

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"The carriage is ready, dear," said Angela, laying a hand upon her uncle's arm. Fraser bowed with a flourish, and she could scarcely do less than respond.

"One of those Home Rule fellows?" asked the major, as he took up the reins. "Don't like 'em. Traitors, the lot of 'em."

The groom and his master sat side by side, and Maskelyne and Angela had the interior of the carriage to themselves.

"It is a real pleasure to be here," said the young man as the carriage rolled along, with wood on one side and river on the other. He looked about him on the landscape, which seemed to dose in the warm light, but his glance returned to Angela.

"I was afraid that I shouldn't be able to come, for my lawyers cabled to me twice to call me home again, but I managed to get the business done without crossing. I wouldn't have missed coming for all the lawyers in New York!"

"You will find us a little dull here," said Angela. "The fishing is very fine, and you will find plenty of work for your camera, but the evenings are very long, even in this beautiful weather."

Just at this moment the major's whip swished in the air with an angry sound, and the horses, which had been going at a steady trot, dashed for a minute into a gallop.

"Surely," cried Maskelyne, "that was Dobroski whom we passed just now." Angela raised her eyebrows a little, and held up a warning hand.

"Ah," said the major, who had pulled the horses back into their settled pace again, and now turned upon his seat with a wrathful face. "You know that fellow, do you, Maskelyne? Where did you meet him?"

"I met him in the States," returned Maskelyne. "Here and there. He excited a good deal of notice there two years ago."

"Please do not speak of him in my uncle's hearing," Angela said, in a low tone. "I will tell you why later on."

No later on than that evening she told him, and he saw quite clearly that it could scarcely be polite to mention Dobroski to Major Butler if he desired to see that excellent gentleman keep his temper.

"Mr. Dobroski," said Angela, "escaped from St. Petersburg in a very romantic way more than thirty years ago, after the seizure of his wife and children by the government. He went to England, and my father heard his story there and found him out and was a help to him in many ways. My father was an ardent sympathizer with the Poles, and Mr. Dobroski was known as a really ardent and self-sacrificing patriot. People sometimes speak of him as a Russian, and that greatly angers him, for he has nothing but Polish blood in his veins."

"He looks Jewish," said Maskelyne, "not commonplace Jewish, but heroic Jewish. A modern Jeremiah, and full of lamentations."

"He became passionately attached to my father," the girl went on, "and I do really believe, without exaggeration, he would have laid down his life to serve him. When my father died he transferred his affections to me, and I know he loves me dearly."

"That," said the young American to himself, "is not a surprising circumstance."

"But he kept silence."

"I could never tell you," said Angela, with an earnestness which seemed to the listener very pretty and engaging, on the face of the things he has done to prove his gratitude to my father and his affection for me. He has been most devoted and most self-sacrificing. But he tinges everything with a sort of fanaticism, and an idea once seized is immovable with him. My uncle trusted some funds of mine, as my trustee, to a business enterprise of some kind which failed, and Mr. Dobroski thought for some wild reason—or no reason—that my uncle had profited by my loss, and had actually attempted to rob me. Nothing—not even the fact that before my uncle heard this accusation he had restored the lost money to my account, and had taken the whole loss upon his own shoulders—could or can persuade Mr. Dobroski that this monstrous fancy is not true. They quarreled desperately, and I have tried for two or three years to reconcile them, but with no result. My uncle will never forgive Mr. Dobroski, and Mr. Dobroski will not abandon his ridiculous fancy. It is hard for me sometimes to keep my place between the two."

"You meet Mr. Dobroski still?" asked Maskelyne.

"Oh, yes, I meet him still, and my uncle makes no objections to my meeting him. But we had no idea he was living near here when my uncle decided to buy this house. I find my place between them difficult, though they both deserve to have it said that they do their best under the conditions to make it easy."

Mr. Maskelyne had taken, a year or two ago, an attitude toward Angela which made him seem whatever she did and thought in the most favorable light, and yet the continuation of her friendship with Dobroski struck him as being a little curious in the circumstances. Perhaps she saw this, for she hastened on:

"I do not think that I could give you any idea of poor Mr. Dobroski's devotion. My uncle understands how hard it would be to separate myself from him. I never seek him, but when we meet I cannot treat him coldly. And, indeed, until he formed these dreadful fancies, there was no one in the world I loved so well."

"Excuse me, Miss Butler," said Maskelyne, "but is Dobroski quite—?"

I wouldn't say anything to annoy you for the world. But is he quite—how shall I put it?—quite master of his own fancies?"

"No," she answered, frankly, "he is not. But he comes my uncle. Let us say no more about him."

CHAPTER III.

When Fraser had seen his luggage taken from the van and bestowed in the small omnibus which met the train he walked leisurely toward the hotel, guided

by the gilt sign which gleamed high above the surrounding village houses.

Coming suddenly, as he had done, out of the golden glow of the evening sunlight into a shadowed chamber, he did not at first make out the things about him with any great distinctness, but he could see that a man and a woman sat at the far end of a table, and he bowed to them.

"Hello, Fraser!" said a voice. "That you? Are you holiday-making over here?"

Fraser advanced, shading his eyes with his hand.

"That you, Farley?" he returned. "How are ye? I'm a troyble short-souled—and I didn't make y'out at first. How are ye? Delayed to meet Mrs. Farley once more. Are ye here for long?"

He bowed and shook hands and waved a royal condescending pardoning sort of refusal to the chair Farley pushed toward him.

"We have been here a month," said the novelist, "and we intend staying on until the crowd comes. Then we run away. Do you stay for any length of time?"

"I can't say how long I may stop," returned Fraser, with a smile. "The man would like to know my secrets," said the smile. "I'll be having a companion in a day or two," he added. "O'Rourke's coming over."

"Ah!" said the other, carelessly. "I forgot. It's getting near the Whitsuntide recess."

The landlady, seeing her new guest in conversation, had withdrawn, but at this moment she re-entered, in conversation with an older visitor. She seemed to have a considerable difficulty in making him understand what she had to say, for she said the same thing three or four times over, and he looked at her with a puzzled face and an occasional shake of the head.

"It is a pity, monsieur," said the landlady at last, turning upon Farley, "that there is no one here to talk the language of monsieur."

The new arrival understood the tenor of this speech, for a wagged his head at the novelist and spoke. "English, not," he said. "French, so leetle—ver leetle. Greek? Ah, yes. Deutsch? Yes."

"He speaks German, madam," said Fraser, splendidly. "Allow me to translate for you." Then, addressing the newcomer, "If I can serve you I shall be pleased."

The new arrival smiled, and put a question about the postal arrangements of the town. Fraser got the required information from the landlady, and transferred it. The other was profuse in thanks, and ducked ingratiatingly at his magnificent interpreter.

"I've never been able to get to like that fellow," said Farley, as the man sat down at the dining table, after the manner of the place, to write his letter. "He came here shortly after our arrival, and we have been here together ever since. He is always very civil, and he smiles as if by clock work, but his eyes are a good deal too close together for my fancy; his forehead slopes back too much for my liking; he has a stealthy way of walking; he is my bean ideal of what a spy should be."

"Ye do expect a spy to understand the language of the land he lives in, don't ye?" asked Fraser.

"Well, yes," Farley admitted, laughingly. "I suppose that's needful. But I shouldn't be in the least surprised to learn that he did understand. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if he understood what I am saying now."

"Perhaps he might be," said Fraser. "He'd not be pleased, anyway."

The man at the table went on with his letter. While Farley and Fraser still talked about him, standing at the window, he arose and walked to the end of the room, where stood a table spread with writing materials. Taking from this a little porcelain jar of sand, he sprinkled a part of its contents on the sheet of paper he had just written, and then, turning with the jar in both hands, he stood sifting the fine sand to and fro in an absent way, regarding meanwhile the two men at the window. At that moment the expression of his face was sinister, but as Farley turned in speaking his face cleared, and when their eyes met he was smiling, and he gave that little half-nod whereby some people always recognize a glance of which they are conscious from a man they know. Just then Maskelyne came in.

"This is my young friend, Mr. George Maskelyne, from New York," said Fraser. "He's just doing to know ye, Farley."

"I have desired to know you, sir," said Maskelyne, in his solemn, gentle way, "for a year or two past, and to thank you for all the pleasure you have given me. It may please you to know, sir, that you have as large and as affectionate a circle of readers on our side as on your own."

"I would please him more," said the delicate-faced Fraser, "if the Yankees wouldn't steal his copyrights."

"Mr. Fraser," said Austin, "has a knack of hitting the right nail on the head. Not only that, but he always hits it at the right moment, and, as Charles Reade says, he does it with a polished hammer."

"Ye flatter me," cried Fraser, smiling and bowing. The young American threw an extra but unintentional heartiness into the shake of Farley's hand.

"I am in some sort an ambassador," said Maskelyne. "An English gentleman, Major Butler, and his niece are residents in the neighborhood, and I'll be greatly pleased if you allow me to take back a permission to them to call upon you, and make the acquaintance of Mrs. Farley and yourself. Miss Butler and I had an accidental meeting with Mrs. Farley this morning."

Farley saw a period of loneliness for his wife since he had begun to work again, and he was disposed to welcome the advent of pleasant people who would break the monotony of her retirement. There would be time enough to make excuses for himself hereafter.

O'Rourke came the next day. Mrs. Farley leaned smilingly between the flow-

er pots on the window ledge to bid the arrival welcome, and he, with his reddish hair bathed in sunshine, and a brighter light in his gray-blue eyes, stood laughing and nodding back to her.

O'Rourke had the pleasantest face, the pleasantest voice, and the pleasantest manner in the world. A well-shaped head, square and sagacious, gray-blue eyes full of expression and variety, a nose with a squarish plateau on the bridge and a good deal of fine modeling about the nostrils, a handsome beard and a mustache of the ruddiest gold, and a figure at once lithe and sturdy confirmed the impression of the pleasant voice, whenever a stranger, attracted by it, looked at him.

"How did you come here, Mr. O'Rourke?" asked Lucy. "Nobody came by the train but the engineer and the guard."

"I came by diligence," said O'Rourke. "I managed to get into the wrong train at Namur. The people of the house tell me that Fraser is staying here. You have seen him, of course?"

"He has gone to see Dobroski," said Austin.

O'Rourke turned in his own swift, bright way.

"Ah," he said. "Dobroski is staying here." The tone was half questioning, half affirmative.

"You know he is," returned Austin, laughing. O'Rourke laughed also.

"Hello! There's Fraser in the road. Who's that with him? Is that Dobroski?"

"That is Dobroski."

O'Rourke raised his hat with an air of involuntary homage, and turned his face away from Farley. By and by he spoke in a low and softened voice, with his face still turned away.

"That's the one—indomitable heart in Europe, Farley. I must go and speak to him," he added in his customary tone, and left the garden at a brisk pace. Presently Farley saw him in the street advancing toward the Cheval Blanc, in front of which stood Fraser and Dobroski. O'Rourke shook hands with Fraser, and then stood bareheaded in talk with the old Anarchist. It was not until Dobroski had several times motioned to him that he replaced his hat.

"This is my friend and colleague, Mr. O'Rourke, Mr. Dobroski," said Fraser. O'Rourke's attitude and expression were almost reverential.

"I have long hoped to have the honor of meeting Mr. Dobroski," he said. "The smallest drummer boy has a right to wish to see his general. There is not a patriot in Ireland, sir, who does not envy Mr. Fraser and myself this honor."

"I am honored in your presence here," Dobroski answered, with dignified simplicity.

"We are not charged with any formal mission," said O'Rourke; "and you will understand how impolitic it would be to allow ourselves to be taxed with such a mission by our opponents in the House of Commons. But we are charged with the private and personal greetings of a hundred men who are animated by your own spirit or by some reflection of it. We bring you, sir, the profound and passionate sympathy of every true Irishman, and their thanks for the part you have played. The mere spectacle of one unconquerable and unpurchasable patriot is a help to true men the wide world over."

He spoke in a low tone, but with a manner and accent of great earnestness.

"Sir," said Dobroski, in an unsteady voice, "I thank you. Let us say no more of this."

"Hullo!" cried Fraser, who gave no sign of being at all overwhelmed by any of the sentiments of veneration which appeared to influence O'Rourke. "Here's Farley's spy. Have ye seen Farley, O'Rourke? He's steering at the same hotel with me."

"I have seen him," said O'Rourke. "What do you mean by Farley's spy?"

"Oh," returned Fraser, with his smile of allowance for human weakness, "poor Farley got it into his head that this fellow that's going down the street was spying on Mr. Dobroski. The delightful part of the business is that the man doesn't speak a word of French or of English, either. But ye know Farley?"

(To be continued.)

The Kindness of the Poor.

The old adage that the poor are the best friends of the poor was instanced in the story of a chambermaid, who is a young widow with two children to support. After a lingering sickness the younger of the children died, and the young mother's bank account having been depleted from defraying the expenses of the weeks of medicine and doctor's visits, she was obliged to contract a debt at the undertaker's. After that she paid a small monthly installment until