

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Do you think you may safely introduce me to Dobroski now?" demanded Zeno, with a smile of boastful self-complacency.

"Who are you?" Frost demanded. "How's it done? There ain't a feature." He stared hard at Zeno, losing for once his own shrinking gaze.

"Would you like to see it go a little further?" asked Zeno, laughing. He slipped his hand to his mouth, Frost heard a slight clicking sound, and there was his companion grinning at him with a horrible gap-toothed laugh, which startled him so that he recoiled a pace or two. Zeno laughed triumphantly and noisily. "And now," he said, when his laugh was over, "will you introduce me to Dobroski?" His voice had undergone a great change, and hissed and whistled through the gaps in his teeth like that of an old man.

Frost stared at him still, as if he were fascinated. "This gets me down," he said. "This gets me down, and kicks me while I'm down. Wait a bit," he said, somewhat recovering from his surprise. "I'll show you something." He pulled open a small drawer, and taking from it a photograph of considerable size, threw it on the table. Zeno took it, and after the merest glance stared up at Frost with an expression of amazement almost as complete as Frost himself had worn a few moments earlier. The photograph was an enlarged copy of the one which Angela had found among the stereoscopic views in the little exhibition of Janenna.

"How did you come by this?" he asked, recovering himself.

"Dobroski gave it me. I was going to show it to you to warn you off. There isn't a man in the neighborhood here that hasn't seen it and studied it. There isn't one of any note among them that hasn't got a copy of it."

"Dobroski gave it you?" said Zeno, in a new amazement. "My good Frost, I have been as cunning as a serpent. I have had down there at Janenna a bungling spy who did not know me, who was set to watch Dobroski, such a bungler that he was certain to find him out, and did find him out, and I had him there to draw attention from myself. I talked with Dobroski sometimes, a bit of broken English, a bit of broken French. I fooled him completely to my own idiotic satisfaction, and he knew me all the time. Oh, I tell you he is a master. Never a sign. A sign? Not the least, least, little, little sign for weeks, and he knew all the time! A master."

At that instant there came a loud knocking at the front door, and Frost, putting his head out of the window, peered downward.

"Who's there?" he cried. "The house is all abed."

"It is I, Mr. Frost," said a quiet voice below. "Can I speak to you for a moment?"

Mr. Frost drew in his head so suddenly and incautiously that he struck it resoundingly upon the woodwork of the window, and then the spy and the traitor faced each other. The same word was on the lips of each, and dropped in a mere whisper: "Dobroski!"

"Bring him here," said the spy. "We can tell between us if he knows me. A little courage. Take the bull by the horns. We can save all if there is anything to save—do all if there is anything to be done. Go."

With all this breathed in one rapid whisper in Frost's ear, he pushed him from the room. While he blunderingly descended Zeno advanced stealthily like a cat and restored the window and the blind to their old position.

"Do I wear anything he could know?" he asked himself. He released with rapid fingers a single button of his waistcoat, slid the bar of his watch chain through the buttonhole and transferred watch and chain to his coat pocket. Then he stripped his fingers of the rings he wore and put them in his purse, and as he did so he heard the jar with which the front door opened. His breath came hard and fast, and his fat cheeks were blanched, but he seated himself in a battered armchair near the fire.

"Are you alone, sir?" asked Dobroski, when Frost had opened the door. "Can I speak with you?"

"I am not alone, Mr. Dobroski," answered Frost. "I have a friend with me. Will you come in? He would like to meet you, sir. He is a countryman of yours."

"I will come in for a moment," said Dobroski. He entered from the rain, which was driving down rapidly, and as Frost closed the door he said, in tranquil and ordinary tones, "Mr. Zeno is here. He arrived in London this evening."

CHAPTER XI.

For a moment Frost felt hollow, and had some ado to stand upright. He held the handle of the door in one hand, and with the other propped himself against the wall.

"Zeno?" he contrived to say, in a voice which he knew to be much unlike his own. "Ah, The spy."

He expected some sort of instant condemnation, for to his startled mind the statement that Zeno was there meant that Zeno was actually within the house, and was of itself proclamation of the discovery of treason. He had time enough to be shot, stabbed, poisoned, abducted, and tried for treason in his own swift-darting, frightened fancy before Dobroski spoke again.

"Yes," said Dobroski, "he is here. It is well that everybody should be warned of him."

"Of course," returned Frost, trembling in his limbs, and speaking with a shake in his voice. "He seems to be a dangerous sort of fellow."

Dobroski mounted the staircase in silence, and entered Frost's room in obedience to a wave of the hand from the regular occupant. Frost followed in time to see Zeno turn in his armchair and look at the newcomer with a casual air. This was succeeded by a start of surprise, and

Zeno arose slowly and as if unconsciously from his seat.

"This," said Frost, who knew not what to make of Zeno's air, and was newly frightened by this—this is Mr. Dobroski. He was vainly casting about in his mind for Zeno's alias, when Zeno himself relieved him.

"I knew it," cried the spy, in English, and then with a sudden forward rush he threw himself at Dobroski's feet, and seizing one of his ankles in both hands, kissed his boot again and again, with wild, gurgling ejaculations which meant nothing to Frost's ears, but stood in Polish for "Angel! Preserver! Patriot! Father!" and a variety of expressions of worship and affection. Dobroski tried to withdraw his foot from this unexpected worshiper's grasp, but Zeno held on tightly, and the old man submitted after a while, but looked round on Frost with a questioning air which set that traitorous personage at his wit's end.

"Come," said Frost, stooping to seize Zeno, as the best way of hiding his embarrassment. "Don't you think you've done about enough of that? It's no luxury for Mr. Dobroski to have you licking his boots like a dog."

Zeno went on kissing and gurgling for a second or two, and then allowed Frost to drag him to his feet. The old man had walked by muggy ways, and his worshiper's countenance bore signs of contact with the boot. To Frost's utter amazement, tears were coursing down the spy's fat, white cheeks.

"I declare," said the Irish-American, in bewilderment, as he shook Zeno by the shoulders, "what's the matter with the man?"

"What is the matter?" demanded Zeno, turning upon him with smeared and tearful face and tragic gesture. "Behold the preserver of my life, my father's preserver, my mother's, the patriot, the chief, the idol, the god, of my unhappy country!"

With this he fell into a chair near the table, and dropping both arms across the table and his head upon his arms gave himself up to convulsive sobbing.

"I do not recall your friend," said Dobroski, looking toward Frost.

"No," cried Zeno, raising his head to his fellow scoundrel's intense relief. "I am of Warsaw. My name is Wroblewskoff. Marco. It is thirty years ago. I was but a lad."

He spoke in Polish, and Dobroski's look of inquiry gave way to one of pleasure and welcome.

"I remember," he said—"I remember." He stretched out a hand to Zeno and the rascal took it and kissed it.

"My mother blessed you with her dying breath," he said. "My father died in exile, blessing you. My sister's children cherish your memory and pray for you nightly."

The bewildered Frost asked himself repeatedly whether the thing were true or false. Dobroski released himself from the spy's grasp and walked to the window, and looked out on the rainy night. Then Zeno, turning upon Frost, began in English a story of the utmost circumstance, which he related with so natural an emotion and so complete an air of veracity that it was hard to disbelieve him, though the listener was certain he was lying. Once or twice, at the mention of a name, Dobroski turned and asked after the history of its owner.

Frost was eager and yet afraid to be alone with Dobroski. He had been horribly frightened all along. When Zeno had seemed to stand on the edge of a fatal blunder in respect to his wife's nationality, his blood had suddenly run cold, and he had eyed Dobroski in an agony of apprehension.

"Perhaps you don't know," said Frost, addressing his fellow rascal, "what sort of a muss you've got your features into. You'd better take one of them candles into the next room and get a wash there."

Zeno glanced at himself in the discolored glass above the mantelpiece, and feigning to be surprised by what he saw there, took up a candle and retired. As he entered the bedchamber he stumbled against a chair, and in putting it out of the way propped the door open with it. Frost approached Dobroski.

"I don't quite make out this news of yours, sir," he said, half whispering. "You say Zeno is in London. Who has seen him?"

"He was seen and recognized at Charing Cross station by two of the brethren," returned Dobroski. "Unhappily he was missed and lost in the crowd. They saw him take a cab, but in the confusion they followed the wrong vehicle."

Frost, standing with his back to the light, dared to look into Dobroski's eyes, which were illuminated by the flame of the solitary candle. He could read there no sign of suspicion, but he asked himself what would have happened if Zeno had been tracked to his residence—what would happen if he really had been tracked there, and if Dobroski were only playing with him. The fancy turned him cold.

"You have been looking at this portrait?" said the old man, striding past Frost, and taking up the photograph, which still lay upon the table. "He will be troublesome to us, most likely, but we are forewarned against him, and forewarned is forearmed in the proverb of many nations."

"My candle has gone out," said Mr. Zeno, presenting himself at the bedroom door with the candlestick in one hand and a towel in the other. Dobroski threw a photograph on the table, and Zeno, as he relit his candle at the other, glanced at it. "Do you know this man, friend Frost?" he demanded, laying a finger on his own portrait. "He is not a friend of yours, I hope?"

"Why not?" asked friend Frost, huskily.

"He is a scoundrel," returned Zeno, placidly, looking as if he noticed nothing, but keeping the keenest lookout on Dobroski through the discolored mirror. "He is a Russian spy, that fellow."

"How do you know?" Frost demanded. "He crouched over the fire and rubbed his

hands above the blaze to account for the tremor in his voice.

"How do I know?" repeated Zeno. "There was in Milan a national committee, and I was a member. This fellow tried to bribe me. I know his face. I should know it in a million, but I have forgotten what name he went by. That is of no consequence. I know the man. If you doubt it, bring him face to face with me."

"What do you know of him?" asked Dobroski. "Is he an able man?"

"A fool," said Zeno. "He is a Greek and he came to me at first pretending to be a Pole. I talked with him and he made fifty mistakes in a hundred words."

"How long ago was this?" Dobroski asked.

"Seven years next August," responded Zeno, after an elaborate calculation upon his fingers and much knitting of his sandy brows in thought.

"You will tell anybody you happen to meet," said Dobroski, taking up his felt hat from the table and turning to Frost.

"It is well that all should know it. I shall meet you again, Mr. Wroblewskoff," he added, shaking hands warmly with Zeno, who took the extended hand in both his and kissed it.

Frost lit his guest downstairs and saw him into the rainy street. Then he came blundering upstairs again.

"Well?" said Zeno, who was toweeling himself before the mirror. "Did he know me?"

"I do not know," said Frost, with extreme slowness, "whether he knew you or whether he didn't. But if an opinion is any use to you he was no more taken in than I was."

"Fool!" cried Zeno.

"Anyway," replied Frost, "I ain't fool enough to ask you to pitch your tent on my premises just at present. The best thing for you to do is to slide before the old man has time to set a watch on this particular tenement."

"Give me his address," said Zeno. "I will know whether he suspects or not. I shall call upon him to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

NEW FAD OF KANSAS FARMERS.

Have Public Sales to Dispose of Stock and Farming Implements.

Never was there such an epidemic of public sales on the farms as this spring. Seven auctioneers have been kept busy and others are in training for auctioneers' schools. Some of the auctioneers are "Colonels." They claim that title when they have "cried" 100 sales.

But it is only the result of the farmers getting rich—and of the land boom which causes much change of location. Central Kansas has reached a time when the farmers who have made their home here, writes an Abilene correspondent of the Kansas City Star, have acquired more material than they need to run their farm, or are anxious to change their residence, and so want to have a "sale." They go to the county seat and make arrangements with the auctioneer, and have their bills printed. The latter are put up in the post-office or are scattered on the fence posts of the vicinity.

The attendance on the public sales is usually good, nothing but bad weather keeping the farmers of the vicinity away. The women frequently accompany their husbands and form an interested portion of the audience when the household goods and canned fruit are sold.

The crowd that has looked over the possessions of the household curiously and nodded at the various flaws in the implements of the farmyard has also had a rude sort of entertainment. On every sale bill in large letters appears "Free lunch at noon," and some of them have the additional legend, "Bring your tin cups." This is Greek to the city resident, but the farmer knows what it means. It is a promise that there will be great steaming cans of coffee, with plenty of sandwiches and perhaps pickles. The task of providing cups for a hundred or two visitors is a formidable one, and the prudent housewife asks that the comers bring cups to use at this function. The habitual auction attendant is fully equipped with the cups to use on such occasions.

During the winter all sales begin at 10 o'clock, but as the days lengthen the noon start is more common. It all depends upon the amount of material to be sold. Sometimes there is something more than coffee to drink, but not often.

The amount of property changing hands in this growing method of disposing of used farm material is enormous. In this county alone probably seventy-five sales have been held since the first of the present year, and they have averaged more than \$1,000 each, or at least \$100,000 worth of second-hand goods disposed of by farmers to their neighbors. The same condition exists in nearly every well settled county of the State, and so common is the custom becoming that it is unlikely that it will show any diminution for some time to come.

Not What He Asked.

In these days of individualism in thought and action the balance of occasion tips more and more toward the personal. Even in the matter of spelling, the ego asserts itself in the face of tradition and history. "Bobby," in Tit-Bits, is not the only person who constitutes himself the final court of appeal in the realm of orthography.

"So you go to school, do you Bobby?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir," answered Bobby.

"Let me hear how you spell 'bread.'"

"B-r-e-a-d-e."

"The dictionary spells it with an 'a,' Bobby."

"Yes, sir; but you didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it; you asked me how I spell it."

Mexico is beginning to grow rice on a large scale.



If you ever have the opportunity to witness a balloon race, do so by all means, says Williamsport (Pa.) Grit. A horse or automobile race is not in the same class, and even the human race is quite tame along side of it. The excitement is not confined to the competitors. The spectators share it, and they feel as the balloonist does that it is a race against time and space, with death as a competitor with a possible chance of winning. The balloon racer is unquestionably above other racing men. He goes over a course in which ordinarily no obstacles can be placed, and he usually has the track to himself.

Above is a picture of a recent balloon race showing the balloons ready to start. There are about a dozen of them, and each one is tugging at the ropes which hold it captive. One almost fancies the great canvas spheres are animate beings and are eager to be off at the crack of the pistol, like a trained track horse. The spectators are standing about, sizing up the racers and the men who will race them. The balloons are really the racers of the aerial track, and the daring balloonists are the jockeys who will guide them over the course.

When all was in readiness, at a given signal the balloons were simultaneously released, and shot up into the air with a loud swish. A mighty shout arose from the assembled spectators. For a few moments the racers seemed to be about neck and neck in the race, and then the racer floating the red and white colors forged a bit ahead. A shout of frenzied delight arose from the partisans. Evidently the applause reached the ears of the man guiding it, for the balloon shot ahead another



forty feet as a result of some manipulation. For some minutes the balloons appeared to hold the positions attained at the start, and then the red and green noticeably gained on the red and white. The two by this time were far ahead of the others, and it was evident to all that one of the two balloons in the lead would win the race, and the betting became wildly enthusiastic. Farther and farther up into space they arose. Now they would appear to be going inland, and again as they entered a higher current of air they would appear to be going seaward at a frightful pace, and one would hear a groan of dismay from the spectators. Soon the two became mere specks in the sky, and it was no longer possible to learn which was in the lead. The anxious spectators learned the result of the race by telegraph two hours later, the red and white having traveled the greatest distance by far in the specified time.

There was not a hitch or accident in the race. In spite of the danger which is certainly always present with such sport, balloon racing is rapidly growing in popularity.

WOMEN AND THEIR HUSBANDS' MONEY.



JULIET V. STRAUSS.

Women are always telling a tale of woe about the tragedy of not having any money they can call their own and being obliged to ask for it from husbands who treat them like beggars. After reviewing the matter dispassionately, I confess to a sneaking sympathy with the men. Where does the money come from for the incessant demands of life? Just now I am desperately turning over in my mind various schemes by which living expenses may be lightened. Truth compels me to state that I have not hit upon any. I know that I have conveyed to my readers the idea that I am economical and thrifty. Far from it! I am one of those pig-headed idealists who are always working themselves to death and having nothing to show for it. Plenty of people with less to live on dress better and make more show in the world.

Whenever I hear a woman boast of being a good manager I always take it with a grain of salt. Good management comes in mainly when the smiling in a last-year's gown and a made-over hat. The best management in the world is in making life worth living to yourself and to your family. A woman can never do this by assuming a dowdier air about spending "her husband's money."

Many a woman thinks her husband stingy when he is only reasonable, and many a man gives in to his wife's pleading for money to furnish the house or send the children away to school when all his better judgment tells him the money should be laid by for a rainy day. I know women who are mean in money matters and men who have lived narrow, pitiful lives because their wives were of the skinflint disposition. Lack of money can come as near dwarfing a life as any other thing, except a narrow mind and a narrow creed. But we need not be hopelessly bound in shallows, even though we be women, custom shackled and seemingly at the mercy of some selfish, close-fisted man.

Let me say again, though I paraphrase Wagner, that liberty is a state of mind. I know women who have private incomes to apply as they like, who travel and see and hear all that is to be seen and heard, and who are not happier or brighter or much better informed than the writer of these lines, who has never in her life been free from poverty, who has seldom been out of her native State, who has never seen the ocean or the capital of the United States, but who is nevertheless a denizen of the world—a child of the universe, "whose lanterns are the moon and Mars."—Juliet V. Strauss, in Chicago Journal.

Could Not Fool Her.

Suspicion, once planted in the human breast, is quick and flourishing of growth. The countryman, proverbial bait for the wicked, is more often taken in by the innocent than by confidence men and thieves. Of such a type was the old farmer's wife whose story is told in the Minneapolis Journal. The ways of the city were a mystery to the good lady, and she resolved to be armed for every emergency.

The farmer and his wife were setting off for an event in their lives, a visit to St. Paul. They had been cautioned repeatedly by their friends to beware of sharpers. They replied that they would keep their eyes open, and started with a nervous determination to look out for confidence tricks.

On the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch, and the train went on without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife she was craning out of the car window, shouting something reproachful at him, which he could not hear on account of the noise of the train.

It happened that an express came along a few minutes later. The farmer boarded it and got to St. Paul nearly an hour earlier than his wife.

He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized her valise.

"Well, Sarah," he said, "I'm glad to see ye again. I didn't know but we was separated forever."

"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper!" she cried. "I left my husband at the junc-

tion. Don't be coming any of yer confidence games on me, or I'll call a policeman."

Hobson's Choice.
The phrase "Hobson's choice" originated in an English livery stable. Tobias Hobson was the first man in England to rent out hackney boxes. It may have been through an unshakable sense of justice, it may have been through laziness, but at all events this eccentric stable keeper obliged all who applied to him to rent a horse to take the one which happened to be standing nearest the stable door. And so the phrase Hobson's choice came to mean no choice at all.

But No One Laughed.
At an old-fashioned revival down in the Ozarks a woman was telling her experience.
"I used to care a lot for the vanities of this world," she exclaimed. "But when I was saved I saw that all my finery and jewelry and trinkets were dragging my soul down into perdition, and I took 'em all off and gave 'em to my sister."—Kansas City Times.

All Union Members.
Hix—I see President Roosevelt advocates an eight-hour day for wives. Do you suppose they'll get it?
Hax—Sure, if they demand it. When a woman marries she joins an union, you know.—Kansas City Times.

A lot of trouble would be averted if women feared men as much as they do mice.

Old Favorites

All quiet along the Potomac. "All quiet along the Potomac," they say, "Except now and then a stray picket is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro. By a rifleman hid in the thicket"; "Tis nothing—a private or two now and then. Will not count in the news of the battle; Not an officer lost—only one of the men, Moaning out, all alone, his death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night, Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming; Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon, Or the light of the watch fires are gleaming. A tremendous sigh, as the gentle night wind Through the forest leaves softly is creeping; While stars up above, with their glittering eyes, Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fountain, And he thinks of the two in the low trundle bed Far away in the cot on the mountain. His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim, Grows gentle with memories tender, As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep, For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as when, That night, when the love yet unspoken Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows Were pledged to be ever unbroken. Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes, He dashes off tears that are welling, And gathers his gun closer up to its place, As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree, The footstep is lagging and weary; Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light, Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves? Was it moonlight so suddenly flashing? It looked like a rifle * * * "Ha; Mary, good-by!" And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night; No sound save the rush of the river; While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead— The picket is off duty forever! —Ethel Lynn Beers.

The Merry Heart Goes All the Way. When you come to a wearisome bit of the road, Where the stones are thick and the path is steep, And the back is bowed with the heft of the load,

As the narrowing way is hard to keep, Don't stop just then for a wasteful sigh. But challenge the worst with steadfast cheer; If nowhere else, there is help on high— God's angels will hasten, your pioneer.

When you reach the lonesome bit of the road, Curtailed about with mist and murk, And you hear faint sounds from the dread above, Where shivering, grim hobgoblins lurk, Just laugh to scorn their doleful cries— This is the place to whistle and sing; Brush the fog from your fearless eyes, And close to the faith of your fathers cling.

When you stand at the sorrowful bit of the road, And a hand you loved his loosed its clasp; When streams are dry that in sweetness flowed, And flowers drop from your listless grasp;

Even now take heart, for farther on There are hope and joy and the dawn of day; You shall find again what you thought was gone, 'Tis the merry heart goes all the way. —Margaret E. Sangster.

Mattress from Roosevelt. John Baylor, formerly a plumber who has been in Panama for some time, has good reason to remember President Roosevelt. When the President visited the canal zone Baylor stood in line with others waiting to shake hands with him. Mrs. Roosevelt, struck by the fine appearance of the young American, called her husband's attention to him. The President then turned to Baylor and asked him if he suffered any hardships. "I would be happy but for one thing," answered the plumber. "What is that?" inquired the President.

"I'd give anything for a mattress to sleep on."

"You will have one, my boy," responded the President, with a warm grip of Baylor's hand. That night there was a fine mattress awaiting Baylor at the house where he lived with other workmen. —New York World.

Nothing to Steal. Minister's Wife—Wake up! There are burglars in the house, John. Minister—Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves.—Christian Register.

Entirely too much attention is paid to the affairs of the heart and not enough to the affairs of the liver.