea and sky. No hold had he above, below; Alone he stood in air; To that far height none dared to go— No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak! With horror all against the mast, In groups, with pallid brow and cheek, We watched the quivering mast. The atmosphere grew thick and hot, And of a lurid hue As riveted unto the spot, Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped, "O God! Thy will be done!" Then suddenly a rifle grasped And aimed it at his son.

"Jump, far out, boy, into the wave! Jump, or I fire," he said. "That only chance your life can save; Jump, jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved, And for the ship struck out. On board we hailed the lad beloved With many a many shout.

The father drew, in silent joy, Those wet arms round his neck, And folded to his heart his boy— Then fainted on the deck. —Walter Colton.

RYAN TO GROW PEANUTS.  
May Go to Africa Soon to Look Over New Interests.

When Thomas F. Ryan interests himself in any enterprise he is more than likely to get everything out of it that can be made to yield a profit, says the New York Tribune. When he acquired the 70,000 acres in the Kongo district it was generally supposed that he would be satisfied with the gold, copper and rubber in sight there. But Mr. Ryan, as a Virginian, knows the potentiality of rich soil, and as there would be many thousands of idle acres in the Kongo principally which he had acquired, and as his idle land would not yield any of the three great crops from which the greater part of his profit was supposed to come, he determined to put it to practical use.

Virginia is a great peanut State. The soil conditions in Mr. Ryan's Kongo domain are peculiarly well fitted for peanut culture. The best-paying grade of peanuts that come from the Virginia market are the so-called Jumbo variety, a large, rich nut, abounding in oil and general all-around utility.

Mr. Ryan is going to raise Jumbo peanuts in his mid-African property. These Jumbo peanuts will bring a high price in this market, and will be instrumental in breaking many a corner as now engineered by the shellers in Mr. Ryan's own State. Men with all technical knowledge of the matter have been sent to the Kongo.

Probably the most-used peanut is what is called the Spanish, an offshoot of what used to be exclusively grown in Spain. This is the little round peanut so much used for salting. In Virginia a greater part of the crop grown there is called Spanish No. 1. When the crop is short there the original Spanish is imported from Spain, but in fact, it is grown in Northern Africa. The conditions of the Virginia soil make it superior for this nut over any other section in the world except the Kongo district.

The Jumbo variety brings the highest price, however, and naturally it was that variety that Mr. Ryan selected for his crop. He will later grow the Spanish peanut, which, although cheaper, is a greater sale than the Jumbo. But Mr. Ryan's advisers, knowing that the Jumbo would have the greater sale if the price were lower, advised him to try that grade first. And that is the grade that Mr. Ryan will grow in the Kongo district, and from the proceeds thereof he hopes to be able to pay no inconsiderable part of the expenses of the working of his rubber plantations, gold mines and copper enterprises.

He Won His Case.  
A number of years ago Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was a guest of friends in Brooklyn. During his visit he noted the rule of the street railway companies compelling conductors to register fares as soon as passengers entered the cars and before the fares were actually collected. Two or three years afterward he represented the plaintiff in a damage suit for \$15,000 in which a Brooklyn street railway company was the defendant. The principal witness for the company was the conductor of the car on which the accident occurred, and his testimony was so strong as to make butlers look bad for Butler's client. But Butler recalled the unusual rule he had remarked years before, and on cross-examination he said:

"Your company requires you to ring up fares as soon as passengers enter the car, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Suppose a passenger boards your car and then finds he is on the wrong line. Do you state that fact to your superiors, and do they make allowance on your returns for that fare?"

"No, I lose the nickel."

"Do you mean to say the company won't take your word for 5 cents?"

"No, they won't."

"Yet," said the shrewd veteran, turning to the jury, "the company asks you to take this conductor's word for \$15,000."

Butler's client received a verdict— Brooklyn Eagle.

Wanted to Keep Them.  
"You seem to like his attentions. Why don't you marry him?" "Because I like his attentions."—Town and Country.

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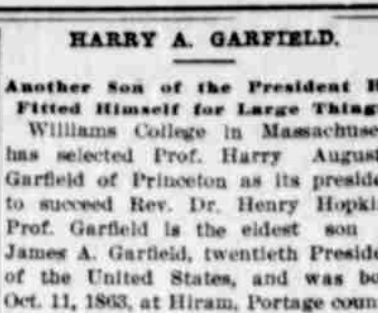
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