

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

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

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

Fraser graciously took the postcard and translated it into German. A Brussels chemist wrote that one or two of the ingredients in the prescription forwarded to him by Mr. Athanos Zeno were not commonly used in Belgium, and that he had been compelled to send to England for them. The prescription would be made up and forwarded in a day or two.

Mr. Athanos Zeno raised his hat once more and accepted the proffered postcard from Fraser's fingers, professing his infinite obligation. He had received the prescription some years ago from an English physician whom he had met at Berlin. It had always done him a great deal of good. He was a little unwell now, and he had been recommended to Janenne because of his famous air. He had expected to have had friends with him who spoke the language, but they had not arrived. It was not very cheerful to be all alone there, and to exchange a word with nobody. He trusted to be forgiven this intrusion.

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

CHAPTER IV.

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

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

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

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

"Can't you work to-day, dear?" "It's tingling all over me," he answered, with an irritated flourish of the hands. "Actually and absolutely tingling."

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

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

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

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

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

He saw but little of feminine society, and knew but little of women's manners or their interior ways. He watched with

a closer interest than he could altogether have accounted for at the moment for any sign of rapport between Maskelyne and Angela, and saw none whatever on either side. Dobroski sat by, silent, and many glances of affection and understanding passed between her and Maskelyne.

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

A voice spoke from the road below the garden asking for Monsieur Dobroski. The village postman, politely raising his official cap in general salute, stated that he had a letter for Monsieur Dobroski. He had inquired for monsieur at the Cheval Blanc, and had afterward discerned him from the road. Would monsieur please to sign for the letter?

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

"Excuse me," said the old man, bowing round when he had received the package from the postman. He broke the seals leisurely, walking to one side as he did so. "Angela!" he cried, suddenly, "come here." The girl moved quickly to his side, and saw at a glance that he was strangely disturbed. His face was white, and his eyes, ordinarily so calm and mournful, glittered with an unusual light.

"It is with you," he said, in a voice as disordered as his looks, "that I must share this so sacred joy. Let us be alone, little sweetheart. Come with me." He took her by the hand and hurried her from the garden to the salon, followed by the curious and wondering glances of the others. "Here!" he said—"here!" After these thirty-three years. Look! My wife, little sweetheart, my boys!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The letter was written in French, and he made one or two exclamations in the same language as he read, "Ah! the good Bremner! It was he," being alone distinguishable. Angela, with knitted fingers and down-turned palms, stood before him at a little distance. She had laid down

the photograph and the miniatures on the window sill beside Dobroski, and divided her serious and inquiring regard between them and him. He skimmed the letter rapidly as if in search of something until he reached the final page. This he read slowly and deliberately, breaking off once to drop the letter in both hands between his knees with an odd cackling laugh, which, whatever else it may have expressed, was absolutely devoid of mirth. After this he read on quietly to the end, folded the letter and the printed papers together, restored them to the torn envelope, and buttoned up the package in the breast pocket of his military looking frock coat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER V.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Zeno stood smiling until the old man with bent head had once more passed the window. Then his face fell suddenly into a thoughtful frown.

"A trap for me?" he said to himself. "I think not. Even if so, a trap that caught nothing. He knew that clumsy canaille whom he caught in the woods the other night, but he never guessed that I meant he should know him. I must find him another to discover, and after that another. He has some great coup on hand. He is not spending the better part of a year in this perfect quietude and in this little village for nothing. Well, he fooled Mauritz, and he fooled Bernard, and he fooled Arnaud. Let us see if he will foil me."

(To be continued.)

Figuring It Out.

Father—Young Upperton is going to propose for your hand soon.

Daughter—How do you know?

Father—I hear he has been making inquiries as to my financial standing.

—Illustrated Bits.

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—Mrs. W. J. BROWN, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also Manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Professional.

"Are you certain you can cook well?"

"Madam, I worked two years for the great tenor, Alberti. At the last dinner he gave I was applauded after each course, and at the end of the dinner I was recalled three times."—Translated for Tales from Fliegende Blaetter.

Wise Child.

"But, Tommy," said his mother, "didn't your conscience tell you you were doing wrong?"

"Yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I don't believe everything I hear."—Philadelphia Press.

Brutal Criticism.

"So you have been to the musicale. Don't you admire Miss Faddy's execution?"

"No, madam; I am opposed in all its shapes to capital punishment."—Baltimore American.

The Only Drawback.

First Girl—You know the older one grows the greater, I think, is a woman's capacity to fall in love.

Second Girl—But the fewer the men.—Detroit Free Press.

Incompatible.

The fire insurance agent was running for the office of tax assessor.

"Such a thing as that would never do! It is contrary to public policy!" exclaimed the taxpayers.

And his defeat was overwhelming.

Couldn't Touch Him.

"I tell you, sir, you're a liar!"

"Sir! If I were a fighting man I'd knock you down for that."

"I'll bet you \$10 I can prove it."

"Sir, I—er—never bet."—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Excuse.

Mother—I'm ashamed to think you can't do better in school. Why can't you lead your class?

Willie—Say, ma, you told me you didn't want me ever to be conceited, an' I notice when a boy leads the class he always gets conceited.—Philadelphia Press.

Ambassador Whitelaw Reid has given \$500 for the endowment of a bed for American sailors in the Union Jack Club, London.

OLD SORES FED AND KEPT OPEN BY IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD

Whenever a sore refuses to heal it is because the blood is not pure and healthy, as it should be, but is infected with poisonous germs or some old blood taint which has corrupted and polluted the circulation. Those most usually afflicted with old sores are persons who have reached or passed middle life. The vitality of the blood and strength of the system have naturally begun to decline, and the poisonous germs which have accumulated because of a sluggish and inactive condition of the system, or some hereditary taint which has hitherto been held in check, now force an outlet on the face, arms, legs or other part of the body. The place grows red and angry, festers and eats into the surrounding tissue until it becomes a chronic and stubborn ulcer, fed and kept open by the impurities with which the blood is saturated. Nothing is more trying and disagreeable than a stubborn, non-healing sore. The very fact that it resists ordinary remedies and treatments is good reason for suspicion; the same germ-producing cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore, and especially is this true if the trouble is an inherited one. Washes, salves, nor indeed anything else, applied directly to the sore, can

do any permanent good; neither will removing the sore with caustic plasters or the surgeon's knife make a lasting cure. If every particle of the diseased flesh were taken away another sore would come, because the trouble is in the blood, and the **BLOOD CANNOT BE CUT AWAY.** The cure must come by a thorough cleansing of the blood. In S. S. S. will be found a remedy for sores and ulcers of every kind. It is an unequalled blood purifier—one that goes directly into the circulation and promptly cleanses it of all poisons and taints. It gets down to the very bottom of the trouble and forces out every trace of impurity and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. changes the quality of the blood so that instead of feeding the diseased parts with impurities, it nourishes the irritated, inflamed flesh with healthy blood.

Then the sore begins to heal, new flesh is formed, all pain and inflammation leaves, the place scabs over, and when S. S. S. has purified the blood the sore is permanently cured. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Write for our special book on sores and ulcers and any other medical advice you desire. We make no charge for the book or advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Capital Punishment.

Capital punishment is still practised in many countries, though of late years, especially in the United States, it has been made as humane as possible. That creation of the French Revolution, the guillotine, is still used by some countries, and the old executioner's ax deals out justice in Brunswick.

The most humane method of execution, the electric chair, is used only in the United States. Spain employs the garrote, or iron collar, which is tightened until the victim strangles to death; and in Prussia the heads of prisoners are struck off with the sword. The guillotine is used in Bavaria and Belgium; and Russia destroys her criminals by shooting, hanging, and with the executioner's sword. The gallows is the official means of administering death in Great Britain; Austria has adopted the same means; but Chinese criminals are killed by the sword.

Safest.

The sentimental and lovesick youth stood gazing at the round, romantic moon.

"Yes," he confided, "the idol of my heart resides on yon hill. To-night I shall serenade the cynosure of my affections as gallants were wont to do when knighthood was in flower. Now, what instrument do you think would be the most appropriate?"

"Well," replied his practical chum, "if I were you I should serenade her with a phonograph."

"What? A phonograph? Why, a phonograph is nothing like as romantic as a guitar."

"Yes, old chap, but you can start a phonograph and then run to the tall timbers before the shooting begins."

Too Much Exercise.

Hop Li had bought a cheap but "warranted" clock. At the end of a week he returned to the shop from which he had procured his time-piece, with no expression on his face, but with evident bewilderment of mind.

"She go, click, click! click, click! all light, tree day," he announced to the young woman who waited on him. "I wind all light, samee you say. Nex' day she go click, click—click! click! click!—click!"

"I shake her up—so!—down—so!—lound—so! no good. She stop click—stop click—only go when I slake."

"I say give me one less slake, more click, click!"

Got Service.

The boarder who was a month behind with the landlady was surprised at the size of the heap of mashed potatoes on the plate the girl had brought him.

He was even more surprised when he found a folded paper in the center of the heap.

But he didn't open it. He knew what it was.

Carefully wiping it with his napkin, he put it in his vest pocket and went ahead calmly with his dinner.

You can't disconcert an experienced boarder.

A loud laugh, an over-vivacious manner betrays a lack of breeding. Copy the stillness of form, the quiet poise, which is the great charm of English women, while a vivacity somewhat under restraint adds that which is winning and piquante in the manner of our own countrywomen.

To an Italian, charged in a London court with drunkenness, the magistrate said: "Italians don't often get drunk. Don't set English ways."

Russian officers in camp receive money to pay for their meals, but in many cases they keep this for other purposes, and eat with the common soldiers.