

# THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The Levantine advanced, halted before the trio, and raised his hat.

"I beg you to pardon my intrusion," he said, speaking in German to Fraser. "You were good enough to help me once before. I have a postcard here which I cannot read. Will you be so kind as to translate it for me?"

Fraser graciously took the postcard and translated it into German. A Brussels chemist wrote that one or two of the ingredients in the prescription forwarded to him by Mr. Athanos Zeno were not commonly used in Belgium, and that he had been compelled to send to England for them. The prescriptions would be made up and forwarded in a day or two. Mr. Athanos Zeno raised his hat once more and accepted the proffered postcard from Fraser's fingers, professing his infinite obligation. He had received the prescription some years ago from an English physician whom he had met at Berlin. It had always done him a great deal of good. He was a little unwell now, and had been recommended to Janene because of its famous air. He had expected to have had friends with him who spoke the language, but they had not arrived. It was not very cheerful to be all alone there, and to exchange a word with nobody. He trusted to be forgiven this intrusion.

Fraser intimated, in his own lordly and condescending way, that he should be happy at any time during his brief stay in Janene to be of service, and Mr. Athanos Zeno, with a bow to each in turn, withdrew himself.

## CHAPTER IV.

At the back of the Hotel des Postes is a little garden where the flower beds are imbedded in a bank of broken schist, and where in summer time the gray stone walls which bound the garden on three sides beat back the heat of the sun upon the air like the reverberators of a furnace. Unobtrusive visitors wonder to find themselves hotter here in shade than they are in sunshine elsewhere in the same village.

Athanos Zeno sat here pretty often, leaning back in a springy chair of painted strip iron, with his lustrous black eyes half closed. A delightfully idle man to look at was Athanos Zeno, and on the outside nearly always abstracted from the world, though to a keen observer there was visible when people talked in his neighborhood that curious listening, observant poise of the head which Austin Farley had noticed in him. He had nothing to conceal, and but little to observe, just now. Dobroski, Fraser and O'Rourke were talking together in front of the Cheval Blanc, and now and again a stray village girl came down to the village gump for water, but there was nobody else in sight.

Mr. Farley walked into the garden with the boy's hand in one of hers, and seating herself at some distance from the Levantine, busied herself over a bit of lace work.

At an open window overlooking the garden sat Austin, with rumpled hair and disordered aspect, occasionally scratching his head with the feathered stump of a very short quill pen. Lucy, who had so arranged her seat as to command a view of him at will, observed him smilingly and tenderly for awhile, but he began to rumple his hair so wildly at length that she spoke to him.

"Can't you work to-day, dear?"

"It's tingling all over me," he answered, with an irritated flourish of the hands. "Actually and absolutely tingling."

"You do nothing in that mood," she said, smiling. "Leave it for a little while. Come down into the garden."

"I think I will," he answered; and she watched him whilst he swept away from his table a disorderly double handful of papers, and snatching a straw hat from a hook on the wall, stuck it fleetingly at the back of his head and left the room.

Just at that moment the carriage driven by Maskelyne pulled up in front of the Cheval Blanc, and the good wife cried, in a hurried whisper, "Austin, here are the people from Houfouy. And you in your slippers! Go away and make yourself presentable."

Austin arose with something of an air of humorous discontent, and sauntered into the hotel, reappearing in time to greet Maskelyne and Dobroski at the door, where the young American introduced Miss Butler with a solemn little phrase or two about the novelist's fame, which caused him to blush like a schoolboy. Angela looked upon him with eyes of veneration—the first live author she had beheld. She was at the age when veneration is at its freshest, and this encounter was an unfeigned and unique delight to her.

By and by they were all seated in the garden together, and O'Rourke and Fraser came in, and each took a chair in the hot shade of the trained limes. Angela, Farley and Maskelyne were just beginning to feel at home together, and were gliding into talk. O'Rourke sat near and kept silence, though it was a common habit of his to lead conversation. He was esteemed a good talker, but his power as a listener was rarer and more remarkable. As a listener he was full of subtlety. He responded silently to the slightest shade of thought, and the talker always felt certain of sympathy with him.

He saw but little of feminine society, and knew but little of women's manners or their interior ways. He watched with a closer interest than he could altogether have accounted for at the moment for any sign of rapport between Maskelyne and Angela, and saw none whatever on either side. Dobroski sat by, silent, and many glances of affection and understanding passed between her and Maskelyne.

"Engaged, perhaps," said O'Rourke to himself. "Sure of each other." A moment later, with a little touch of passing anger at himself, "What has it to do with me?"

A voice spoke from the road below the garden asking for Monsieur Dobroski. The village postman, politely raising his off-

cial cap in general salute, stated that he had a letter for Monsieur Dobroski. He had inquired for Monsieur at the Cheval Blanc, and had afterward discerned him from the road. Would monsieur please to sign for the letter?

"Ye must sign in ink," said Fraser, who was always willing to display his knowledge, even of trifles. "I've a stylographic pen, Mr. Dobroski."

"Excuse me," said the old man, bowing round when he had received the package from the postman. He broke the seals leisurely, walking to one side as he did so. "Angela!" he cried, suddenly, "come here." The girl moved quickly to his side, and saw at a glance that he was strangely disturbed. His face was white, and his eyes, ordinarily so calm and mournful, glittered with an unusual light. "It is with you," he said, in a voice as disordered as his looks, "that I must share this so sacred joy. Let us be alone, little sweetheart. Come with me." He took her by the hand and hurried her from the garden to the salon, followed by the curious and wondering glances of the others. "Here!" he said—"here! After these thirty-three years. Look! My wife, little sweetheart, my boys!"

Angela was amazed and wonder-stricken, his manner was so changed and wild. His lean brown hand trembled as he held out to her a something in a binding of faded golden filigree. Angela, opening it, saw two miniatures within. In one, two handsome lads of twenty or thereabouts were standing with their arms about each other's waist. The other depicted a woman in the prime of youth, and dressed in the national costume of Poland. Angela had scarcely glanced at it when Dobroski took it and her hand together, and kissed the picture twice or thrice.

"Here!" he said, with a hysteric tremulousness. "After these thirty years!"

"Try to be calm, dear," urged Angela, with a hand upon his shoulder.

"Yes, yes," he answered. "I will be calm. Look. I am calm already."

"These are your wife and your boys?" she said, surveying the miniatures. "Yes. The boys are very like you."

Mr. Athanos Zeno, with a small secretary under his arm, walked into the room, bowed, and, establishing himself at a little table at the far end of the chamber, began to make busy arrangements for writing, setting down his inkstand with a brisk tap on the table, and smoothing out his blotting paper with a flourish. Angela had never seen Mr. Zeno before, and Dobroski scarcely saw him now, but the girl was conscious of an interior demand for privacy, and with a hand laid gently on the old man's arm she moved toward the open doorway which communicated with the larger salon. Dobroski yielded to the pressure, and made a step or two with downward eyes, his lean brown fingers tremulously tearing at the package, which still contained a somewhat bulky inclosure of papers. The envelope gave way, and he dropped some of its contents on the floor. Angela fell upon one knee and, gathering up the fallen papers, handed them to him.

The sudden grasp with which he tore them from her fingers, the look he bent upon them, the quick, gasping "Ha!" that broke from him, so startled her that she knelt there, still looking up at him in fear and wonder. The quick, gasping exclamation he had made had much of the sound with which a hungry wild beast receives his daily rations, and for a mere instant his teeth were bared with a look altogether savage and carnivorous.

This singular transport lasted but a moment, but he stood for a second or two staring intently at the paper in his hand, whilst Angela rose slowly, and laid her hand upon his arm again. Then she saw that the object which had so excited him was the photograph of a man of nearly his own age—the face a quarter life size, or thereabouts—the photograph very clearly and finely printed—and the subject noticeable by a lofty dome of head forehead, and the eyes of a very lynx.

Once more Dobroski obeyed the slight pressure of her hand, and they entered the larger salon together. Angela closed the door, and the old man sat down upon the broad sill of one of the windows, still fixedly regarding the photograph. By and by he offered it, without raising his eyes, to Angela, and began to turn over the papers. Most of them were printed, and one was in Russian, and another in German type. Scattered among them by their fall were the leaves of a lengthy letter, and having sorted these leaves from the others, and arranged them in the order in which they were numbered, he began to read.

The letter was written in French, and he made one or two exclamations in the same language as he read. "Ah! the good Brenner! It was he," being alone distinguishable. Angela, with knitted fingers and down-turned palms, stood before him at a little distance. She had laid down the photograph and the miniatures on the window sill beside Dobroski, and divided her serious and inquiring regard between them and him. He skimmed the letter rapidly as if in search of something until he reached the final page. This he read slowly and deliberately, breaking off once to drop the letter in both hands between his knees with an odd cackling laugh, which, whatever else it may have expressed, was absolutely devoid of mirth. After this he read on quietly to the end, folded the letter and the printed papers together, and buttoned up the package in the breast pocket of his military looking frock coat.

"This was stolen," he said, taking up the miniatures, and holding the case clasped gently between the palms of both hands, "when my house was sacked by a clerical mob in Vienna more than thirty years ago. And now a dear old friend—one of the few dear old friends—finds it by chance in a shop window in Berlin. I know how poor he is—Job was never poorer—yet he contrives to buy it, and to send it to me by the friend who writes me this letter. Ah! little sweetheart, these are true souls left in the world."

"And this?" said Angela, indicating the photograph.

"That?" returned Dobroski, with a very singular smile. "That is a warning which I do not need." He paused, and then advancing to the window, and stooping forward, he tapped the photograph twice or thrice with a forefinger as he spoke. "That is my implacable and inexorable enemy—as I am his. That is the man who years ago wormed himself into my confidence, and then betrayed me. That is a countryman of mine, little sweetheart, a Pole, and a Russian mouchard. That is the denouncer of my wife and children. It is kind, it is well meant, but I do not need to be warned of him. Nor do I think that he needs greatly to be warned of me."

He spoke quietly, almost dryly, except for the single phrase, "a Pole and a Russian mouchard." Then his voice was raised into an expression of incredulous wrath, and he broke off with the curious cackling laugh with which he had greeted his correspondent's warning a minute or two before.

"Let us go back to our friends," he said, suddenly. "I must apologise for dragging you away in so strange a fashion."

He passed an arm through one of hers and looked down upon her with a tender smile. Mr. Athanos Zeno was still seated at the little table as they passed through the smaller salon on their way to the garden. He was tapping his teeth with an ivory paper knife and leaning on both elbows, but he turned and bowed and smiled as they passed him.

## CHAPTER V.

Everybody felt a little startled and curious at Dobroski's abrupt departure from the garden with Angela, but nobody but Fraser felt altogether at liberty to speak of it.

Farley and the young American were still talking books when Dobroski and Angela returned.

"You will pardon me for taking away your charge," he said to Maskelyne. "I had received sudden and moving news in which I knew she would be interested. I will ask you to forgive me, too," he added to Farley, "for taking away your guest." He was quite himself again, and bore no trace of his late agitation. "Good-by, little sweetheart, I must go." He raised her fingers to his lips and kissed them, and shook hands—formally all round. "We shall meet again, I trust," he said to O'Rourke. "Can you spend the evening with me?"

"I am afraid I should be dull to-night," returned O'Rourke. "I was up at six yesterday morning, and have had no rest as yet. Can we meet to-morrow?"

"When you will," returned Dobroski, and so with a final salute all round he went his way.

A corridor or covered passage led direct through the hotel from the garden to the village street, and he took that way. Passing the center window of the larger salon he encountered the glance of Athanos Zeno, who seized the opportunity to bow and smile. Dobroski suddenly recalled to mind the fact that he had left the photograph upon the ledge of that same window, and retracing his steps, he entered the hotel once more. He found Mr. Zeno standing at the window, tapping his teeth with the ivory paper knife, and the polite Levantine made way for him with a dancing master's grace. When the old man stooped for the photograph which still lay where he had left it, Mr. Zeno spoke.

"Ah!" said he, in German, "that is yours, sir. A striking countenance. A friend?"

"An acquaintance," returned Dobroski. "A delightful art. And useful. So charming to have the face of a friend before one even in absence."

Mr. Zeno stood smiling until the old man with bent head had once more passed the window. Then his face fell suddenly into a thoughtful frown. "A trap for me?" he said to himself. "I think not. Even if so, a trap that caught nothing. He knew that clumsy cannibal whom he caught in the woods the other night, but he never guessed that I meant he should know him. I must find him another to discover, and after that another. He has some great coup on hand. He is not spending the better part of a year in this perfect quietude and in this little village for nothing. Well, he fooled Mauritz, and he fooled Bernardo, and he fooled Arnaud. Let us see if he will fool me."

(To be continued.)

## Increased Cost of Living.

That the cost of living is steadily increasing in other countries, as well as in the United States, is undoubted. In Germany prices have advanced to such an extent that what were a few years ago taken as a matter of course and regarded as necessities, are now distinctly luxuries to the middle classes. In a recent address the mayor of the City of Stuttgart, which has a population of 247,000, stated that during the last twelve months the city's meat supply had cost about \$600,000 more than for the preceding year. The agricultural products consumed in the city cost at least \$1,000,000 more than the year before. Owing to this great increase of cost the city was compelled to raise the wages of all its laborers and employes. Reports of like conditions come from almost all other German cities.—Harper's Weekly.

## Calling the Terra.

"I suppose," said the city girl who was passing a week in the country, "that you know all the different flowers."

"I reckon mebbe I do," replied the old farmer.

"What does the forget-me-not look like?" queried the girl.

"Oh," replied the bony-handed son of toil, "it's just a ordinary knot in a string th' ole woman ties around my finger when I go t' town an' she wants me t' git sunthin' fer her."

## Figuring It Out.

Father—Young Uperton is going to propose for your hand soon.  
Daughter—How do you know?  
Father—I hear he has been making inquiries as to my financial standing.—Illustrated Bits.

## THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.



## ELLEN TERRY A BRIDE.

Famous English Actress Marries Man 25 Years Her Junior.

Ellen Terry, the most famous of living English actresses, has taken to herself a third husband in James Carew, who was the leading actor in her company. The marriage took place at Pittsburg, but the announcement was not made for some time after its occurrence. The bride is 59 and the bridegroom 33 years old. Perhaps the best comment on the wedding was that offered by Mr. Carew's mother: "I was sorry," she said, "when my

ance of a puppy like a ball of worsted. I had established a very satisfactory basis for future friendship and was going on my way when I heard the rattle of wheels and yelping. Going back, I found the poor little beast had been run over and had two legs broken. As a big Turkish porter was passing I offered him a franc to put the puppy out of its pain, a work I did not relish. He was ready to take it roughly from my hands, but not to kill it. "That's different," he said; "to take life is wicked."

There are many repellent sights in Constantinople and it is hard to conceive a picture which more realistically represents a scene from inferno than an ordinary business transaction that occurs nightly. Dogs are the scavengers of Constantinople and every night the refuse of hotels and houses is thrown out into the street. A class of men exists which lives by rapping and diligently investigates the contents of these heaps, while the dogs snarl and bay around them savagely, resenting his intrusion into their perquisites.—Blackwell's Magazine.

## THE CHAMOIS.

Wary of the Shy Animals of the Mountains of Europe.

Exciting sport, the more exciting because of the hardships connected with it, is offered by chamois hunting in the mountains of Europe. The chamois are found everywhere in the highest mountains of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, in Transylvania, in the Carpathians, also in the Alps, and these extremely shy animals are regarded by all true hunters as the most desirable of all game. The chamois belongs to the antelope species; but, unlike its kin of the broad plains, it prefers the barren wilds of the high mountains, and, like the mountain sheep, the ibex and the mouflon, it selects in this territory full of chasms and canyons the most impassable regions as its lair. During the summer months the chamois roams in the higher altitudes, but in the winter time it must descend to find its food. After feeding it returns to its old impassable nooks, where it feels secure. As in the case of the deer, the male is called a buck and the female a doe; but, unlike all other animals of this kind, both sexes are antlered, the horns being called "kricken," but those of the doe are somewhat lighter than those of the buck. The doe brings forth one fawn every year, sometimes two, but very seldom three, which are very dearly loved by the mother and which she protects against all dangers.—Outer's Book.

## "Such Is Life."

When the late Edward Atkinson was a young man he was employed at the old Dedham mill, one of the oldest cotton factories in the country, of which James Read, an old-time merchant of Boston, was the treasurer.

Cotton was carried out on a wagon and the goods brought in by wagon by James Crosby. One day Crosby brought a letter to the office from the mill, which Mr. Atkinson stated shortly before his death, he had never forgotten. The spelling contributed somewhat to the composition, and there were no stops.

"Deth has been doin his work among us agin and taken one of our best weavers last Wednesday she worked in the mill and today is borne away to the shadowy tomb such is life only if I have misunderstood her Crosby about the peace of cloth for sample pleas to rite."

## Intended to Fear.

The kindly old lady from the country had purchased a pair of gloves in a department store.

"Cash!" shouted the saleslady.

"My land," exclaimed the old lady, fumbling in her valise, "I'll give it to you just as soon as I find my pocket-book!"—Harper's Weekly.

## She Said Nothing.

"Now fix your mind on something."

"I can think of nothing?"

"Fix it on me."

"That's what I said."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If there are two men in a town with side whiskers, ever notice that you often see them together.

## COMETS FORETELL DISASTERS.

Strange Shapes in the Heavens Precede All Great Events.

Does the advent of a comet presage war, or pestilence, famine or some other dire disaster to mankind?

It is the common belief that it does, and to a certain extent even noted men have subscribed to the general belief that when we see the wavering, uncertain looking shape in the heavens something is about to happen.

There is even data extant to warrant this belief, for history shows that a great many of the most disastrous happenings on this earth were preceded by the appearance of a comet in the heavens.

Accompanying this article are some of the shapes that comets have assumed in the past which have startled the credulous and superstitious people of earlier days. Each of the comets that have been reproduced from the most authentic descriptions of them obtainable struck whole nations dumb with dread.

The ominous shapes of these historic comets startled a careless world and repeatedly caused millions of men and women to be smitten with terror.

According to tradition each of the following momentous events was fore-



SOME STRANGE COMETS.

told by the appearance of a forbidding, blazing comet in the heavens:

1. The deluge, 2348 B. C.
2. The confusion of tongues at Babel, 2218 B. C.
3. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, 1998 B. C.
4. The overthrow of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, 1491 B. C.
5. Nebuchadnezzar's bloody invasion, 1140 B. C.
6. Destruction in Achaes of two cities—Hellee and Bura.
7. Death of Julius Caesar, 44 B. C.
8. The death of Agrippa, statesman and geographer, 12 B. C.
9. The Jewish revolt which led to destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A. D.
10. Death of Emperor Nero, 68 A. D.
11. The death of Emperor Vespasian, 79 A. D.
12. Death of Emperor Macrinus, 218 A. D.
13. Death of Emperor Constantine, 340 A. D.
14. Ravaging of Phrygia by the Ostrogoths, 390 A. D.
15. Defeat of the Huns under Attila, 451 A. D.
16. The epidemic that swept the Eastern hemisphere, 590 A. D.
17. Conquest of England by the Normans, 1066 A. D.
18. Death of King Philip Augustus of France, 1223 A. D.
19. The pestilence that swept Europe, 1305 A. D.
20. The triple terrors, war, famine and pestilence, that swept Europe, 1618 A. D.
21. Death of Charles I. of England, 1645 A. D.
22. The deadly London plague, 1665 A. D.
23. The War of 1812, by comet of 1811 A. D.
24. Our Civil War, 1861 A. D.
25. The assassination of President Garfield, 1881 A. D.

Here are some of the nations and persons that believed that the advent of a comet presaged disaster:

The Antediluvians, the ancient Jews from Abraham to Josephus, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Phoenicians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Grecians, the Arabs, the Romans, the Ethiopians, the Franks, the Huns, the Saxons, the Celts, the American Indians, and the Chinese; Enoch, Moses, the prophets of Israel, Alexander the Great, Origen, Tertullian, Chrysostom, Constantine, Bede, Thomas Aquinas, Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle, nearly a score of Catholic Popes, John Howe, Jeremy Taylor, John Knox, Milton, Shakespeare and Kepler.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Foundation of Japan.

Every Feb. 11 is celebrated in Japan the great annual festival of Kigenetsu, the anniversary of the foundation of the empire by the first emperor, Jimmu-tenno, B. C. 660. The Japanese reckon their present era as from this date, and it was on Feb. 11, 1880, that Mutsuhito, the one hundred and twenty-first of the dynasty, promulgated the present constitution of the Empire of Japan, the fundamental principle of which is clearly stated in its first article. "The Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of emperors unbroken from ages eternal." The organization of a parliament took place in 1890, which in the Japanese reckoning would be 2,550 from Jimmu's setting up his capital at Kishiwara, in the province of Yamato, which is regarded by Japanese historians as the beginning of the empire.

Many a bad man has been cowed by the milk of human kindness.