

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

He carried the little secretaire upstairs and there, locked in his own room, he wrote a letter which was destined for St. Petersburg, but traveled in the first instance to the care of one Dr. Brun, of Hollington place, London. In the solitude of his own chamber Mr. Zeno permitted himself an accurate and intimate acquaintance with the French language, little of it as he allowed himself for his present purposes to know outside.

Meanwhile things were going more pleasantly in the garden. Angela, with a little twinge of conscience, had informed Austin that Major Butler would be delighted to meet him and had expressed his great regret that he had been unable to make the call he had contemplated that day. The fact that the major had charged her with this message did not help her much, for she knew its hollowness. The major rather dreaded the advent of a man who wrote books and regarded Austin as a fellow who would be likely to know a lot of things and expect other people to know them also.

"Old meek wun of the party meself," said Fraser, with his own invaluable sang froid, "but o'v'e meed up me moid to go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" said O'Rourke. "That's a little sudden, isn't it?"

"I wish you'd come, O'Rourke," said Maskelyne. "But Major Butler is a dreadful Tory, and I am not sure that you'd care to meet each other."

"Major Butler might convert me, perhaps," said O'Rourke. "No, no. Clearly I am impossible." He spoke so perfectly a gayety and good humor that he

happened to get Maskelyne apart, and to question him about a matter which had puzzled him a good deal. "How does your dreadful Tory's niece contrive to be familiar with Dobroski, when a mere House Butler like myself is quite too terrible for the old gentleman?" I call him the old gentleman with no disrespect," he added, with his delightful smile. "And, of course, he may be a young gentleman, and still be the lady's uncle, though, again, he is her guardian, and probably

elderly."

"Dobroski and Miss Butler's father were dear friends," said Maskelyne, repeating what he had heard from Angela.

"When Dobroski escaped from Siberia he landed in England without funds or friends. Miss Butler's father found him out, maintained him, so far as I can learn, for years, and was a staunch friend to him. She has known him from childhood, and has a great affection and veneration for him. It is a difficult position, for he and her uncle are at daggers drawn. But Dobroski seems to worship her."

"Yes, I can see that," O'Rourke answered. "A charming girl," he added, softly, and in so natural a way that Maskelyne supposed him to be ignorant of his own interest in her. "There's romance in the situation, too," he continued, in a lighter tone. Maskelyne, with a mere nod in answer, made a move in Angela's direction. "No," said O'Rourke, putting an arm through one of his. "You don't escape me in that way. I have something to say to you, and I know that you will be shifty and evasive and underhanded in your ways until I have said it. Let me speak, old fellow. We shall both be easier. I can't tell you what I think and feel about that splendid loan of yours. I was really desperate. I don't know what I should have done without it."

"Very well," said Maskelyne, pressing his companion's arm with a gesture of affection, but speaking very dryly; "it is over now."

"No, my friend of outward marble and inward tenderness, it is not over. And it never will be."

"Once for all, O'Rourke, bury that confounded thing, and have done with it."

"Well, there, the thing is buried. I'll say no more till I can pay you back again. But I suppose you don't forbid me to think of it in the meantime? It was the only kindness in that way I ever had or ever wanted. I shan't forget it; that's all. And now it's buried."

On the following day O'Rourke took a quiet walk by unknown ways across the fields. He was a born townsman, and had but little love for rural tranquillities by nature, but he was already weary of the work of the session, and was glad to escape to fresh air and silence for awhile. One gentle little hill after another drew him on. He would see what lay beyond this gentle eminence, and then he would see what lay beyond the next, and in this fashion he sauntered on until he came in sight of a most exaggeratedly castellated house of gray stone standing in the midst of a dark pine woods. The building was of a moderate size, but its peaks and turrets dwarfed it, and from a little distance made it look at least as much like a child's toy as a dwelling house for real people. This was the chateau of Rouffy, and the present residence of Major Butler.

The wanderer, who had fairly good taste in most things, stood for a moment to smile at this preposterous edifice, and then walked on again. It was a day of cloudy soft light, and the air was wonderfully sweet. The woods were in the freshness of their greenery, and the dark hues of the contrasting pine set off the lighter foliage. A few hundred yards before him lay the first link of a river which went winding in a rounded zigzag until it lost itself to view behind the shoulder of a wood-clad hill.

He strolled down to the river side, and there cast himself upon the grass, and stared up at the soft motionless clouds. The stream ran through narrow banks then common near where he lay, and kept up a pleasant drowsy gurgle. Listening to this, he lay there enjoying all the delights of leisure after labor in every fiber of his body, until he fell into a light sleep. From this he was awakened by a rustle and the sound of an excretion gently breathed. Sitting up, he was aware of a gentleman of British aspect, florid, sturdy and well set, who stood on the other side of the river, red in hand, per-

suasively pulling at a fly which had lodged in one of the branches of a bush. Lying down he had been hidden from the angler, who, seeing him rise, gave something of a start.

"Pardon me, sir," said the stranger, in labored and very English sounding French, "can you detach that fly for me?"

"Major Butler," said O'Rourke to himself. "Is this Major Butler, I wonder?"

He answered, also speaking in French, that he would do his best, and walked to the bush. O'Rourke secured the branch to which the fly was attached, and cut it away, after which he disentangled the hook, and the angler and he raised their hats to each other.

Major Butler, for O'Rourke's not unnatural guess had hit the mark, expressed his obligations with some little difficulty, and O'Rourke, who was Paris bred, responded that he was infinitely delighted to be of service. If this were Major Butler, thought Mr. O'Rourke, it would be good fun to conquer his prejudices, and apart from the amusement, it would be agreeable to have a country house to call at during his stay. Then he thought of that charming girl.

He began by asking after sport, and the quality of the stream and the fish, and the major, who was an accessible and friendly soul when once the ice was broken with him, displayed his taste, and floundered on with his French in a very courteous and adventurous manner.

Presently he hooked a half-pounder, who behaved in a very lively manner, and was finally grassed workman-like. O'Rourke looked on with interest.

"They give plenty of sport," he said. "Capital sport," replied Butler, heartily. "They're not feeding well to-day, though. Two or three days ago a young friend of mine, an American, who's staying at my place, fetched out seven pounds in half an hour. Used a fly quite strange to the water, too, a gaudy American thing, but very killing."

"There can't be any Americans over here."

"Only one that I know of," said the major. "Maskelyne." He had time enough to think that this was the novelist, ten to one, and a very different sort of fellow from the man he had expected. "Pleased to meet you," he said. "Shall be glad if you'll look me up."

"Thank you," said O'Rourke, sweetly. "Thank you very much indeed. Maskelyne and I are very old friends."

"Not the novelist," said the major, silently. "Of course not. Spoke much too intimately from the first mention of him only to have met him yesterday."

"You are Major Butler?" asked O'Rourke. There are ways and ways of putting this sort of interrogatory. Butler bowed assent. "Maskelyne told me with whom he was staying. My name is O'Rourke."

"Oh!" said the major, blankly; "you're not the—"

"I'm afraid I am," answered O'Rourke, with so admirable a good humor that Butler could not refrain from a smile. "We needn't talk politics if we differ, as I dare say we do."

Honestly, if Major Butler could have withdrawn his invitation he would have done so, and he was a little annoyed with himself for having given it. But he bethought him, the man was a friend of Maskelyne's, and Maskelyne spoke of him in the very highest terms. But then again, there was something about—people talked—they said the Irish members were here to make terms with that infamous old scoundrel Dobroski, a rascal who chafed for royal blood and wanted chase to come again.

"Do you stay long?" asked Butler, with a diplomatic purpose.

"Yes, a week or two, perhaps more. A friend of mine—I dare say you know him—he's really a very distinguished man—Farley, the novelist—is staying in the same hotel with me at Janenne, and so long as he stays I shall stay."

Angela and Maskelyne were each a good deal surprised half an hour later to see Major Butler coming down the avenue toward the chateau side by side with O'Rourke. Perhaps at bottom the major himself was a little surprised, but he was certainly vanquished. He confessed that he had never met a pleasanter man in his life than this Home Ruler, whom in advance he had been prepared to detest.

CHAPTER VI.

Dobroski and O'Rourke sat together in a chamber of the Cheval Blanc.

"You thought my scheme a madman's vision when you heard it first," said the old man, in his tired and tranquil way. "But now? Speak without fear, and with perfect candor."

"I see a practical possibility in it," returned the other. "A bare possibility, but still a possibility."

"Possibility enough to make it worth while to strike when the time comes?"

"Possibility enough to make it worth while to strike when the time comes. Yes." There was something in O'Rourke's manner of repeating the phrase which made the repetition seem weighty, reflective, and full of respect for Dobroski's years and qualities. "But—" He paused with a look of thought, and drummed upon the table with his fingers.

"But—" said Dobroski.

"We must not lose the cause. We must not lose for want of a little candor. You have laid your scheme before me—given me facts, names, numbers. You tell me that I have your perfect confidence, and that I know now all you have to tell."

"There are details," answered Dobroski—"countless details. But the main facts are yours."

"I am not disputing, sir," said O'Rourke, with a smile which seemed to say how impossible that would be. "I am only recapitulating. But you see, Mr. Dobroski, I get these things from the fountain-head, and I am assured of their verity. But when you ask me to be your emissary at home you forget that I have neither your years, your first-hand knowledge, your history, nor your authority. In short, I am Hector O'Rourke, and you are John Dobroski. If I carry this prodigious scheme to the men in England

and in Ireland who would be ready to receive it and to take part in it what credentials have I?"

Dobroski turned his mournful eyes full upon O'Rourke and regarded him in silence for a time. O'Rourke bore the scrutiny with an admirable candor and modesty.

"That does not speak well for your opinion of the scheme," said Dobroski, after a noticeable pause. "I know, and no man knows better, that when we strike we strike for life or death. I know that a single indiscretion may ruin us. I have weighed the chances and counted the cost for years."

"I recognize the dangers, too," said O'Rourke, "but we must face them and outface them." He spoke lightly, but with an underlying resolve so clearly indicated that there was no doubting him.

"No, it is not the danger of the scheme that gives me pause. But it needed all your close and intimate knowledge, all the authority you carry in your name and your career, to make the existence of so vast a plan seem possible. I accept the scheme," he said, vividly, half rising from his seat. "I bind myself to it without reserve. Win or lose! But, except upon the fullest exposition, I would not have taken it. Except upon the loftiest authority, I would not have given credence to it. No, Mr. Dobroski, you must come yourself to England. Leave me behind to work as your lieutenant there, if you think me worthy of the post, but come yourself and bear the news and make the first appeal."

"I will go," said Dobroski. "If you think it needful."

"I think it actually needful," O'Rourke answered. "I will write and make arrangements. We had better not travel together."

"Good," said Dobroski. "I will start to-night. The longer the interval between my going and your following the less cause to suspect that we have a common errand. Perhaps I can be doing something in the meantime. I may tell your friend Mr. Frost that the plan carries your adherence with it? Your entire approval?"

"That it carries my entire approval with it," O'Rourke answered, slowly and gravely; "because it promises nothing precipitate, because it promises cool and cautious preparation, and good generalship."

"Aln't you busy?" he says, glaring at me.

"I haven't any customer," I say.

"I see," he says, "Not having any customer, you find time hanging heavy on your hands, eh? You couldn't get your stock out and dust it and put it back again, I suppose? There ain't nothing you can do to create the impression that you're earning your salary?"

"No, sir," I say.

"He swelled up some more and his neck got redder. 'Is there too little room for you behind that counter?' he says. 'Do you feel cramped for room that you can't stay there? Would you like to go out on the street and walk

"Most of us stand in need of that warning!"

O'Rourke. "We are too eager. We fritter our chances on affairs of outposts. That has always been our trouble."

"I understand," said Dobroski. "I will not forget your warning. But now, sir, I will say farewell. We shall meet again in a little while, I trust. We have not seen much of each other as yet, but I am not slow to read a true man, and I know that I have done well in trusting you. I have fought in this war for now thirty years and more. We have done but little, but at last the hour is coming, and all will soon be done or undone."

When he first said farewell he took O'Rourke by the hand and held him so until he had spoken his last word. O'Rourke looked back into the sad and passionate eyes that gazed into his own, and his glance was affectionate and worshipful.

The little toy train at the toy railway station at Panenne was getting up steam to be gone, and was making as much noise of preparation as if it had a thousand miles before it. Dobroski emerged from the doorway of the Cheval Blanc, followed by a stout female domestic, who bore a portmanteau in either hand. The old man caught sight of O'Rourke and bowed to him. O'Rourke returned the salute, and turning round when Dobroski had disappeared, saw Austin at his open window.

"Farley," he said, "I believe our old revolutionary list is leaving us. He has just gone off to the station with a couple of portmanteaus. Has he said nothing to you about it?"

"Nothing," said Farley, smiling. "Doesn't he take his fellow-conspirator into confidence?"

"Well, you see," returned O'Rourke, smiling also, "I haven't asked him for his confidence. And even if I did, he might prefer to keep it."

"Likely enough," said Farley, smiling still. "Hello! Here are our friends from Rouffy. Meet them for me, there's a good fellow. I'll be down in two minutes."

(To be continued.)

Frenzied Finance.

Joax (at the phone)—Hello! Is this Dr. Pillsbury?

The Other—Yes.

Joax—This is Joax. I wish you would come up at once and see what you can do for the baby.

The Other—What's the trouble with him?

Joax—He's financially embarrassed. The Other—Financially embarrassed?

Joax—Yes. He just swallowed a penny.

Merely a Suggestion.

His mother-in-law had been with them for three long weeks.

"To-morrow," said his wife, "will be mamma's birthday. I wish I could think of something appropriate to give her."

"Why not give her a ticket back home?" suggested the husband.

Needed a New One.

"That story," remarked the man who had been listening to his wife's latest bit of gossip, "strikes me as being made of whole cloth."

"So much the better," rejoined the wife of his bosom. "All the old gossip in the neighborhood has been worn threadbare."

Just the Thing.

"When I was young, my dear, girls were not allowed to sit up so late with young men."

"Then, papa, why do you allow me to do so? It would be so much more interesting if you would only forbid it."—Judge.

Notorious Screens.

Edith—Jack Higgins actually had the impudence to kiss me last night.

Mayme—The idea! Of course you tried to scream?

Edith—Yes—every time.



"I got scared out of a year's growth yesterday," said the counter clerk, confidentially, to the young man in the glove section.

"I told you how it would be if you did any practicin' around the house," said the young man in the glove section.

"If it was anything else but a cornet it would be all right."

"Oh, cut it out about that cornet!" said the tie counter clerk. "That don't bother anybody but you and it wouldn't bother you if you heard it. I'm getting to be a swell performer. Besides, I don't practice daytimes. No, it was 'Whiskers.'"

"Ain't your sales comin' on?"

"It wasn't the sales; it was Fan. He saw me huggin' her and he told me about it."

"Well, that's all right. He don't pay you wages for that."

"If he did I'd just as soon work overtime once in a while without extra pay," said the counter clerk. "Ain't she the little cutie? All the same, I nearly got heart failure. I didn't notice him until he'd started down the aisle and then I didn't want to break away like I'd been stealin' sheep. But thinks I, 'This is where I get a short-week envelope.' Here he comes, whiskers standing o' stiff on both sides and eyebrows bunched and cheeks puffed out and neck swelling over his collar. Ain't he the awful sight, though?"

"Ain't you busy?" he says, glaring at me.

"I haven't any customer," I say.

"I see," he says, "Not having any customer, you find time hanging heavy on your hands, eh? You couldn't get your stock out and dust it and put it back again, I suppose? There ain't nothing you can do to create the impression that you're earning your salary?"

"No, sir," I say.

"He swelled up some more and his neck got redder. 'Is there too little room for you behind that counter?' he says. 'Do you feel cramped for room that you can't stay there? Would you like to go out on the street and walk

"Most of us stand in need of that warning!"

O'Rourke. "We are too eager. We fritter our chances on affairs of outposts. That has always been our trouble."

"I understand," said Dobroski. "I will not forget your warning. But now, sir, I will say farewell. We shall meet again in a little while, I trust. We have not seen much of each other as yet, but I am not slow to read a true man, and I know that I have done well in trusting you. I have fought in this war for now thirty years and more. We have done but little, but at last the hour is coming, and all will soon be done or undone."

When he first said farewell he took O'Rourke by the hand and held him so until he had spoken his last word. O'Rourke looked back into the sad and passionate eyes that gazed into his own, and his glance was affectionate and worshipful.

The little toy train at the toy railway station at Panenne was getting up steam to be gone, and was making as much noise of preparation as if it had a thousand miles before it. Dobroski emerged from the doorway of the Cheval Blanc, followed by a stout female domestic, who bore a portmanteau in either hand. The old man caught sight of O'Rourke and bowed to him. O'Rourke returned the salute, and turning round when Dobroski had disappeared, saw Austin at his open window.

"Farley," he said, "I believe our old revolutionary list is leaving us. He has just gone off to the station with a couple of portmanteaus. Has he said nothing to you about it?"

"Nothing," said Farley, smiling. "Doesn't he take his fellow-conspirator into confidence?"

"Well, you see," returned O'Rourke, smiling also, "I haven't asked him for his confidence. And even if I did, he might prefer to keep it."

"Likely enough," said Farley, smiling still. "Hello! Here are our friends from Rouffy. Meet them for me, there's a good fellow. I'll be down in two minutes."

(To be continued.)

Frenzied Finance.

Joax (at the phone)—Hello! Is this Dr. Pillsbury?

The Other—Yes.

Joax—This is Joax. I wish you would come up at once and see what you can do for the baby.

The Other—What's the trouble with him?

Joax—He's financially embarrassed. The Other—Financially embarrassed?

Joax—Yes. He just swallowed a penny.

Merely a Suggestion.

His mother-in-law had been with them for three long weeks.

"To-morrow," said his wife, "will be mamma's birthday. I wish I could think of something appropriate to give her."

"Why not give her a ticket back home?" suggested the husband.

Needed a New One.

"That story," remarked the man who had been listening to his wife's latest bit of gossip, "strikes me as being made of whole cloth."

"So much the better," rejoined the wife of his bosom. "All the old gossip in the neighborhood has been worn threadbare."

Just the Thing.

"When I was young, my dear, girls were not allowed to sit up so late with young men."

"Then, papa, why do you allow me to do so? It would be so much more interesting if you would only forbid it."—Judge.

Notorious Screens.

Edith—Jack Higgins actually had the impudence to kiss me last night.

Mayme—The idea! Of course you tried to scream?

Edith—Yes—every time.

CAN PHOTOGRAPH THOUGHT.

Plate So Sensitive that It Registers the Mind Has Been Invented.

A photograph plate so sensitive it registers thought has been invented by Dr. H. Travers Cole, a Chicagoan.

This sensitized plate of mysterious composition will, when placed in utter darkness near the forehead of one man, register his thoughts by pulsations of light, changes of color, and rhythmical vibrations, changing as his thoughts change, so that the rhythm and the changes are easily perceptible by another.

It is a simple device, but it seems to prove conclusively that thought is an active force, like electricity; that every thought has its own form, color and motion; and that the rhythm and color of thought sent out from the mind may be recorded upon a plate yet more highly sensitized, so that it may be read by another long afterward.

Should Dr. Cole's discovery admit of further improvement, he believes that

it will be possible to bring about mental correspondence without the aid of speaking or writing, through the fixed impressions upon a sensitized plate reproduced like a photograph of things material.

To gaze into this little dark chamber which Dr. Cole has improvised so that the sensitized plate he has invented may be in utter darkness, and watch the small point of light, faint and soft as that of the glow worm, change from pale star color to red, then to pale blue, then to violet, growing larger and smaller with a rhythmical tide of its own, and to think that another being sitting several feet away with a small tube in his hand is producing those changes of rhythm and color by his thoughts, is to feel one's self groping on the confines of the soul.

It is an eerie feeling. But it is scientific, and it may be that this modest investigator in Chicago has found a new path into a more luminous field of life than has hitherto been traveled by the greatest of scientists.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Jefferson in a Keesee Coat and Other Relics in Pay Collection.

James Pay, an antiquarian among whose art objects collectors have been wont to delve and burrow, has placed his entire collection on exhibition in the former building of the Harmony Club in West Forty-second street, says the New York Herald.

Among the paintings the most conspicuous is a life-size portrait of Lincoln in oils. It is well known that Lincoln never sat for an oil portrait. But this is by William Mathews, who was the choirmaster of the church that Lincoln attended, and it is assumed that he had opportunities for making sketches from which the portrait was painted. For years it hung in the Corcoran gallery. A marble bust of Lincoln was his own commission to G. Lazzarini, and was presented by Lincoln to his friend, Morris Ketchum. There is a portrait of Thomas Jefferson wearing the fur-lined coat given by Keesee.

From the Jewel mansion is a high, curious combination of secretary and sideboard of mahogany, with a falling shelf and drawers and cupboards of different sizes above and below. From the Tuckerman house, in Washington, is a colonial couch, which is vouched for as the couch the pleasant duty of which it was once to give casual repose to the father of his country. An unusual variant of the Empire chair, but called the "Washington chair," is seen here. Its mark is the glided head of Washington, almost half life-size, which finishes each of the arms of the chair.

Large square Jacobean and Flemish clothes presses, oak chairs with the crest of Henry Clay and many similar objects of curious and historic interest complete the collection.

How It Struck Her.

"You seem greatly impressed," said the minister, "with my description of how they brought the head of John the Baptist before the king on a salver."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. De Style; "I was thinking how much better they trained servants in those days. Now, mine, when they bring me things, are forever forgetting the salver."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Suggestive.

"Mabel," said the girl's mother, "that young man has been calling upon you every evening this month."

"Yes, mother," replied Mabel.

"And I'd like to know what his intentions are."

"Well—er—mamma," replied Mabel, blushing, "we're both very much in the dark."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Poke at Her.

Miss Knox—I don't like her. She's forever talking about herself.

Miss Wileo (pointedly)—Well, that's better than talking about some one else.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Too True.

Dreamer—Do you ever see pictures in the flames?

Realist—No, but I see coal bills.—Broadway Magazine.

Photographs Thoughts.

It will be possible to bring about mental correspondence without the aid of speaking or writing, through the fixed impressions upon a sensitized plate reproduced like a photograph of things material.

To gaze into this little dark chamber which Dr. Cole has improvised so that the sensitized plate he has invented may be in utter darkness, and watch the small point of light, faint and soft as that of the glow worm, change from pale star color to red, then to pale blue, then to violet, growing larger and smaller with a rhythmical tide of its own, and to think that another being sitting several feet away with a small tube in his hand is producing those changes of rhythm and color by his thoughts, is to feel one's self groping on the confines of the soul.

It is an eerie feeling. But it is scientific, and it may be that this modest investigator in Chicago has found a new path into a more luminous field of life than has hitherto been traveled by the greatest of scientists.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Jefferson in a Keesee Coat and Other Relics in Pay Collection.

James Pay, an antiquarian among whose art objects collectors have been wont to delve and burrow, has placed his entire collection on exhibition in the former building of the Harmony Club in West Forty-second street, says the New York Herald.

Among the paintings the most conspicuous is a life-size portrait of Lincoln in oils. It is well known that Lincoln never sat for an oil portrait. But this is by William Mathews, who was the choirmaster of the church that Lincoln attended, and it is assumed that he had opportunities for making sketches from which the portrait was painted. For years it hung in the Corcoran gallery. A marble bust of Lincoln was his own commission to G. Lazzarini, and was presented by Lincoln to his friend, Morris Ketchum. There is a portrait of Thomas Jefferson wearing the fur-lined coat given by Keesee.

From the Jewel mansion is a high, curious combination of secretary and sideboard of mahogany, with a falling shelf and drawers and cupboards of different sizes above and below. From the Tuckerman house, in Washington, is a colonial couch, which is vouched for as the couch the pleasant duty of which it was once to give casual repose to the father of his country. An unusual variant of the Empire chair, but called the "Washington chair," is seen here. Its mark is the glided head of Washington, almost half life-size, which finishes