

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"If, on the same day," replied Mr. Zeno, "twenty different men left twenty different Continental ports and arrived at twenty different English ports with a similar contrivance, they would carry a good deal."

"That's true," said Frost, "that's true. But what do you want to help dynamite into England for? That's no part of your game."

"It will be part of my game to know who carries the parcels, and by what ports they enter," Zeno answered, with a smile which looked uglier than ever.

"Oh! I see," said Frost. "But I thought—"

"You are growing curious again, good Frost. Do not grow curious again. Do not. Please."

"Give me my orders then," replied Frost, sullenly. "They're all I want to know."

"You will produce your invention this evening," said Zeno. "You will advise its immediate employment. The pretended book parcels can be made up anywhere. You can carry the necessary books over with you, and can cut out the insides, and fit in the tin boxes in Paris."

"I'm not in that show," Frost interrupted, rapidly. "I'm on English service."

"Very well. Your friends can do it, then. The date of departure can be fixed beforehand—of departure from the Continental ports, I mean. Each man must know from what port he is to sail, and at what port he is to arrive. Let me know all their names, their ports of departure and arrival, and the date. That is all you need to attend to for the moment. And now shall we go to dinner?"

"I'm thinking," said Frost, "that this special bird will not enter the arena, and if he did, he would not fight when he got there."

"Translate, my friend, translate," said Zeno.

"It might have acted, last week. It might even have acted the night before last. But that old mudhead of a Dobroski has got 'em for the moment dead set against it. And they're after him to a man, pretty nearly."

"Why, what is this?" cried Zeno.

"There was a meeting the night before last," said Frost, "and Dobroski was there. Sullivan, who's the bloodthirstiest of the whole bloodthirsty assortment, wanted to do a score of simultaneous explosions. Up gets Dobroski, and swears he won't have it. Says he won't make war against the innocent. Says he won't run an indiscriminate Malay muck against the wide, wide world. Says it's indecent and improper and indiscreet, and likely to bring the cause into general disrepute with respectable people. Says he wants to kill off all the tyrants privately, and enlist the sympathies of the churchgoing community, while he prepares his plans for a general assault against authority everywhere and all along the line. Then Brennan gets up on his hind legs and swears Dobroski's in the right. Then up gets Paulkand on the same lay. Then the whole boiling got converted, bar Sullivan, and took to hymn singing and passed a resolution that they would only lay out for the slaughter of crowned heads and commanders-in-chief, and such like. In short, sir, the trade in explosives is in a bad way for the moment."

Zeno sat down and looked hard at Frost. "Is this true?" he asked, when the other had finished.

"True as the rule of three," said Frost. "I reckon," he added, shiffling, after a pause, "that the old man himself was to have carried one of them parcels."

"Perhaps," returned Zeno, rising suddenly. "But if he will not, he will not, my good Frost. And now, shall we go to dinner?"

CHAPTER XIV.

Angela and Major Butler were standing on the platform at Janenne-Station when the little engine with its freight of three carriages steamed in. Mrs. Spry was so eager to open the door herself when the train came to a standstill that she gave O'Rourke no chance to render her that small service. The widow fell upon Angela with great fervor, kissed her, held her at arm's length to observe her, and then embraced her. O'Rourke busied himself in collecting Mrs. Spry's belongings and his own. Whilst the two women were still locked in their second embrace, the major caught sight of him, and came to his assistance, unwittingly.

"Ha!" cried the major, heartily. "You're back again? Glad to see you!"

"You know Mr. O'Rourke, don't you?" said Mrs. Spry, drawing Angela forward. "You don't know how kind he has been. I'm sure I can't tell what I should have done if it hadn't been for him."

O'Rourke emerged from the railway carriage and raised his hat to Angela, who responded to his salute somewhat coolly, as he fancied.

"What?" said the discerning young gentleman to himself. "Does she object already to my traveling in the same carriage with all those dollars? I wonder if I shall have trouble with her?"

During Mrs. Spry's visit Angela heard more than enough of O'Rourke's praises. The fortunate young gentleman was always doing something which, in the pretty widow's fancy, was worthy of admiration, or saying something which was worthy to be repeated. Angela had a genuine liking for her guest and a genuine unliking for O'Rourke; but she could not see her way to exposing his tactics.

The friendship which was forming between Angela and Lucy was of a very different and more deep-rooted sort than that which existed between the little American lady and either of them. The married woman had her own experiences to guide her, and she saw that the girl was sad at Maskelyne's prolonged absence. She more than guessed, too, that the young American had retired before O'Rourke's advances, which had been sufficiently apparent to the observant woman. And now that O'Rourke was so plainly paying court to a richer woman than Angela, his old friend's wife, who

had known him for years and had regarded him with an almost sisterly affection, began to think ill of him, and found it a painful and grievous thing to do.

Before Maskelyne's departure Angela's manner to O'Rourke had been that of open friendship, and now it was marked by a disdain so ill-concealed that, so far as Lucy was concerned, it might as well not have been concealed at all. The girl's mingled sadness and anger had been so evident one afternoon, when Lucy and O'Rourke had visited the chateau together, that her new friend's heart grew hot with sympathy for her and with indignation at the patriot, and on reaching home she marched straight to her husband's room.

"Ah, little woman," he said, brightly, looking up at her, "you are back again. Wait half a minute, and I shall be done for to-day."

"Austin," returned his wife, seriously, "I want to speak to you."

"Is there anything the matter? You look quite grave."

"Austin," she began, "I don't like the patriot, as you call him."

"Don't like O'Rourke?" cried Austin, in surprise.

"I do not like him, Austin. He is playing a mean part here. I am sure of it. And he makes me help him play it. He has done so, until now, but I am so ashamed and unhappy about it that he shall never do it any more."

"Tell me everything," said Austin, standing over her with a troubled face. "Let me understand."

"You remember young Mr. Maskelyne, the American? Did you ever notice him and Angela together? There was a serious attachment between them. Then came Mr. O'Rourke, and made—love to his friend's sweetheart, and I am certain he knew that Mr. Maskelyne cared for her."

"Well, well, my dear," said Austin, laughing. "Let the best man win. I should have thought you would have been pleased to see O'Rourke settled. Why, I've heard you advise him to marry."

"Yes," he answered, somewhat hotly; "but I never advised him to be treacherous to his friend. And that isn't all, Austin. Listen. It is no laughing matter. He made love to Angela—I watched him, and I saw it all. Young Mr. Maskelyne is no sooner driven off the field and the girl made miserable than Mr. O'Rourke comes here with this wealthy American widow, and under the very nose of the poor girl whose sweetheart he chased away, he is making love to Mrs. Spry. He is a fortune hunter, Austin. He is using me to get near this poor little widow. She's a dreadful simpleton, but she's a dear little creature, all the same. I own that Mr. O'Rourke has delightful manners. He is very clever, and he can be very charming. Austin, a fortune hunter is a creature I despise."

"Look here, my dear, I'll go and have a talk about this with O'Rourke himself."

"Austin!" cried his wife in genuine feminine horror. "I wouldn't have you speak of it for the world."

"You'd have me suspect an old friend and not tell him of it? An odd proposal, isn't it?"

"Austin! you make me angrier than I was. I will never speak to that base man again."

"Now, come," said Austin. "This is growing serious."

It had grown so serious that Mrs. Farley absented herself from the supper table that evening and declined Austin's entreaties to join O'Rourke and himself in the little garden afterward.

"You can tell him that I have a headache," said Lucy. Austin nodded and walked straight into his study, where he solemnly set down this memorandum:

To be observed. Candor and veracity. Feminine."

Then he descended to the garden and sat with O'Rourke over a cup of coffee.

"O'Rourke," he blurted out, "what's the matter between you and my wife?"

"Ah!" said O'Rourke, as well and as readily as if he had seen the bludgeon falling, and had waited to parry it. "You've noticed it, have you? What is it? She's annoyed with me. She gave me a real snub this afternoon on the way back from Houfouy. And you know, old man," he went on, with an air of half comic, half earnest regret, "she and I have always been such friends. Do me a good turn, Farley. Find out for me what's the matter and let me make my peace."

"You've no idea what it is?" said Austin. O'Rourke noticed a sound of relief in the tone.

"Not the remotest in the world. I mean to ask you about it," said O'Rourke, genially, "but I didn't like to do so for fear of seeming to exaggerate the thing."

He felt the situation to be awkward, but he faced it with his usual courage. At the worst he could feign a recall. He must take time to think, and must think clearly. "If Mrs. Farley hasn't forgiven me by to-morrow morning," he said, rising and setting both hands on his friend's shoulders, "I'll ask her where I'm wrong and beg her pardon. You and I can't afford to quarrel after all these years, anyhow."

He rocked Farley to and fro for a little as he spoke, and looked at him with a smile so frank and kindly that the novelist rose and shook hands with him in a little heat of renewed friendship.

"No, no," he said, with a laugh, "you and I won't quarrel."

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Zeno rose somewhat later than the lark, but gay and blithe as he had been during the progress of his toilet chanted a selection of scraps from the songs of all nations. Mr. Zeno, as befitted a man of his profession, was of an unconquerable hopefulness. His scheme of yesterday had failed, notwithstanding that it had seemed delightfully simple and certain, and so far he had not even hit upon another. Yet he was cheerful and good of heart, for he had at least achieved

ed a triumph in becoming familiar with Dobroski.

Attired in a frock coat, a glossy silk hat, spotless linen, and shining boots of patent leather, he looked eminently respectable as he emerged upon the street and took his way along the sunny side of the road to his customary restaurant. In a little while he hailed an omnibus, and climbing to the roof, hummed and smiled all the way to one of the gates of the Regent's Park, where he alighted and strolled like a gentleman at large into the refreshing expanse of green. Here he encountered Mr. Frost, who was also eminently respectable in aspect, though sad of countenance.

"Why, hello!" cried Zeno in his slightly marked foreign way. "Who would have thought to see you here? How do you do?"

"Hello!" said Frost. "How are you?" Mr. Zeno's gay surprise was intended for the benefit of a passer-by. It was his creed never to neglect a precaution, and near at hand was a man who had mounted the omnibus after him and had alighted at the same point.

"Why, I've got a lot of things to say to you," he cried, with a genial, careless loudness which could only belong to an unscrupulous open-hearted fellow who had nothing to conceal. "Come along. Let us have a good long talk together."

"I don't like the game you're playing," said Frost. "I haven't closed an eye all night. Seems to me I'm running into danger all ways."

"Ah!" said Zeno, smiling still, and hugging his companion's arm. "how one plies the poor Frost, who cannot grin, and cannot sleep of nights, and is running all the ways at once into danger. Come then, he shall be taken out of danger."

"I wish he might be," returned Frost, with a sulky air.

"He shall be," returned Zeno. "We will go by and by and make a call upon our dear friend and leader, Mr. Dobroski, and we will make complete submission to him and admire his patriotism and his humanity, and swear to live and die for him and then we shall be safe, shall we not?"

"I'm not afraid of the Dobroski lot," said Frost; "but the other crowd is dangerous, let me tell you. As for Dobroski, he's neither more nor less than a fool."

"Very well. Very well," returned Zeno. "He shall be as cunning as we can. Eh? We will go and see Dobroski first and will swear to live and die with him."

"And how long do you think you're going to play that double game?"

"Suppose that in my capacity of attached friend to Dobroski, countryman to Dobroski, trusted entirely by Dobroski, I deputized myself to watch him for the other side? Suppose, again, that being enthusiastic for Dobroski—Zeno's smile was a study in villainy and craft—"I volunteer in his behalf to watch the others, and to know their schemes, and to warn him if he should be in danger?"

"Well," said Frost. "What's my share?"

"You are entirely devoted to Dobroski," said Zeno, with his constant smile. "You are as devoted as I am. But you are also devoted to the others, who know you better. You will be a little suspicious and careful about me, and you will watch me if you please whilst I watch Dobroski. You will report to your old friends whatever conversations I have with Dobroski, and you and I will arrange the reports together so that they shall be nice and accurate."

"They'll nail us at it," said Frost, mournfully. "They're bound to nail us at it."

"Ah!" returned Zeno, cheerfully. "But we must not let them nail us at it."

"Couldn't we split the thing?" demanded Frost. "Couldn't I stick on with the old lot, and you—"

"Be found in your nasty, dirty, muddy Thames? No, dear friend, no. Let us work together, my good Frost. It will be so much pleasanter! Oh, ever so much pleasanter. See how nice that will be."

"I can see what you want the old one for," said Frost wearily. "He's been playing old gooseberry with the Clear and all his family arrangements ever since I left the cradle. But I don't know what the other lot have got to do with you, unless you're on for Scotland Yard as well."

"Now you are curious again!" cried Zeno. "I know what I want with the other lot. Let that be enough for both, dear Frost. And now shall we go and swear to live and die with Dobroski? Eh?"

(To be continued.)

His Sympathetic Friend. Friend—Got a cold, I see. Jinks—Yes, a little one. You ought to be mighty careful. That cough needs attention. "Think so?"

"It has a graveyard sound."

"Good gracious!"

"Awful dangerous time for people with colds—grippe, pneumonia, and quick consumption everywhere."

"Eh?"

"Yes. A friend of mine took a cold not half as bad as yours, last week, and in three days he was dead."

"My stars!"

"Fact. The doctor said my friend might have pulled through if he hadn't worried so much. Take my advice and try not to think about it."—London Tatler.

Made Her Creep. Pearl—Blanche has been nervous since the automobile show. She says she will never wear that horrid automobile coat again.

Ruby—Gracious! Why not?

Pearl—Why, one of those stupid reporters described it as being mouse-colored.

Unusual. "What are you looking so happy about?"

"My parishioners gave me a donation party last night."

"Well, that's a funny thing to look pleased over."

"But, man, it almost paid expenses."—Houston Post.

Occasionally you meet a man so unpopular he might as well become dog catches.



The First Boys' Camp.

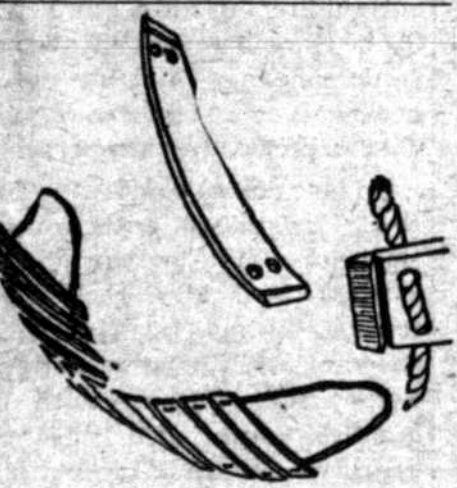
Which was the first boys' camp? Squam lake, New Hampshire, is their native heath, at any rate. Here Camp Chocorua was founded by Ernest Balch in 1882. I think that it was the first to exist anywhere. It closed in about 1889, and the boys jointly bought up the island, returning there regularly for a fortnight every summer until the late 90s; the open air chapel on Chocorua island, its wooded acre of sand and laurel, white birch cross and stone altars, being regularly consecrated in the Episcopal diocese, still holds out services throughout the summer. In 1891 I first went to Camp Asquam, which had moved to Squam in 1887, from Rindge, N. H., where it was founded by the present Bishop Nichols of Nebraska. At that time, when Camp Chocorua was out of existence, we called Asquam the second oldest in the country, having the impression that a camp somewhere in New York State antedated us, but not Chocorua. Be that as it may, the Balch camp's slang and customs exist in every one I have ever seen—"soak" for swim, "counselor" for what is called "master" at school. And I know of at least three camps which are direct offsprings of Asquam. Today, five dot the lake, which is but seven miles long.—Outing.

The Shot-Tower.

A mechanic named Watts of Bristol, England, used to make shot by pounding out bars of lead into sheets of the required thickness and then cutting the sheets into little cubes, which he rolled in a barrel until the corners were worn off by the friction. One night he dreamed that he was out when it began to rain shot—little balls of lead falling all about him. He remembered his dream the next morning and wondered what shape molten lead would take if allowed to fall some distance through the air. To determine this, he carried a ladder of the metal up to the top of a church tower and dropped it into the moat below. Going down, he took from the shallow water several handfuls of perfect shot. Thus came to him the idea of the shot-tower.



To make this hammock procure a clean barrel, take off the hoops and carefully draw out all the nails. Then draw a pencil line crosswise three inches from and parallel to both ends of each stave. Then, with a five-eighths



of an inch auger bit (using the pencil line as a center), bore two holes at each end of all the staves, leaving an equal margin on both sides, and sufficient room in the middle to prevent breakage. As some of the staves are wider than others, you will have to use your own judgment in the distance apart you bore these holes. To fasten the staves together obtain a piece of stout rope about 20 feet long. Thread the rope first through the holes from the outside part of the staves, then through the following hole. Repeat this until one side is finished.

Thread the other side in the same manner, tie the ends of the rope together, and to the loops on either end; fasten the staves long enough to conveniently swing the hammock. A space of about one inch should be left between each stave.

The hammock thus made will be found durable and much more comfortable to recline in than one would imagine, though perhaps not as safe for swinging in as the ordinary twine hammock. But then it is a novelty.

This hammock will be found convenient for camping parties; the barrel can be used to pack camping equipments and provisions in. The holes having been bored and the rope threaded through before it has been taken apart, it can be taken to pieces and formed into a hammock on arriving at the camp grounds.

Falling Asleep. You have all heard of the boy who went to sleep the minute his head touched the pillow, so dead tired was

he, but those indefatigable knowledge-seekers, the scientists, tell us that even in a case of that kind, the falling asleep is a matter of degrees; that the senses do not "drop off" simultaneously. The eyelids begin the work by obscuring sight; the sense of taste follows, and then smell, hearing and touch, in order. Touch sleeps more lightly than any other sense, and therefore is more easily aroused. Hearing comes next. Smell is one of the first to fall asleep, but it is one of the last to wake. Some parts of the body go to sleep before others, too. The sleepy influence begins at the feet and works its way upward to the center of the nervous system. That helps to explain why it is so hard to get to sleep when our feet are cold. The scientists find out lots of queer things, don't they?

The Garden Pirates.

A pirate's life is the life for me! My mates are brave and bold; Seven, and six, and five are we, Or eighteen years all told.

Hard-a-lee with the Susan, boys! Up anchor! Hard-a-lee!



A prize for the garden pirates, boys— A vessel in sight I see!

Give chase o'er the deep, green garden, boys, We'll capture her safe and sound! But slack-a-day, and a-well-away, The Susan has gone aground!

Shooting a Tallow Candle.

It may surprise the readers to know that it is possible to pierce a board with a tallow candle fired from a gun. The reason may be thus explained: When a candle starts from the breech of the gun its motion is gradually increased until it leaves the muzzle at a high velocity. When it reaches the board, every particle of matter composing it is in a state of intense velocity, and the particles of matter composing the board are in a state of rest. As the density of the candle, multiplied by the velocity of its motion, is greater than the density of board at rest, the greater force overcomes the weaker, and the candle breaks through. You will find many queer illustrations of that kind when you come to study the laws of motion in your natural philosophy.

Compensations.

"Are you happier now that you own your own home?" asked the solicitous friend.

"Of course," answered Mr. Meekton, "there is a proud satisfaction in having my own place. But occasionally I can't help longing for the time when my wife kicked to the landlord for repairs instead of coming to me."—Washington Star.

The Thing to Do.

Frank and Willie had found a dead bird.

"Let's bury it in my garden," said Frank.

"No; let's bury it in mine," said Willie.

"I'll tell you, we'll bury it in both, only in mine first," said Frank.

And they did.

Excusably Late. Rob Roy's little new brother, who had come only the day before, failed to appear promptly at the breakfast table, as Rob expected.

Hearing nothing of him as breakfast went on, Rob remarked indifferently: "Wonder if that youngster's got up yet?"

An Athletic School.

In an athletic school when a pupil broke a rule.

And the teacher from his desk had sternly said:

"Now, sir, stand up in your seat!" he might stand upon his feet, But more likely he would stand upon his head.

Out of Breath.

We had been going very fast, And when at last the train stood still, The locomotive panted some, As every locomotive will.

"My! what a run! It seemed to me Just like a race for life or death!" Cried Dot; "and I don't wonder that The poor old engine's out of breath!"

"Deprived of His See."

As an example of the ability of the juvenile scholar to evolve an unexpected meaning from his text, a correspondent relates that the following question was put to a history class:

"What misfortune then happened to Bishop Odo?" The reply came quite readily, "He went blind." An explanation was demanded, and the genius brought up the text book. "There, sir, triumphantly, 'the book says so.'"

The sentence indicated by an ink stained digit read, "Odo was deprived of his see."—London Spectator.

If a man doesn't marry his first love he's apt to regret it—likewise also if he does.

Old Favorites

A Leap for Life.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay, In the harbor of Mahon; A dead calm rested on the bay— The waves to sleep had gone; When little Hal, the captain's son, A lad both brave and good, In sport, up shroud and rigging ran, And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein; All eyes were turned on high! There stood the boy, with daisy brain Between the sea and sky. No hold had he above, below; Alone he stood in air; To that far height none dared to go— No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak! With horror all agaze— In groups, with pallid brow and cheek, We watched the quivering mast. The atmosphere grew thick and hot, And of a lurid hue. As riveted unto the spot, Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped, "O God! Thy will be done!" Then suddenly a rifle grasped And aimed it at his son. "Jump, far out, boy, into the wave! Jump, or I fire," he said. "That only chance your life can save; Jump, jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved, And for the ship struck out. On board we hailed the lad beloved With many a manly shout. The father drew, in silent joy, Those wet arms round his neck, And folded to his heart his boy— Then fainted on the deck. —Walter Colton.

RYAN TO GROW PEANUTS.

May Go to Africa Soon to Look Over New Interests.

When Thomas F. Ryan interests himself in any enterprise he is more than likely to get everything out of it that he can. He has made a profit, says the New York Tribune. When he acquired the 70,000 acres in the Kongo district it was generally supposed that he would be satisfied with the gold, copper and rubber in sight there. But Mr. Ryan, as a Virginian, knows the potentiality of rich soil, and as there would be many thousands of idle acres in the Kongo principally which he had acquired, and as his idle land would not yield any of the three great crops from which the greater part of his profit was supposed to come, he determined to put it to practical use.

Virginia is a great peanut State. The soil conditions in Mr. Ryan's Kongo domain are peculiarly well fitted for peanut culture. The best-paying grade of peanuts that come from the Virginia market are the so-called Jumbo variety, a large, rich nut, abounding in oil and general all-around nutrition.

Mr. Ryan is going to raise Jumbo peanuts in his mid-African property. These Jumbo peanuts will bring a big price in this market, and will be instrumental in breaking many a corner is now engineered by the shellers in Mr. Ryan's own State. Men with all technical knowledge of the matter have been sent to the Kongo.

Probably the most-used peanut is what is called the Spanish, an offshoot of what used to be exclusively grown in Spain. This is the little round peanut so much used for salting. In Virginia a greater part of the crop grown there is called Spanish No. 1. When the crop is short there the original Spanish is imported from Spain, but in fact, it is grown in Northern Africa. The conditions of the Virginia soil make it superior for this nut over any other section in the world except the Kongo district.

The Jumbo variety brings the highest price, however, and naturally it was that variety that Mr. Ryan selected for his crop. He will later grow the Spanish peanut, which, although cheaper, has a greater sale than the Jumbo. But Mr. Ryan's advisers, knowing that the Jumbo would have the greater sale if the price were lower, advised him to try that grade first. And that is the grade that Mr. Ryan will grow in the Kongo district, and from the proceeds thereof he hopes to be able to pay no inconsiderable part of the expenses of the working of his rubber plantations, gold mines and copper enterprises.

The Teeth.

The accumulation of tartar on the teeth makes them unsightly and is often the cause of a bad breath. If the teeth are properly brushed each day tartar will not have the chance to accumulate, but if it has already been allowed to do so it can be removed by a very simple treatment. Moisten the toothbrush in warm water and dip it into magnesia. Rub on the teeth, and after three applications the tartar will have entirely disappeared.

The Bane and the Antidote.

Gabe Gasball (on the