

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XVII.

Town was filling fast after the Whitmanite recess and O'Rourke was back in London, engaging his warmly than of old in his parliamentary and journalistic warfare with the world. It all mattered so little now that he fought listlessly. He was gayer than ever in manner, and more sympathetically charming than ever, for he had time to cultivate the friendly emotions. The little widow stayed on in Houfou and kept her own secret.

Maskeyne came striding upstairs with a supernatural gravity of expression. This changed for one moment to a delightful smile when O'Rourke ran out to the landing place to meet him, and with both hands outstretched in friendly welcome.

"My dear old fellow?" said O'Rourke. "Not tired of England yet? I have an idle hour or two to-day, and had resolved to come round and take a look at you."

"Upon my word," said Maskeyne, "you are a man to be envied. You have the power of benefiting your fellow creatures. You like to be busy, don't you?"

O'Rourke laughed broadly, and took stock of his friend with smiling eyes. He saw that Maskeyne was pale, and almost haggard.

"Come," he said. "It strikes me that you want fresh air. You're not looking well, old fellow."

"Do you think not?" asked Maskeyne. "O'Rourke, I'm going to surprise you."

"Are you?" asked O'Rourke. "I am causing some unnecessary anxiety to the authorities of Scotland Yard," said Maskeyne. "I think it's in consequence of my having been a good deal with Dobroski of late, at any rate, and am being watched. My goings out and comings in are observed with constant vigilance."

"Stupid beggars," said O'Rourke, with friendly petulance. "Abominably annoying, isn't it?"

"I don't know," returned Maskeyne. "It makes me feel nice and safe. But it is not worth while to clobber up a mere private citizen of the United States in that way. The old country is well to do, but she can't afford it. And I don't think I should feel humbled any way if my bodyguard got told off to some one else who was more in want of it."

"I'll stop all that for you," said O'Rourke. "There's a good fellow," answered Maskeyne, and fell into silence.

At this instant the knocker on the hall door was brought into play with violence. There was an audible whirl and scurry in the hall as the housemaid ran to the door to answer this unusual summons, and a second or two later a voice cried so loudly that O'Rourke and his companion heard it.

"Mr. O'Rourke's within doors! He's been telling me he's not for I know he is. I'll find my way."

"That is Fraser," said Maskeyne. "Did you conjure him here?" O'Rourke asked. Steps flying up the staircase, and Fraser, perspiring and pale, burst into the room, holding in his left hand a newspaper and a walking stick. He closed the door behind him, nodded strangely to Maskeyne, and then, striding to O'Rourke, thrust the journal he carried into his face, and flourishing his stick as if he were trying the temper of a foil, cried, "Look at that, ye viper!"

O'Rourke, with a look of wonder, took the journal and retired a pace.

"Oh!" cried Fraser, rolling his head at his ancient comrade so energetically that he rolled his hat off. "Don't be making your faces of innocence at me, Hector O'Rourke. Maybe ye didn't write that? Come, now. Maybe ye didn't write it? Well, ye're a loyler, for write it ye did. And here's the manuscript in your own dirty fist, ye smiling snake!"

He tugged a little rolled-up bundle of paper from his breast pocket and stuck it in a white hat of passion, flourishing it and the stick. O'Rourke smiled with less than his usual spontaneous charm, and Maskeyne set himself between the two.

"Ye needn't fear," said Fraser. "I'll not soil me hands with the dirty coat of him. For two pins," he added, turning away upon O'Rourke, "I'd cleave the life out of ye."

"This seems likely to be a private affair," said Maskeyne, in his quiet way, "and I won't meddle with it. But we'll have no fighting."

"Private, hegorras!" cried Fraser, snorting. "It's that private there's a round fifty thousand copies printed at the very least. Would ye believe it, now, Maskeyne? I put it to you. Ye're not the smartest man alive, but ye're a man of honor, and I put it to you. Here's this dirty villain, here, has been going about with me for years and damaging my reputation by calling me his friend, and borrowing money from me by the handful whenever I had a sixpence in me pocket, and all the while he's been attacking me anonymously. I've had him bring the articles—the very articles he's writing—and wonder at me who stands by the yard that wrote 'em, and making innocent eyes and swearing he'd like to know the villain that did it."

"Come, come, Fraser," said O'Rourke, "don't make a mountain out of a mole hill."

There was something in this reply which was expatiating Fraser, that, for Maskeyne's interposition, he would then and there have assaulted O'Rourke.

"I'll mole hill the villain!" cried Fraser. "I'll mole hill him!" He struggled to get past Maskeyne, who held him back with an unexpected strength and alacrity. "Ye take that ruffian's way, do ye?" he said, suddenly ceasing his efforts. "Then I disown ye. Ye're no friend of mine."

"My dear Fraser," returned Maskeyne, "I am taking your part as much as O'Rourke's. I know nothing of the merits of the quarrel, but you shan't fight if I can help it."

"If ever ye speak to me again," said Fraser, stooping for his hat and shaking it in O'Rourke's face over the intervening Maskeyne's shoulder, "I'll cane ye. I'll take any solitary word ye speak to me as a sign that ye want a holiday. And that's my farewell to ye."

He followed this declaration by an abrupt exit, ran noisily downstairs and slammed the street door behind him.

"There's a Celtic madman for you," said O'Rourke. Maskeyne looked at him with an air of grave inquiry, almost of displeasure. "I don't know," he said altogether lais on my part, but he has the bogger provoked it. He has been altogether unamenable to party discipline of late, and I gave him a little satirical dressing down in the hope that it might do him good—bring him to his senses. If you'll wait for me a moment while I dress," the patriot resumed, "I'll drive down to the House and take you with

me. I'll introduce you to the Home Secretary, and he will take the trouble to put right that absurd little affair you spoke of a while ago. Shall we go?"

"Yes," said Maskeyne, rather coldly. "I shall be very much obliged."

"Confound him," thought O'Rourke. "The yarn may be true, after all, foolish as it sounded."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Farley and Dobroski had encountered more than once since the novelist's return to London. The novelist's general creed being patience, and the anarchist's impatience, each formed a capital study for the other. To Farley, Dobroski typified the capital error of human nature, and the elder man knew it, and indeed heard it sometimes, and retaliated in complete good faith and good temper.

"I am writing a book," said the novelist, one day. "The story, though mainly carried on in England, takes me abroad—to Russia. I have been reading for months to get what I want, but I do not seem to breathe the Russian atmosphere. I miss the feel of what I want to do. And I have an idea of which I am not quite certain. I should like to lay it before you, and to ask your opinion about it."

"I am wholly at your service," said Dobroski.

"Let me begin with the incident," said Farley, seriously. "You will see the better than on what points I stand in need of advice. The thing began in my mind out of some mock-heroic nonsense I was talking to my wife on the night of which you found my boy in the wood at Janesne and brought him home to us."

"The door opened and Wroblewskoff entered. He bowed to Farley and took Dobroski's extended hand in his own with deep reverence of manner."

"Sit down," said Dobroski to the newcomer. "Go on, Mr. Farley."

"We were sitting at this another time," returned Farley.

"No, no," cried Dobroski. "Let us talk of it now. Go on."

"Permit me to retire," said Wroblewskoff, rising. "I am evidently in the way. See it and feel it. You have private things to speak of, dear and respected sir."

"No, no," said Austin, "not at all."

"Wroblewskoff knows as much as I," broke in Dobroski, snuffing. "Tell your tale to both of us. His advice will be of as much use as mine."

"The Russian noble came to England. There he imagined himself to be safe, but he was the repository of many secrets, and the Russian government would have given much to have him in their hands."

"As he would you, sir," said Wroblewskoff, "and even me."

"A spy," continued Austin, "a spy in the Russian service, a Greek, a cunning, unscrupulous and fearless rascal, determines upon the noble's arrest."

Mr. Wroblewskoff changed the position of his chair and brought his face into deep shadow.

"He racks his mind in vain for a plan by which the anarchist can be induced to return to his native country. At length he hits upon a scheme. He is personally unknown to his intended victim. He comes to England, feigns a profound sympathy with the revolutionary cause, secures an introduction to the anarchist and becomes intimate with him."

Farley was telling the story with his eyes upon the carpet of the room, as if he were reading something there. Dobroski lay back in his chair, looking toward the ceiling. Wroblewskoff sat with his right hand thrust carelessly in the breast of his coat. The right hand, though neither of his companions guessed as much, held the butt of a revolver there.

"When the Greek has once secured an intimacy with the Russian he makes a journey to Calais. There he hires two rooms, which he furnishes in precise imitation of his rooms in London. He goes to Vienna, and there hires two other rooms, and again furnishes in precise imitation of his rooms in London. He then returns to London, and explaining his absence, says any pretense you may choose to fancy, he renews his intimacy with his victim. He invites the victim to dinner and drugs him. One of his accomplices is a doctor. The unconscious man is driven to the railway station in a well appointed carriage and is fitted into a sleeping wagon. The doctor attends to his native air as a last resort, and the doctor is most sedulous in his watchfulness. He hovers about him as he is carried to the steamer. He watches him across. A second well appointed carriage meets the conspirators and their victim at the station. The drugged man awakes in the time, and looking about him, finds himself surrounded by the objects on which he closed his eyes. The same pictures hang upon the walls, the same ornaments decorate the mantelpiece, the same furniture is disposed about him in the same positions. He recognizes the gentlemen with whom he dined. They bend over him in tender concern. He has been ill, but he knows that one of his friends is a medical man—a man of the highest repute, he has been told. He is advised to lie still and repose himself. He is able in a little while to take nourishment. The object of his abduction is not to kill him, but to hand him over with all the secrets which he only can reveal. His life is precious to his captors. When he is sufficiently recovered to endure a second dose without danger, he is drugged anew. And then the well-appointed carriage, the sleeping wagon, the railway journey, the awakening to the familiar faces and the familiar pictures on the wall, the partial recovery, the composing draught, and all. Finally he is landed in Russian territory, and is arrested."

Dobroski had listened to all this with an attentive air, but M. Wroblewskoff had heard it with a watchfulness altogether cat-like. His keen look dwelt alternately on Dobroski and Farley.

"Yes," said Dobroski, when Farley's pause had lasted long enough to seem to

demand an answer to his speech. "The plan is simple and ingenious enough. What of it?"

"If any servant of Russia took upon him to carry such a plan into execution, and succeeded in it, would his government accept the risk of detaining the man?"

"What do you say to that, Wroblewskoff?" asked Dobroski.

"I have not altogether understood, dear sir," said Wroblewskoff. "Is it history? Is it a discovered plot? Has it happened? Is it feared that it will happen?"

"Neither," said Austin. "It is merely an invention. It is part of the plan of a book I am writing—a novel."

"Sit," cried Mr. Wroblewskoff, rising to his feet, "do not write that book."

"Why not?" asked Austin, a little startled by the other's vehemence.

"Oh, sir, put no such tool as that in Muscovite hands! Put no such thought as that in Muscovite hearts! If that thing has not been done, it will be done, and it will be done by your way. Do not set a trained and cunning intellect to work to devise plans for that devilish police. Ah, dear sir—he turned to Dobroski—"your friend must not imperil your safety."

"Nobly good," Wroblewskoff, said Dobroski, with his mournful and affectionate smile. "Write your book, Mr. Farley, with no fear of my amiable companion's fears. You ask me would Russia do such a thing as you have described. I tell you she would do anything for her own profit. If the thing were beyond redemption, she would disappear simply and absolutely. No inquiries would unearth him."

"He would never be heard of more," cried Wroblewskoff, with new vehemence. "You confess it. You admit it. Such a scheme made public—would broadcast in a book! It is intolerable. It is horrible. It is terrible."

Even whilst he stood declaiming there, a vivid hope was burning within him, and the thought was in his mind, "If I could frighten the fool from writing such a tale, I should have all the credit to myself."

Nobody knew better than Mr. Zeno how his employers would applaud and pay the man who placed Dobroski in their hands. But then, on the other hand, nobody knew better than he how completely that man would be lost who tried such a trick as Farley had been speaking of, and failed in it. To succeed would be to be covered with glory—that is to say, with glory of such quality as Mr. Zeno coveted. To be found out—to be followed—to give reason to the enemies of the master he served for a new outcry against the disregard of national honesty, would be to lose beyond redemption.

It was a big stake to play for, and Zeno had had it in his mind ever since he had been set upon Dobroski's track. But it had been with him as a dream rather than as a plan—a thing to wish for rather than to arrange. Now that he saw it formulated in his mind, Zeno walked backward, turning the thing over in his mind. Then he began to draw up an inventory.

(To be continued.)

HIS HAT WAS HIS BAK.

Wind Took Droule's Headgear and Scattered His \$500 Savings.

It was moving day yesterday for John R. Droule, an automobile mechanic, who has been living in 155th street near St. Nicholas avenue, according to the New York Times. He had been unable to move on May 1, when his lease expired, for lack of new quarters, but he finally obtained a flat five blocks further up Albany way.

The moving-van man carried out of the dismantled Droule domicile everything but Mr. Droule's money. The head of the family, who doesn't believe in banks, took care of that himself. There was nearly \$500 in the roll which he drew from his hiding place before he left the flat.

Droule had on his working jumpers and overalls. Not caring to trust the \$500 to his shallow pockets, he hit on the idea of putting the bills, in two \$100 notes and the rest in fifties and twenties, under the sweatband of his soft felt hat.

He climbed down the three flights for the last time, sighing his relief that the job of packing was over, took a farewell look up at the front windows and started off in the wake of the moving van.

The van turned into Amsterdam avenue and jogged up State. It was winding along that wide thoroughfare, and Mr. Droule was warm. He stepped in at a familiar oasis for refreshments and changed a \$20 bill, putting most of the change back in his hat and remarking to the bartender as he did so:

"That's a queer purse, isn't it, even in a pinch? But it's safe, all right."

He hadn't gone a block up the avenue before a gust caught his hat, took it up into the air and bowled it over the car tracks, rolling it over and over. A knot of boys stood at the corner of 108th street listening to a street piano. The hat flew along the pavement toward them, at every bump emitting bank notes.

There was a charge like that of the light brigade, a scuffle or two in the street and it was all over. Droule was left shouting for the police and clutching a dirty hat, in which was four \$1 and one \$10 bill, and the urchins and his hard-earned savings were gone. He left another \$20 note in a puddle near by.

Droule sat down on the curb and told his story to Policeman Tony Alexander.

"Well," he concluded, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

A butcher's clerk who had recognized one of the fleeing youngsters, told Alexander where the lad lived, and last evening Droule recovered about \$140 of his roll. Three of the seven boys who shared in the plunder shamefacedly gave up the bills they had picked up.

"Guess you'll keep your money in a bank after this, won't you?" remarked the policeman to Droule.

"You can bet all you have that I will," said Droule.

Hobbies. I hope we shall see you again next Wednesday. I'm giving a dance.

Male Guest—I'm awfully sorry, but I'm going to a wedding.

Hostess—Oh, indeed. I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself far more.

Male Guest—I'm not so sure. You see, it's my own wedding.—Exchange.

Yes, said Dobroski, when Farley's pause had lasted long enough to seem to



FARM AND GARDEN

A New Plan of Value.

Fruit growers are again lobbied by Luther Burbank of California for a new variety of plum, which is exceedingly promising. The illustration shows the variety at about one-quarter its natural size. Mr. Burbank says the variety, which he has named Miracle, is a hybrid seedling, with the French prune as one of its parents. The variety is practically seedless, the stone being a small kernel near the stem end of the fruit.

The Miracle is dark in color with the heavy blue bloom so familiar in the Damon class. The flesh is red and juicy with the highest flavor. The variety has not yet been fully tested outside of California, but Mr. Burbank speaks favorably of its ability to stand the more

rigorous climate to the north, and if it does, it will be a decided acquisition to the already long list of good sorts brought into being by Mr. Burbank.

Bonards vs. Earth as Flooring.

At the West Virginia Experiment Station a few years ago a test was made of board floors versus earth floors for laying hens. The test commenced Nov. 24, and continued during the winter for a full period of five months. It was rather expected that the board floor would prove superior to earth floor, but such was not the case. There were thirty-six pens of three breeds on each kind of floor, and the hens on the earth floor laid nearly 30 per cent more eggs than those on the board floor. It was found that the earth floor was warmer during cold weather, and this alone might cause the difference in results. The only sickness of any kind during the test was a case of roup in each lot.

Alfalfa for Hogs.

Wherever alfalfa can be raised, the best, as well as the cheapest, pork and bacon can be produced, for alfalfa gives growth to the muscle, making the lean meat that is the best and sells the best. And while growing in the alfalfa fields the hogs get the exercise needed for healthy development. The alfalfa can be raised in very many portions of Texas and wherever it will grow it may be made a highly profitable crop and one that will get out of the swine industry its biggest possible results.

Spreading Manure.

When manure is spread on the hard surface of the ground some of the soluble portions will be carried away by heavy rains. At the same time it is expensive to first plow the ground and then haul manure over it. An excellent plan is to spread the manure and then plow it with a one-horse plow, so as to keep the manure near the surface, and incorporated with the top soil.

Hen Adopts Puppies.

A remarkable spectacle came to light recently at the residence of J. R. Robinson of Audubon, near Hazelton, Pa. It consists of a half dozen puppies being nursed by a cackling hen. It appears that the mother of the dogs deserted her offspring, whereupon the hen, with true motherly instinct, took them under her protecting wing.

Chickens for Market.

Chickens sell in the market at as high a figure, compared with beef and mutton, as ordinarily. If they are in good shape and condition. Fancy fowls for breeders command as high figures as herebefore, whenever first-class specimens change hands, and every one who can turn out a better trio or two next fall than can his neighbors will find a ready market for them at even the advanced prices.

Peaches Without Pests.

A Maryland fruit grower has succeeded in raising a crop of peaches with skins as devoid of the annoying fuzz as is an apple. Next year he proposes to raise peaches with a skin that can be removed like that of an orange.

Farm Notes.

One robin can pick more cherries than two boys, any day.

Good seeds must not only look good, but be well bred.

Agricultural laborers in Germany receive from 42 cents to \$1 a day and women from 30 cents to 60 cents.

In Denmark 70,000 farmers live on thirty to ninety acres and 100,000 farmers make a living on smaller farms.

If someone will invent a milk can that will not rust when given reasonable care, he and his can will be welcomed by the dairymen.

Those long, rapid growing sprouts or suckers which grow up beside the trunk of fruit trees are sucking food from the roots. Cut them down.

Farmers' exchanges are becoming quite popular and many such associations are in operation and are greatly improving the marketing of farm produce.

A farmer operating an extensive farm in Iowa has attended his faith in cement posts by buying enough of them to make ten miles of fence. The fence proposition has and is undergoing a rapid transition, surely.

Denatured alcohol is now selling at 37 cents per gallon by the barrel and at from 45 to 50 cents at retail. The first consignment under the new law was from the distilleries of Peoria, Ill., and consisted of 8,000 barrels.

A horse that does not naturally carry a high head cannot be made to do so gracefully by high checking. The elevation of the head depends on the slope of shoulder, which when abrupt prevents the neck from being thrown back.

Stomach Worms in Sheep.

The symptoms of infestation by stomach worms in sheep are briefly noted in a government bulletin. In preventing the infestation of lambs with stomach worms two general plans are usually applicable. The ewes may be kept in a bare lot from which the lambs may escape to non-infested pasture for grazing. The danger of infestation is thus reduced to a minimum. Again, wherever practicable, the danger of infestation from stomach worms is largely eliminated if the lambs come in the fall rather than in the spring.

Brief notes are given on the direct remedies for stomach worms, including coal-tar, cresote, bluestone and gasoline.

A Bird Census.

A. O. Gross and H. A. Ray walked across Illinois last fall from the Indiana line to the Mississippi River, taking a bird census as they went. In a strip of country 150 feet wide and 102 miles long they found 4,800 birds of 93 different kinds. "Two-thirds of the birds counted were English sparrows, and about one-sixth of the remainder were meadow larks, cowbirds, crows, horned larks and mourning doves, ranging in the order named from about 10 per cent to 9 per cent of the whole number of native birds seen."—Hartford Courant.

A Point in Grafting.

The effect of the stock upon the scion is shown in a report recently sent out by the French Academy of Sciences. Two pear trees of the same variety, standing side by side, one grafted on a pear seedling and the other on a quince, bore fruit for a number of years. That from the pear stock was green, while that from the quince stock was a golden yellow, with a rose blush on the side toward the sun. The latter also weighed a third more per specimen, was more dense in both fruit and juice, and was richer in both acid and sugar.

For Smoking Meat.

A writer in the Dakota Farmer gives this account of his simple plan for smoking meat:

"After the meat has been in the brine about two weeks I take it out, put it in a tub of cold water one day and night, and it is then ready to smoke. Take a box about four feet high and two or three feet wide, and knock both

ends out. Dig a hole about 2 1/2 feet deep and two feet square; then dig a trench the length of a stove pipe and eight inches deep. Dig a small hole at opposite end from the large hole, put in an old joint of stove pipe and cover over with dirt, then put box over the small hole and bank up with dirt. Put a tin over large hole; an old joint of pipe, uncoupled and flattened out, will do. Make a fire out of corn cobs and you have a smoke box equal to any smokehouse."

Ground Clover.

An article of food is now being put on the market which is largely used by those who have tried it—ground clover. Clover hay is ground as fine as meal, and poultrymen add it to the rations of poultry with beneficial results. It is also excellent for young calves and pigs. The ground clover is first scalded with boiling water and thickened with corn meal or any other ground food that may be preferred.

Timothy Hay.

Prof. Patterson of the Maryland Agricultural Station, who made tests to determine the digestibility of foods, is authority for the claim that timothy hay is less digestible by horses than by cattle. This will, no doubt, be a surprise to many, as it has heretofore been supposed that as a food for horses timothy hay was more suitable than any other. Timothy hay is seldom used for cattle, clover being fed to them in preference.

The Poultry House.

In constructing a poultry house it is best to have it face to the southeast, as the sun will then send in its warmth as soon as it rises. The sun will warm the house until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon in the winter. If the house faces the south, as is usually the custom, the sun's rays will not enter before 9 or 10 o'clock, although the morning is the most important time for receiving benefit.

Horse's Artificial Leg.

Professor Udinski, a Bucharest veterinary surgeon, has succeeded, after amputating a horse's leg at the fetlock joint, in fitting a leather artificial leg, by means of which the animal is enabled to walk about and take exercise.

Fresh from the Smokehouse.

The Georgia farmer who hauled into town the other day a wagon load of homemade hams and sold the lot for \$150 cash provided a valuable hint for agriculturists throughout the country. Any good farmer knows how to raise and "cure" hams, and the town and country is inclined to itch for the home-grown product since Mr. Sinclair's "Jungle" book told us how the packing-house ham is—or was—handled. Hurrah for the hamlet, the old-fashioned hamlet that hung in the smokehouse.—Carrollville Democrat.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

A teacher in a Long Island City school was giving her class a lesson in hygiene.

"Never sleep on more than one pillow," she said; "in fact, it's better to use no pillow at all, because if you do it's likely to make you round-shouldered."

Little Rocco Pisciotta waved his arm wildly.

"Well!" said the teacher.

"S'posed you sleep on your stomach?" piped Rocco.—Harper's Weekly.

Misunderstood Intentions.

The Missionary Lady—give me that cigarette this instant, you bad little boy!

The Kid (sourly)—Aw, go on! Buy your own cigarettes.—Exchange.

Place to Repeat.

Singleton—Where are you going to spend your vacation, old man?

Weddler—At a little town in North Dakota called Leisure.

Singleton—Ah, I see. I believe you did marry in haste.

How He Did It.

"Another day I will take off," exclaimed the office lad; And then straightway he did make A grab for the calendar pad.

The Preferred Kind.

Short—There goes one of my preferred creditors.

Long—Why preferred?

Short—He never asks me for money.

An Easy One.

The Poet—Now, let's see. What rhymes with younger? Oh, yes, hanger.

Acclimated.

First Moth—Well, I guess I'll go in that cupboard.

Second Moth—Don't you think of it; it's full of camphor balls.

First Moth—I don't mind that; I've lived in a drug house the last six months.

Posse.

Mrs. Henpeck—People are never satisfied in this world.

Mr. Henpeck—Oh! I don't know. You never heard of a man sloping more than once, did you?

The Difference.

She—Do you think dyeing the hair injures the brain?

He—Any one who dyes her hair hasn't any brain to injure.

Almost Down and Out.