

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)
"It will be expensive," he mused. "What of that? They would give a million to have him. He knows everything. He is the mainspring of everything."

He finished his plans and went to a cheap upholsterer's. There he ordered a triple supply of everything he had noted down, one set to be sent to his own address in London, the two others to be packed separately in stout crates for transport by rail.

The tradesman thought the order curious; but the foreign gentleman gave it having paid twenty pounds down, and undertaking to pay the rest when the goods were ready for delivery, he forbore to puzzle himself about it.

In three or four days the old furniture was removed from Mr. Zeno's apartment, and the new furniture, glossy, new, and sticky as to the woodwork, and shamingly vulgar as to pictures, carpet, mirrors, curtains and hearthrugs, was all arranged in its place. When everything was arranged, Mr. Zeno, whose landlady had begun to think him eccentric, did a thing even more curious than the wanton and unnecessary refurbishing of his rooms had seemed. He walked out one morning and returned with a pale young man, who, in obedience to his instructions, produced a water-color sketch-book, a tube each of Chinese white and sepia, and a camel's hair pencil or two, and began to make a sketchy and ugly sketch of one of the walls of Mr. Zeno's chamber.

The pale artist made a drawing of every one of the eight walls, and when they were done and paid for the spy himself drew a plan of the two rooms, numbered the drawing in correspondence with the walls. When he had done this he made up the eight drawings and the plan into a neat packet, addressed it to a confederate in Calais, and registered it at the postoffice. One of the three sets of furniture, with wall paper, carpet, curtains, plaster casts, mirrors and chandeliers had been consigned to the same address three days before. The third set was consigned to a gentleman of Mr. Zeno's own profession in Vienna, and Austin Farley's plan was in a fair way to be realized.

CHAPTER XIX.

If Fraser had been given to the analysis of his own spiritual symptoms, he might have been a little surprised to discover how aromatic and tonic a draught he had imbibed in learning to hate O'Rourke.

"I've a bit of news," he said one day to Maskelyne. "Maybe you'll be able to guess why I bring it. O'Rourke's going to be married."

"Yes?" said Maskelyne, quietly. Fraser's bit of news was like a stab to him, but he was not the sort of man to make a show of his pain.

"He's engaged to a friend of yours," said Fraser. "It was you that introduced him to her."

"I think not," returned Maskelyne. "He did, though," cried Fraser. "I got the news from Mrs. Farley. And she got it from the lady herself."

"I introduced O'Rourke to an American lady here," said Maskelyne, rising from his seat involuntarily—"a Mrs. Spry."

"That's what I'm telling ye," said Fraser. "They're going to be married." Maskelyne sat down again without a word. "Hector O'Rourke is going to be married to the Mrs. Spry to whom you introduced him a month or two ago. There's no sort of humbug or nonsense about it, for it's a fact."

"I can hardly believe it," returned Maskelyne.

"Ye don't seem to be wildly delighted," said Fraser, "after all. I thought you'd skip like a young goat upon the mountains."

"I am very much obliged to you, indeed," Maskelyne answered. "I will go and see O'Rourke," he added, with an air of sudden decision and awakening.

"Well," said Fraser, rubbing his hands and beaming, "the interview ought to be a pleasant one. I'll not keep ye from it a moment. I'll say good-morning."

The two shook hands on the pavement in front of the hotel, and Fraser stood there to watch Maskelyne as he stepped into a cab and drove away.

"Now," said Fraser, nodding and smiling to himself, "that's not my ordy of an ardent lover. But there's spoke number nine in your wheel, Hector, me boy; and there's another or two in the course of manufacture."

Maskelyne wandered about in his own home-made labyrinth until he had quite made up his mind that there was no way out of it, or through it. But finally he packed up a portmanteau, took the train and carried his cobbles to Brussels. There they were just as strong and unbreakable as ever, and even when, a day or two later, he carried them to Janenne, they seemed to bind him in like strands of steel. But being actually at Janenne, he found that he had added a new perplexity to the old ones. He was still as far as ever from seeing his way to Houfouy, but he saw quite clearly that it was impossible not to go.

The day was inclining toward its close and there was a sense of ease in the wide fields to which he was not altogether inauspiciously broken up and down in spirit as he was. The fields were more inviting than the road in many ways, not least perhaps, because they offered fewer chances of encounter.

Bauntering in this downcast and irresolute mood, he found himself suddenly charged by a troop of half a dozen dogs, who all leaped and bayed about him, with demonstrations of welcome. Following them, a gun under his arm, appeared the major, and behind the major an attendant, who bore the dead bodies of a pair of well-grown foxes.

"Hello!" cried the major cheerily, while yet a hundred yards away. "How are you, old fellow? Upon my word, I'm glad to see you. How's O'Rourke?"

"He was in health when I saw him last," said Maskelyne, on whose nerves the mention of his wicked rival grated.

The major had not many people to talk to at Houfouy, and the unrestricted use of his native language was like a treat to him. He did not notice Maskelyne's silence until he had exhausted his own budget of news and had made his final reflection upon its contents. By that time it began to strike him that Maskelyne's manner was unusually subdued and serious.

"I say," he exclaimed, stopping short and turning to face the young American, "you're not looking very bright, just now. Been ill?"

"No," returned Maskelyne. "I have been very well. Major Butler, I wanted to say a word to you upon a topic of great moment to myself."

"Yes?" said the major, facing him, and transferring his gun from one arm to the other.

"You are Miss Butler's guardian," said Maskelyne; and this time the major's heart bumped, for he saw what was coming. "I have to ask your permission to approach your niece with an offer of marriage."

"My dear Maskelyne," said Butler, almost as hurriedly as if he had feared the offer might be retracted, "I am delighted to hear you say so, and I wish you luck."

"I am right in assuming that Miss Butler is free?" asked Maskelyne.

"Certainly," said Butler, "certainly. She's only a child. Never had a proposal in her life. I thought you had something of this kind on your mind when you were here before. That is, I fancied you might have. Will you speak to her yourself, or shall I?"

Before Maskelyne could reply Angela herself appeared at the edge of her favorite pine wood—at the identical spot, if anybody had known it, at which O'Rourke had been detected by Dobroki in the act of embracing the pretty widow. Maskelyne raised his hat and Angela came forward to meet them.

"I will speak for myself," said the lover in an undertone, "if you will allow me."

"Of course," replied the major, "of course."

He began to beam with triumph and complacency. Angela, blushing and pale by turns, walked toward them at so slow a pace that Maskelyne thought her reluctant. She shook hands with enforced smile.

"You have finished your business in England?" she asked. "Welcome to Houfouy."

"Look here, Maskelyne," said the major; "you'll excuse me for just a minute, I know." With that he turned tail and bolted triumphantly, and Maskelyne stood holding the girl's hand in his own. She made a little attempt to withdraw it, but he insisted on retaining it, and she let it rest.

"I had no business in England," said Maskelyne; "but I was afraid to come back."

"Afraid?"

"I don't know how I found the courage to come at all," he answered. "But I had to come. Angela made another little movement to withdraw her hand, but he held it still. "Miss Butler, I love you; and I am here to ask you if you will be my wife."

Miss Butler bent her head and said nothing; but he was not to be beaten now by anything short of sheer defeat.

"I never thought of marriage until I saw you," he pursued; "and if you say no, I'll go away at once, and be no more trouble to you. I'm a worthless good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, and I've never done anything but loaf about and spend other people's earnings; but I think I should be a better man if you took me in hand. If I didn't believe so I should be too much ashamed to dare to ask you. Will you try me, Miss Butler? I should have one merit. I don't believe anybody was ever so dear to anybody else as you are to me."

Still Miss Butler bent her head and said nothing. He took her hand in both his own.

"Angela," he said, "do you send me away again? Am I to go back?"

"No," said Angela, in an almost inaudible whisper.

CHAPTER XX.

The question of settlements took the whole party to London, and in London Angela called upon the Farleys. Lucy was delighted with the news of the approaching marriage. She and Angela were very confidential together, and suited each other perfectly. Lucy had taken a peculiar and tender interest in the young woman's love affairs, and had brought her husband to a quarrel with his oldest friend concerning them. It was hardly in nature that O'Rourke should be left out of their talk.

"I saw from the very first that Mr. Maskelyne cared for you," said Lucy; "and I thought you cared for him. But I was afraid at one time that you would lose each other. The course of true love does not always run smooth, and Mr. Maskelyne is very delicate and rather self-distrustful."

"It was my own fault," said Angela, with a blush, "if we were in danger of misunderstanding each other."

"No, my dear," returned Lucy, with gentle decision. "It was the fault of a third person. Poor little Mrs. Spry ought to be saved from that mercenary wretch."

It was not easy to see what could be done but to leave the patriot to his base triumph and the poor little widow to her inevitable sufferings. But it happened that when Angela had gone away, Fraser strolled in; and since Fraser had begun to hate O'Rourke, nothing had pleased him so much as to talk about his enemy. He talked about him now, and Lucy, who was full of the new proof of O'Rourke's wickedness, related it, binding Fraser to solemn secrecy.

"You see," she said, "that nothing can be done; but everything shows how badly he has acted. Nobody can tell Mrs. Spry. You know perhaps what women are, Mr. Fraser. They are very blind about these things, and they do not think

anybody who tries to open their eyes. It would only make her very unhappy, and she would still go on her own way."

"Tis like enough," said Fraser, but he smiled ineffably, and shook his head with a wonderful blending of complacency and pity. "Where's the poor deluded thing livin'?" he asked, smilingly.

Lucy told him, and he wagged his head up and down, this time with a smile that had a suggestion of anticipatory triumph in it. Very shortly afterward he took his leave, and all the way home he smiled. Home reached, he sat down at his desk and wrote this letter:

"My Dear Madame—If I leave this letter unsigned it is not because I desire to shelter myself behind the shield of darkness which the writer of libel occasionally finds useful. It is because I know enough of human nature to be aware of the fact that an unsigned communication is always read and remembered. If you will show this to Mr. Hector O'Rourke—if you feel that your happiness in any way depends upon it—why he resigned his pretensions to the hand of Miss Butler, of Houfouy, near Janenne. Ask him why he quarreled with his friend Mr. Maskelyne, and why he does not repay that gentleman the money he owes him. Ask him who wrote this letter, and why the writer is His Implacable Enemy."

"Postscriptum.—You may tell Mr. O'Rourke that if he chooses to seek an exposure in the law courts, I shall not shrink from the ordeal, or deny my handwriting, which he knows as well as I know him. You may ask him what that means, also."

"I'll teach the sneaking villain to play false with me," said Fraser. "There's nothing speaking in that, anyway," he added, surveying his own work admiringly.

And with this conclusion he walked out and with his own hands posted the letter.

Mrs. Spry had taken, for what remained of the season, a small furnished house in Park Lane. Fraser had written and posted his letter on a Wednesday afternoon, and on the evening of that same Wednesday Mrs. Spry had been dressed with unusual care and splendor. She had dined alone rather early, and after dinner had surrendered herself to the hands of her maid with full intent to look her best, for she was certain to meet Hector in the course of the evening, and was quite resolved to eclipse any possible rival.

While she was at the very flush of these fancies her maid brought her Fraser's letter. If the writer of the letter had known what he was doing he would certainly have spared her, for though he was thick-skinned, and upon occasion thick-headed enough, he was by no means a brute, and only a brute could willfully and knowingly have tortured anything, as Fraser now tortured his enemy's fiancée. He had shot his arrow at his foe without so much as thinking that it must pass through this feeble and tender bosom before it could reach him.

Mrs. Spry read the letter with a helpless terror and dismay. Her little white teeth clicked with hysterical passion, and her little white hands clinched and shook before her so dreadfully that the maid was scared, and retreated before her. She cast herself anew upon the couch with all her costly finery crumpled and disarranged, and cried herself into a mood of stony disregard for everything. It took nearly an hour to do this, and by the time it was done the big eyes were all puffed and swollen, and her cheeks were scalded with tears.

"When," gasped the little woman finally—"when did this come?"

"This afternoon, madam," responded the maid.

"Order the carriage!" cried Mrs. Spry, hastily gathering her opera cloak, fan and glasses in a reckless handful. She snatched the letter from the table and faced the maid, panting.

"The carriage is waiting," the maid replied; "but really, ma'am—"

(To be continued.)

All She Had.

In the absence of his wife and the illness of the servant, Mr. Taylor undertook to help three-year-old Marjory to dress.

He had succeeded in getting her arms in the sleeves and through the armholes of her garments, and had buttoned her into them. Then he told her to put on her shoes herself, and he would button them.

He soon discovered that she was vainly striving to put a left shoe on her right foot.

"Why, Marjory," he said, impatiently, "don't you know any better than that? You are putting your shoes on the wrong feet."

"Dey's all de foots I dot, papa," replied Marjory, tearfully.

German and Other Wars.

The revelation of the general trend of naval policy in the United States, Great Britain and Japan toward unparalleled concentration of fighting power in colossal ships has been unwelcome in Germany, because the policy of construction followed in the case of recent American, British and Japanese ships bids fair to render the German navy obsolescent long before even the scheme of augmentation passed in 1900 is actually complete.—Cassier's Magazine.

The Village Gossips.

Silas Hardacre—Yes, every Tuesday and Thursday night is "ripping-up night" with the Ladies Sewing Social in this town.

City Drummer—Indeed! And what do they rip up?

Silas Hardacre—Carpet rags, peddles and the absent members.

In After Years.

Anxious Mother—Little Bobbie cries for the moon every night. I don't know what to do about it.

Old Doctor—Oh, he'll outgrow that in time. When he grows up he will forget the moon and want the earth.

Bobbie—Did the prisoner really smile when the judge sentenced him to ten years in the penitentiary? Dobbs—Yes; he lived fifteen in a boarding-house.

HOW THE WORLD WILL BE SAVED FROM STARVATION.



A WHEATFIELD IN A. D. 1970.

Several distinguished scientists have recently pointed out that under the present conditions the world would in a short time be threatened with a serious bread famine. In a lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Professor Silvanus P. Thompson referred to this subject showing that as the demand of the white races for wheat as a foodstuff increases the acreage devoted to wheat-growing increases, but at a less rapid rate, and being limited by climatic conditions will in a few years, perhaps less than thirty, be entirely taken up. Then, as Sir William Crookes pointed out in his presidential address in 1898, there will be a wheat famine unless the world's yield per acre (at present about 12.7 bushels on the average) can be raised by the use of fertilizers. Of such fertilizers the chief is nitrate of soda exported from the nitre beds in Chili. The demand for this has risen from 1,000,000 tons in 1892 to 1,543,120 tons in 1906, and the supply will at the present rate be exhausted in less than fifty years. Then the only chance of averting starvation lies, as Professor Crookes pointed out, through the laboratory. Cavendish, Crookes, Dewar, and Rayleigh had demonstrated in the laboratory that nitrogen could be obtained from the atmosphere by passing air through an electric arc flame. This process has now entered the commercial stage by the construction and successful operation of the Berkeley-Eyre works at Notodden in Norway, nitric acid and nitrate of lime being formed in large quantities. The latter is extremely useful as a fertilizer. Our artist has depicted the further mechanical and chemical means which the future may have to employ in the production of its daily bread. The huge ears of wheat can be seen growing in long glazed alleys while strange lights are blazing from many points.

JUDGE JETER C. PRITCHARD.

North Carolina Jurist Involved in State's Rights Controversy.

A temporary truce was established in North Carolina where governmental adjustment of railroad rates brought on a clash between Federal and State authorities. The clash was of wide-spread interest because it not only involved the arrest of prominent railroad men, but it threatened to raise a question of State rights to be fought out in the next Presidential election.

North Carolina made a 24-cent uniform passenger rate. This was violat-

right of the State to institute suits and to prosecute them under the existing law. He ordered other prosecutions to be proceeded with, saying that he would use every lawful means to enforce the laws of the State. He held that the interference of Judge Pritchard prevented the State courts from performing their duties and would have tied the hands of the Governor. However, after President Finley of the Southern railway permitted himself to be arrested a compromise was reached whereby all questions under controversy are to go to the higher courts for settlement and the railroad agrees to put the new rates into effect.

Judge Pritchard formerly served eight years in the United States Senate, having been elected on the Republican-Populist fusion ticket. At the end of his term he was appointed by President Roosevelt to the Supreme bench of the District of Columbia, and one year later was elevated to the Circuit Court.

Setting Her Right.

It was a fine day, and the whole family had gone to one of the parks to see a ball game between two celebrated nines that were contending for the championship. Gerald, who was a member of the high school team, and proud not only of his technical knowledge of the game but of his scholarship as well, explained to his elder sister the fine points of the play as the game proceeded.

The pitcher had just struck out two men in quick succession, when his sister exclaimed:

"How dexterously he throws that ball!"

"Huh!" said Gerald, in a tone of the deepest contempt. "I guess you don't know the derivation of the word 'dexterous.' That fellow is a left-handed pitcher!"

Electric Elevators in South Africa.

The South African demand for electric elevators is stated to be rapidly increasing. The erection of many skyscraper buildings creates an enormous demand for construction material and on account of the scarcity of water for the hydraulic elevator these new buildings are largely demanding the electric lifts. Not only are the commercial emporiums putting in these electric elevators, but the hotels as well. As there is a decided tendency to erect more up-to-date hotels the call for such appliances should be much extended.

Same Old Qualifications.

"This," said the dealer, "is the best automobile you could buy; just the thing for a lady."

"Really?" remarked Miss Bright. "I suppose it's—er—kind and gentle and not afraid of electric cars."—Philadelphia Press.

Some men stand just inside the door ready to grasp opportunity by the back of the neck when it knocks.

Finishing is the hardest part of a lady man's job.

INDIAN SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT.

Contests in Waffle Making and Dish Washing by Girls.

In the extreme northeastern part of Indian Territory is what is known as the Quapaw Indian agency. At this place on the hill overlooking Lost Creek Valley is the United States School for Indians.

In this school are the children of the remnants of the tribes of Wyandotte, Seneca, Shawnee, Ottawa, Modoc, Quapaws, Peorias and Miamis, to the number of 130. The school was established many years ago by the Friends' church. It has always been, says the Kansas City Star, a place where the hand as well as the mind was trained, even after it passed from the control of the Friends to the United States government.

At the commencement exercises this year instead of a brilliantly lighted auditorium a platform built under the trees was the scene of graduation. Hattie Wright and Yvette Spencer gave a demonstration of the art of table setting. This was followed by Ruth Stevens and Reila Baldwin, who showed how to make waffles. The stove and waffle irons were on the platform and the waffles were eaten after they were made. When they had finished Eva Jamison and Esther Crozier washed the dishes, giving verbal instruction in the manner it should be done.

Mabel Spencer and Effie Walker gave an exhibition of that most abused of all arts, breadmaking, and they had excellent success, even though they were under the eyes of 200 critics, many of them housewives who had been making bread for many years.

This was followed by a demonstration of the way to do a family washing by Daisy Hinman and Ida Spicer. "From the mattress up" was an exhibition of how to make a bed correctly. The bed, the pillows, pillow slips and the bed clothes were at hand and put into place with swift, sure touches by Myrtle Walker and Ida Schrimper, Indian girls trained as housekeepers as well as in literature.

When it came to the boys the most interesting exhibition was the hitching contest. There were three pairs of contestants. Each pair of boys had a wagon and team. Upon a signal the boys unhitched the horses from their wagons, took the harness off, tied both horses with halters to the wagon wheels, then harnessed up and hitched the horses to the wagon again and started off. The contest was exciting and close.

The pair of boys winning made the remarkable time of two minutes for the entire performance, and the next pair was only a half-minute behind. The boys had been trained to the work and their speed and deftness were a revelation to their fathers, who had been taking thirty minutes for the same work all their lives. This was followed by Charles Clark, who gave a practical example of how to transplant cabbage and tomato plants. He had the plants and the soil on the platform with him.

There are no more pupils in the school now than there were ten years ago. The Indian children attend well. The industrial work particularly attracts them. The Indian must have something for his hands to do or you cannot keep him in school. The school owns and conducts its farm and garden, gives attention to stock breeding and gardening and has its own carpenter shop, built by the students. The school management attempts to divide literary and industrial work about equally in the school curriculum.

GOLD NUGGET SOLD AT \$47,910.

Man Who Discovered It in a Rut in Australia Died Recently.

The death of Richard Gates, in Woodstock, Australia, recently, recalls the finding of the largest nugget of gold in the world, thirty-seven years ago. On Feb. 5, 1869, Oates and a companion named John Deacon, were bound to Mohagui, Victoria. They were traveling along a wagon road in which the carts had made a deep rut and in the rut they saw something yellow glistening. They unearthed it and found it to be a gigantic nugget. It rested upon stiff red clay and was barely covered with earth. When they cleaned the earth off the nugget it measured 21 inches in length and 10 inches in thickness.

The lucky finders saw that it was a very valuable chunk of gold and conveyed it back to their hut. There they heated it in the fire in order to get rid of the adherent quartz. In removing the quartz a number of pieces of gold came off and the two men gave these to their friends.

When the nugget was taken to the nearest assay office it was found to contain 2,516 ounces of pure gold, and was valued at \$47,910. Following the discovery of the great nugget there was a rush of eager prospectors to the spot where it had been found. Two other nuggets, one weighing 114 ounces and the other thirty-six ounces, were found near by, but though borings were made, no gold-bearing vein was found within a mile of the spot where the largest nugget was found. The nugget was named the "Welcome Stranger" and was exhibited for some time.—Brooklyn Times.

Too Heavy.

"So the engagement's off between May Plumpers and Jack?"

"Yes, he says she was simply insupportable."

"I guess it must have been rather a strain on his knees; she's no fairy, that's a fact."—Philadelphia Press.

If you let others do your bragging for you, it isn't so apt to be overdone.