

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The smaller, more assenting, though with an evil grace, they walked toward Dobrosl's lodging, which was but half a mile distant. Zeno renewed his gay little snatches of song, and Frost's furtive eyes were everywhere as they went. The old anarchist was at home, and they were at once admitted to his presence. His usual air of morose fatigue was more than commonly noticeable as he rose to welcome his visitors.

"After what happened last night, dear sir," said Zeno, when the greetings were over, "I thought I could not do less than wait upon you. But first I saw my friend, Mr. Frost. I believe I have more than half convinced him of the justice of the side you take. In fact," smiling at Frost, "I think I may say he is almost converted to your side. But the wrongs that are done daily excite him. He longs for an immediate fight. I have preached patience in my own way, and I think we can extract from him now a promise that he will abide by your commandment."

"Thank you, Wroblewski," said Dobrosl, brightening somewhat. "I thank you also, Mr. Frost. If you are willing to listen to any words of mine, I would counsel patience. I will not speak of moral questions, for there are times when we must be a law unto ourselves. But I will ask you to look at the prudential aspect of the case. We want the people with us in our fight for liberty, and the way to win them is not to slay them, to mutilate them, to scatter fire and death among them. A man will not give his good will to him who causes him to live in terror. Before this fight of ours can be won many will die by sword and fire, and to many the cause of tyranny looks righteous. There are things which it is not easy to understand, and this is one of them. Tyrants will claim their sacrifices, and the sacrifices will be paid. This is inevitable; and it is useless to say that we dread bloodshed. Let us see people wherever we can. And do not think, sir, that national hatreds, however strong, will ratify the deeds we speak of."

This speech, for all the oratorical turns with which it was embellished, was delivered with a weary quietude. Zeno, like one enraptured, and was almost as eloquently receptive in his silence as O'Rourke himself could have been. Frost explored the carpet with his shifty eyes. There was silence for a little while, and then Zeno spoke.

"Well, Mr. Frost," his voice was hushed a little from its common tone. "What do you say?"

"I say," returned Frost, "that Mr. Dobrosl is more experienced than we are, and that his voice ought to carry weight in our councils. But that if we are to win we must stick together; and if there must be a split—and it seems there must be—the wise men will throw their allegiance on the side of their tried leaders." Here he gave another lurking glance at Zeno. "On the side," he added, "of authority and experience."

"You declare, then," cried Zeno, in a tone of triumph, "for Mr. Dobrosl?"

"I declare for Mr. Dobrosl," said Frost, without looking up. "Unreservedly."

"I thank you, sir," Dobrosl, extending to him a hand, which Frost did not take until Zeno nudged him, when he took it with a shamefaced alacrity.

"There are others I do not despair of," said the beaming Zeno, rubbing his hands. "They must be approached. But there is one thing"—lowering his voice, "there are some among our late friends who will be dangerous. To you, sir," Dobrosl smiled. "But yes," said Zeno, eagerly, "yes, dear sir." He hurried on rapidly in Polish, as if the urgency of his interest in Dobrosl drove him to find expression in his native tongue. "They must be watched. Indeed, dear sir, in this you must be aided. We must practice a little duplicity. It is regrettable, but I cannot help myself. I shall join their councils, offering always such arguments as you yourself would bring, or as you may give me for special cases. And since many of them are blind enough and foolish enough to be suspicious of your good faith, I, dear sir, shall undertake to watch you for their side. I shall be able thus to watch them, and yet to be in constant intercourse with you."

"That may be as you will," said the old man, with his melancholy smile. "I will give at least one reasonable voice to their deliberations. But the position will be a difficult one to hold."

"Ah, sir," cried Zeno, "a little labor—a little difficulty—a little danger. What are these?"

"You will not see me for a little while," said the old man. "I am going to the Continent again for a few days. The events of last night make it necessary that I should consult with Mr. O'Rourke. I will advise you of my return. In the meantime you may do something to restrain the violence of our friends."

"I will try, dear sir," said Zeno, reverentially, and with that he and Frost went away.

"What were you talking about when you started that foreign lingo?" Frost asked, when the two had departed. "Mr. Zeno translated pretty faithfully, but Frost shook his head at the translation. "You're a lot too clever for me, you are," he muttered, grumbling. "I've seen snakes in my time, but I never saw your equal."

"Thank you, dear Frost," cried Zeno, pinching him in a jocular and amicable way. "You make me proud."

CHAPTER XVI.

On the morning after their talk in the garden Farley and O'Rourke breakfasted together alone. After breakfast O'Rourke took the road to Houffor. He was walking along with his hands behind him, and his eyes bent to the roadway, when he heard a voice which spoke his name and gave him an actual start.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Rourke," said the voice, and turning swiftly in the direction from which it came, he beheld the pretty widow standing in the middle of the dry water course, alone. She was very prettily dressed in a light morning costume of a faint yellowish tone, with certain bright devices of flowers about it everywhere, and she wore a peasant's hat of straw, twisted into a very coquettish shape, and bound with a rich silk handkerchief, in which was set a silver brooch.

O'Rourke absorbed the charming vision as a whole. He leaped to the broad grass-grown top of the low wall and raised his hat with a smile. His very red hair and his beautiful beard and mustache shone in the sun like gold, and his handsome face was as gay as a boy's. It is not improbable that he looked as charming to the pretty widow as she came to the garden.

tripping and blushing and smiling over the stones of the river-bed, and O'Rourke ran down the slope with so excessive an alacrity that he failed to notice that it broke suddenly away at the foot. Mrs. Spry screamed faintly, but O'Rourke, who was too late to stay himself, made the necessary leap in safety—it was but nine or ten feet deep, and he had soft turf to alight on—and advanced smiling, with his crisp hair shining and his right hand outstretched toward her.

"Good morning," he said, "this is a delightful encounter—for me."

Mrs. Spry had a bouquet of wild flowers in her right hand and a book in her left, but she set the flowers in the hollow of her arm and accepted O'Rourke's proffered hand. He held her longer than the absolute necessities of a morning salute demanded, and Mrs. Spry blushed and dropped her eyes before his ardent gaze.

"You have been gathering flowers?" he said, matter-of-factly, by an effort, but even then hardly knowing what he said. "Quite a charming little nosegay."

She held it toward him and their hands met again. The small bouquet was not tied, and the flowers should fall in his left whilst he gathered the blossoms together. She felt that his hands were trembling a little, and he bungled with the flowers. Just then their eyes met, the little widow's expressive eyes looked almost frightened, and O'Rourke was as white as if he were about to faint or to be hanged, or to lead a forlorn hope. He dropped the flowers and took the hand which held the book. The little widow let the volume fall beside the fallen blossoms. She dropped her head, and the bosom of the pretty morning dress fluttered visibly. O'Rourke said not a word, but he gave a great slow sigh and drew her toward him by the hands. Then he simply put both arms around her and stooped and kissed her hot cheek. Still he said not a word, but his heart beat like a hammer, and he pressed her to him as if to stifle its outrageous riot.

"Am I too insolent?" he said at length. The pretty widow did not seem to think so, for she stood upon her fallen blossoms with her cheek upon his breast, and made no effort to escape. "I have loved you from the minute I first saw you. Can you—can you love me a little?"

His tremor was like the tremor of a lover to the little widow's mind. He played the part better than he knew.

"You are a very nice lady," he whispered, shrinking into himself as she spoke. Then there was another lengthy spell of silence, broken by the near clash of a horse's bells and the crack of a carter's whip. At these sounds they started guiltily apart, and O'Rourke, falling upon one knee, gathered up the dropped bouquet and the book, and they walked side by side, silently, by the dry water course until they came upon a spot hidden from the road, where the remaining stump of a felled beech made a convenient seat.

"Shall we sit here for a little while?" O'Rourke asked. The lady seated herself in silence, and seeing that she had taken a place near the beech, she turned to him for her companion, moved a little, and drew her dress on one side. O'Rourke accepted the invitation thus dumbly conveyed, and placing one arm around her waist, drew her nearer toward him.

"Do you think," he said, not being able to find anything more original to say just then, "that you will be able to learn to love me just a little?"

The pretty little woman began to tremble, and searching blindly for her handkerchief, found it at last, and hiding her face behind it with both hands, began to cry.

"I—I know," she sobbed, "that it was wicked, but I—I loved you when I saw you at Boston. I've always thought about you since, and when I came to Europe I hoped that I should meet you."

The ways of the human heart are strange, but at this confession the fascinating patriot experienced a twinge of shame. For one fleeting second he felt a genuine hate of humbug.

"I will love you very dearly," he said, a moment later, and he meant it.

Was the fool more sincere from loving her? Nothing, if she could always flatter his self-love as well as she had done just now.

But he had to go back to his pretenses. Nature and culture between them had done much for him that he had forgotten how to walk straight.

"I haven't much to offer you," he said. "I am poor, and I can't give you a grand home."

She was in such a flutter at the accomplishment of all her hopes, so glad and so shaken to think herself this hero's heroine, that she did not know how to do anything but to smile. She was devoted patriot's chosen, that she was half hysterical. She dropped her handkerchief from her tear-stained eyes, and clasped both hands together like a child, and laughed in his face.

"Why, I've got six million dollars!"

He felt instantly and swiftly he had played the fool, and he pretended not to know that she was wealthy. The very openness of her statement seemed to say so. What need had there been for so silly pretense when she had told him her own heart so plainly? And with this self and instant sense in his mind he turned the sum into English money and saw that though it was smaller than he had fancied, it was prodigious still. But he was committed to his useless humbug now, and could not go back from it.

"Six million dollars?" he said, like a man amazed. "Twelve hundred thousand pounds? Oh! I am glad I did not know that, or I should have never dared to speak. I knew," he went on, to soften down his blunder, "that it should have dangerous consequences later on—I knew that you must have money, and the thought frightened me. If I had known the truth, should never have dared."

"I am glad, then," she answered, hiding her face in her hands, "that you didn't know."

"It frightens me still," he said. "I can scarcely dare to think of it."

"But you do love me, don't you?" she whispered, shaking her shoulders with a childish shrinking gesture of appeal, and looking up at him through her hands.

"Love you?" he cried, and throwing both arms around her he drew her to his breast. She lay there quite contented, and he, looking over her shoulder with a smile that was almost wild, said to himself, "You have won. Hector—you have won. You're a made man."

She put up her lips to be kissed in as matter-of-fact a way as if she had been a child, though she blushed very prettily as she did so. O'Rourke put his arms

around her and kissed her, and suddenly, with a little cry, she whisked away from him, and ran quickly into the shelter of the trees. The love-maker, thus abruptly left, stood after her until she had disappeared, and then, turning, started to behold the near figure of an elderly man who was walking away, with a firm resolution not to have seen anything expressed in the very curve of his shoulders. The slowly retreating figure was that of Dobrosl, whom he had imagined to be far away in London arranging for the destruction of empires. What could have brought him here?

But in a little while, making up his mind that he had certainly been seen, and resolving to take the matter in the boldest way, he marched at a good round pace after the retreating Dobrosl, and by and by came up with him. There was a faint twinkle in the eye of the old anarchist, though not for the first time as grave as a statue. The mere fact of brisk motion seemed to have restored O'Rourke to his usual condition. He took the bull by the horns.

"You saw me a minute or two back, sir?"

The twinkle in Dobrosl's eye broadened into a smile.

"Forgive me," he said; "I tried not to see you or to be seen."

"I am going to be married, sir," said O'Rourke. And that is my business over there. It is a secret at present, at my future wife's desire."

"I wish you happy," said the old man, with an honest fatherly look. "A good woman is a crown upon her husband. If you have chosen well your wife will not hold you back from the great work to which you have set your hand." O'Rourke said nothing, but he listened with an air of deference. "I am here," pursued Dobrosl, "on purpose to seek you. Can you give me, now, a little of your time?"

"I am always and entirely at your service," Mr. Dobrosl, said O'Rourke.

"Let me ask you one question to begin with. Did you know the policy of Mr. Frost and his associates?"

"I have never worked intimately with them," said O'Rourke, "but I know their general policy."

"We have broken apart," said Dobrosl, mournfully. "I have had to tell them that we cannot work together."

O'Rourke sighed and threw his hands abroad with a hopeless gesture. They might fight it out between them now, but he had to look as if he cared for fame a little longer, and then he would be free. He could already hear the perfunctory oratory which would pursue him into his retirement, and he knew that it would be powerless to disturb him for a moment.

"At least," said Dobrosl, "you and I will go on working together?" He did not guess the current of his companion's thoughts—how should he?—but the silence seemed to hurt him.

"Yes," said O'Rourke. He would rather have said it, but he had to say it. "We must go on working, win or lose."

"And I may trust to you until the end?" the old man asked, laying both hands upon him and bringing him to a halt.

O'Rourke lifted his eyes and looked him in the face. "You may trust me," he said, "until the end."

(To be continued.)

THE WESTERN "BOOMER."

"Let no one deplore the boasts and swagger of these pioneers," writes a letter, in part, is quoted in the Boston Transcript. "They are the ancestors of an aristocracy yet to come, who will point back with pride to their hardy forefathers with the same feeling your New Yorker claims his Dutch lineage, or Boston people claim their Mayflower connection. For these Dutch and English old-timers were, without doubt, a pretty rough, crude bunch, if the truth were known."

"Your Western boomer is as good as were these other earlier pioneers. He is heavy-footed, loud-spoken and door-slaming; but he is paving the way for the succeeding generation."

"The West is a land of promise for the amateur. The sharp competition of the East is not felt here, and your amateur gets a show. He gets a job that he would not get in the East. They don't ask him, 'Are you sure you can do this?' They take it for granted that he can do it, and so he can."

"The amateur breaks into business. His early attempts may be pretty rough jobs at it, but he soon finds the trail. Did he clerk at home? Here he starts a store."

"With three months' wages for a grub-stake, your amateur sheep-herder will start up a restaurant. His bill of fare is limited at first to 'ham and beans,' with coffee natural, and soda-crackers. No one complains, for your pioneer eats to kill hunger, and he demands only cleanliness and plenty."

"Would he start a bank? Down East it would require unlimited capital and backing; ability both natural and unnatural; long business experience; social and business standing; possibly a political pull. Here it requires the good-will of his neighbors and the proceeds of a season at driving stage. A little corrugated iron cottage with a sofa, where he sleeps at night with a brace of pistols—these make a bank."

"Your Westerner is pretentious. His boarding-house is a hotel, his saloon a cafe. If he and his neighbors clear a place of sage and build a few houses, a corral, sheep-dip and an equal number of saloons, it is a city, and they straightway elect a mayor, and these first promoters all go to the city council. It is a play town, a chance for amateurs. It is the 'garden spot' of the state, and anything is possible to the new town."

"This is the true and sincere opinion of an unbiased observer of a class of men that can easily be represented as heroes or villains, wise men or fools. Like all men, they are various combinations of all these qualities, good and bad."

FOOLISH.

"Yet I see dot-antiseptic society I read about in dot paper?" asked the German citizen.

"Oh, that is an association to prevent the vivisection of animals—the cutting up of a dog or a horse, for instance."

"By chimney, dot is a foolish crowd! No man I can could possibly eat a whole horse!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Patient Given a Reminder.

Patient—But isn't this a large fee? Doctor—The inheritance tax might be bigger.—New York Sun.

AGRICULTURAL

How to Grow Celery.

Dr. S. B. Partridge of East Bloomfield, N. Y., is raising celery on a large scale on the basis of a reclaimed swamp. He set 125,000 plants last year, of the dwarf golden self-balancing, and produced from 1,500 to 1,800 dozen bunches of celery per acre, marketable at from 20 to 30 cents per dozen. His celery kept for winter market is placed in trenches made by means of a crib, 10 feet long and 14 inches wide, which is placed in the row and filled with earth. Then a deep bank of earth is thrown up on either side to the celery, after which the crib is taken up and moved forward its length, and the same process is repeated. The trenches are left open at the top until the approach of cold weather, when they are covered with straw and earth.—New England Farmer.

Most Baited Many Crops.

Twenty years ago hundreds of North Dakota farmers bought butter, eggs and even potatoes and cabbage at the village stores, but they were not real farmers, merely wheat raisers. They depended entirely upon one crop, and when that failed, distress followed. James J. Hill quickly taught them the folly of that kind of farming, and to-day the State's diversified crops are equal to those of any other Northern State. The educational movement was not that Mr. Hill had any love for the farmers there, nor has now, but he had a big railway to feed and was forced to teach the farmer how to produce the freight. Now the experiment stations are carrying on the education, commenced by Mr. Hill and are doing it better.

How to Apply Fertilizer.

Should fertilizer be applied in the hills or broadcast? It may not be a mistake to apply very little over each hill as a "starter," but it is better to broadcast. All fertilizer must be dissolved before it can be utilized, and the greater the surface over which it is spread the more water it will receive. The roots of nearly all plants spread and grow near the surface, and have as great feeding capacity off from the plants as near them. To apply fertilizer in the hills is to concentrate it, and much of it will be unused or lost. The best results are obtained when it is distributed over the surface and harrowed in to be carried down by the rains.

Managing the Workers.

Managing the workers on a farm is a science in itself. It is a science that few have studied sufficiently. Planning out the work so that it may be done in the best manner and in the least time is equivalent to a saving in dollars and cents. Not only should the work be properly done and at the right time, but the time between different pieces of work should be as small as possible. Here is a point at which a great waste occurs. It is like a man forgetting something at the store and having to drive back miles to get it. No man can properly manage a set of workers without putting some thought on it. Thinking is not so easy as it seems. To think in a logical manner requires effort.

Effective Wagon Jack.

A is of oak 2x4x33 inches; B is 2x4x14 inches; C is 12 inches long, and lever D is 5 feet long, the short end being 1 foot. The drawing explains itself.

Experiments in Cultivation.

Deep cultivation of some crops is equivalent to pruning the roots. This is especially the case with corn, which sends its roots in every direction close to the surface of the soil. Experiments in cultivating show that when the roots were cut 2 inches, 4 inches and 6 inches below the surface the increase of crops was greatest when the cultivation was shallow, the greatest harm being done by deep cultivation at the last stages of growth of the plants. The object should be to simply loosen the top soil when cultivating corn and to avoid cutting the roots as much as possible.

"Don'ts" Concerning the Cow.

Don't be unkind to the milk cow. Don't allow cows to sleep in a muddy shed. Don't permit the cow to drink impure water. Don't use a club, but kind words instead. Do not feed the milk cow "rotten" or decayed corn. Don't allow your finger nails to grow long if you are a dairy maid. Don't allow any loafers around when milking, such as dogs, children or cats. Don't fall to keep some sort of salt handy so the cow may have free access to it. Don't, when milking, beat the cow for stepping backward when flies are numerous. Don't expect a cow to give as much milk when half fed as when properly cared for. Don't allow your cows to be chased by dogs or be hurried when going to or from pasture. Don't milk until dusk during the hot months so as to avoid the presence of the flies which so vigorously attack the cow just before sundown.—Indiana Farmer.

Algeria Wants Our Wasps.

The American wasp is to be used in a campaign of extermination of the horse fly in the African. By request of the Louisiana crop pest commission, Abraham Rosenheim, assistant entomologist, is sending a consignment of these "horse guards" from Cameron parish, La., where the wasps attain unusual size and ferocity. A band of embryo stingers will be shipped from New Orleans by way of Havre on the steamship Louisiana July 12 in refrigerated baskets with the pupae of the insect.

Old Favorites

Fair Ines.

O saw ye not fair Ines? She's gone into the west. To dandle when the sun is down, and rob the world of rest; She took our daylight with her, the smiles that we love best. With morning blushing on her cheeks, and pearls upon her breast. O turn again, fair Ines, before the fall of night. For fear the moon should shine alone, and stars unvisited bright; And blessed will the love be that walks beneath their light. And breathes the love against thy cheek I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines, that gallant cavalier Who rode so gayly by thy side and whispered these so near! Were there no bonny dames at home, or no true lovers here, That he should cross the seas and win the dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines, descend along the shore, With hands of noble gentlemen, and banners waving before. And gentle wail and maidens' gay, and snowy plumes their war; It would have been a beautiful dream if it had been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Ines! she went away with song. With music waiting on her steps, and shoutings of the throng; But some were sad, and felt no mirth, but only Mue's wrong. In sounds that sang farewell, farewell to her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines! that vessel never bore So fair a lady on its deck nor danced so light before. Alas for pleasure on the sea, and sorrow on the shore! The smile that blest one lover's heart has broken many more.

—Thomas Hood.

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart; And speak in different tongues, and have not thought of each other's being, and no heed; And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death. And all unconsciously shape every act. And tread each wandering step to this one end— That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life So nearly side by side, that should one turn Ever so little space to left or right They need must stand acknowledged face to face. And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet, With groping hands that never clasp, and lips Calling in vain to ears that never hear, They seek each other all their weary days And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate! —Susan Marr Spalding.

CUNNING OF THE COYOTE.

Patience and Some of the Other Peculiar Traits of the Animal.

There is the coyote, coy-toy, with all the syllables, to the Mexican who named him; "kote" merely to the American wanderer who has come and gone so often that he at last regards himself a resident stockman and farmer.

It is this little beast's triangular visage, his sharp nose fitted for the easy investigation of other people's affairs, his oblique green eyes with their sly glances of cowardice and perpetual hunger, says the Outing Magazine, that should have a place in the adornment of vestiment. It is notorious that the vicissitudes of his belly never bring to him the fate upon whose verge he "re-veys" lives, and that nothing but slyness, and not always that, will bring an end to his forlorn career.

As his gray back moves slowly along above the reeds and coarse grass, and he turns his head to look at you, he knows at once whether or not you have with you a gun and you cannot know how he knows. Once satisfied that you are unarmed, he will remain near in spite of any vocal reproaches, and by and by may proceed to interview you in a way that for unobtrusiveness might be taken as a model of the art. Lie down on the thick brown carpet of the wilderness and be still for twenty minutes and, watching him from the corner of your eye, you will see that he has been joined by others of his brethren hitherto unseen. He seems to be curious to know, first, if you are dead and, second, if by any chance—and he lives upon chances—there is anything else in your neighborhood that he might find edible.

If you pass on with indifference, which is the usual way, he will sit himself down upon his tail on the nearest knoll and roll his red tongue and leer at you as one with whom he is half inclined to claim acquaintance. He looks and acts then so much like a gray dog that one is inclined to whistle to him. Make any hostile demonstration and he will move a little further and sit down again.

If by any means you manage to offend him deeply at this juncture the chances are that he and his comrades may retire still farther and then bark ceaselessly until they have booted you out of the neighborhood. That night he and some of his companions may come and steal the scraps from your saddle, the meat from the frying pan—and politely clean the pan—and even the boots from beside your lowly bed.

When a woman is superstitious, it doesn't mean anything, but if a man is superstitious it usually means that his business undertakings become failures.

Disillusion is the only solution to some matrimonial problems.

Not Aesop's Dog.

West Point's aim is to teach men to meet any situation with the best there is in them. When General Custer was a cadet, he ventured into the French section room without having so much as looked at the day's lesson. The section had been engaged in the translation of Aesop's fables from French to English, but on this particular day the task consisted of a page of history written in French. Cadet Custer was given the book and very bravely dashed into the translation of this sentence: "Leopold, duc d'Autriche, se merit les plaines de Silesie." But the Duke of Austria did not seem to appeal to him, for Leopold, the duck and the ostrich met upon the plains of Silesia.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Patient Dog.

My brother has two dogs, one a large mastiff, the other a tiny Spitz which he can hold in the hollow of his hand. Don, the big dog, had been taught to lie down and face his food, but not to touch until the command, "Eat," had been given him. His mistress, in a hurry to leave for a day's shopping, gave Don his breakfast one day, but forgot the permission to "eat," and when she returned late that night the faithful dog lay with his paws on the plate of food, but not a particle had been touched!—Chicago Tribune.

Made Him Rich.

"How ridiculous it is," remarked the wealthy tailor, "to say that clothes don't make the man."

"Think so?" queried his friend.

"Why, of course; they're made me." —Philadelphia Press.

Cruel.

Percy—Do you know, Miss Alice, I've always had a horror of premature burial—being buried too early, don't you know? Alice—Oh, what nonsense! that's impossible.