

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

O'Rourke walked out to the front of the hotel and awaited the arrivals. When they came it was plain to his eyes that Maskelyne's depression of two or three days ago had not altogether left him, and, indeed, he had seen, in the visits he had made to Butler in the interim, signs that this depression deepened. But since Maskelyne's depression obviously meant his own victory, it was not in human nature to be greatly grieved by it. The signs of the young American's despondency were not visible to all the world, but O'Rourke was a keen observer when he chose to watch with extreme closeness. Angela reached out her hand with a frankness altogether encouraging, and O'Rourke accepted it with a finely toned air of deference and respect. All three of the newcomers had alighted and entered when Farley came downstairs, and the young American saw his ready rival take an immediate place by Angela.

"It was I who brought them together," he said to himself. "I have wrecked my own chances. And I never gave him a warning word. O'Rourke isn't the man to intrude himself between a friend and his hopes if he had only known."

At this moment his late delicacy seemed overstrained and extravagant.

"I am not worthy of her," he said. "O'Rourke is a better man than I am. He's not an objectless, good-for-nothing fellow like me, with nothing but dollars to recommend him. A man with a career before him, and a good beginning behind him. A handsome fellow, too; bright, receptive, quick. A man with everything in his favor. Why shouldn't a girl like him?"

While O'Rourke talked in his gay and sympathetic fashion, and Maskelyne looking out of window indulged these thoughts, there came a tap at the door and the landlady entered.

"A telegraphic dispatch for Monsieur O'Rourke," said she, giving the name a queer-sounding foreign twist, at which everybody smiled. O'Rourke took the dispatch, asked to be excused for a moment and opened it. He read it at a glance, crushed it in his hand and stood with an expression of displeasure and irresolution in his face.

"No ill news, I hope?" said Farley, approaching him.

"For me," said O'Rourke, looking round at his friend with a sudden bright smile, "the wretchedest ill news in the world. A whip—he held the crumpled telegram up before them—"a whip of scorpions," he added, with a laugh. "It drives me from your presence." He bowed to Lucy and Angela as he said this, and went on with a sudden seriousness. "Yes, I must go. I had an idea of refusing—for a single instant—but that is a thing I mustn't do. Farley, order a carriage, and pay my bill for me." He thrust a purse into his friend's hand. "I shall miss the local train, I know, but I can catch the mail on the main line. I must go and pack, and I haven't a minute to lose. I am the unluckiest of men. Back to work again from this paradise of quiet. And to miss the tour of the world."

He made his excuses and dashed away to pack with an alacrity and eagerness which had all the vivacity of bustle, and somehow missed its vulgarity and avoided its noise. He was down again in a minute or two, portmanteau in hand.

"I leave the heavier things behind," he said, gayly. "This will suffice for a day or two. I am sorry to go, but parliamentary whips dare not be disputed."

Then he let his face cloud somewhat, and, walking to a window, began to drum with absent-seeming fingers on the sill. By and by he turned and met Angela's gaze.

"I am sorry to go," he said, softly, "very sorry."

The carriage Farley had ordered drew up to the door and the departing traveler shook hands all round. There was no chance for a private word with Angela, but he threw into his parting glance and hand-shake all he dared to express at such a time.

"Five francs if you catch the mail," he cried to the driver as he mounted. The man cracked his whip and started. O'Rourke waved his hat to the little party gathered about the door, and his last glance was for Angela.

"I disappear with an air of some importance," he said to himself, "and that is something. Poor Maskelyne looks a bit too cowed to play up with any spirit for a while, and I shall be back again in three days. That again is something."

CHAPTER VII.

O'Rourke's departure affected the various members of the party variously. Maskelyne brightened up ever so little to begin with, but seeing that Angela had suddenly grown grave, he himself grew graver than ever and dropped into a veritable abyss of despair.

Angela did not need to be told more than she learned in that parting glance and pressure, and while O'Rourke rode toward the railway station in full assurance of faith that he had already conquered, she, in thinking of him, was filled with a cold indignation that he should have dared so to presume upon her innocent freedom with him.

"I am a flirt," she told herself; "a coquette. He saw it, and took advantage of it."

The novelist, whose strong point was love-making, and who rejoiced in the dissection of the feminine heart on paper, was beautifully ignorant of the drama of

which one scene was being enacted under his nose. His wife, who dissected nothing, knew all about the case, and would have loved to bring the two young people together, for, like all good women, she was a match-maker at heart. As for the major, he was a match-maker, too, but he knew no more than Noah whether or not the two young people had the faintest leaning to each other.

The dinner passed off fairly well, and then came the mild dissipation of the evening. The large room of the Hotel de Ville was found to be artificially darkened, for the evening light still ruled outside. Ranged about the chamber were a number of little tables, supporting little boxes, which stood back to back, with a petroleum lamp between each two of them. In front of each box a pair of stereoscopic lenses, and at the side a little handle to turn the views. Scattered here and there were a few early visitors already trying their eyes at the lenses, amongst them Mr. Zeno, who bowed with great politeness on the arrival of the party from the Hotel des Postes. Master Austin went off on stealthy tiptoe to join the delightful foreigner, who took him by the hand and called his attention in laboriously chosen single words to various curiosities of the show.

"Mountain. Eh? High. Oh, so high. Not? Vite. Snow. Vite fine. Eh? Look. Van uzzer."

After some five minutes of this amusement Mr. Zeno appeared to tire of it, and leading the little fellow across the chamber, raised his hat to the mother, surrendered his charge, bowed all around, and left the chamber.

It was a very simple entertainment, and yet it entertained, and the visitors went solemnly round from one little box to another for the space of half an hour, by which time all had stiff necks and aching eyes.

"My dear," said Austin, "I feel as if I had traveled far enough for a single journey."

"And I, too," returned Lucy.

"Really," said the major, "they're remarkably pretty, but one gets tired."

"We must come back for another evening," said Angela. "The Swiss views are really charming."

This was to Maskelyne, who said, "Yes, very," in an absent manner.

Suddenly from the far end of the room arose a cry. "Oh, mamma, mamma, mamma! Look here!"

"Hush!" said mamma, crossing over to him. "Little gentlemen never shout in that way. What is it, darling?"

"Mr. Zeno," said the boy, clapping his hands and laughing. "Mr. Zeno."

Lucy took the seat and looked through the stereoscopic lenses, and there was Mr. Zeno, sure enough. Mr. Zeno was talking to somebody else, and he and his companion were curiously out of proportion with the rest of the picture.

The photograph represented a court in the Vienna Exhibition, and it seemed probable that at the instant of time at which the artist had lifted his little shutter to catch the moving crowd Mr. Zeno and his friend had stepped into the field of view. The expression of both countenances was clearly defined and animated, and the figures were so large that they only came into the picture to the waist. The two were arm in arm, and Zeno had turned with a stretched forefinger toward the other, as if to impress him with a sense of importance in what he was saying.

"Yes," said Lucy. "It is Mr. Zeno, certainly, Austin," she said to her husband, who had followed half across the room, "this is curious. Here is an actual portrait of Mr. Zeno."

"Who is Mr. Zeno?" asked Angela, crossing over, whilst Farley stooped to look at the picture. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"No," answered Lucy! "a stranger. But he is staying at our hotel. Mr. Farley thought at one time that he was a spy, and he is not a nice person at all. He seems very fond of Austin, though, and it is certainly curious to find his portrait here."

"Here's an odd thing, Lucy," said Austin. "There's a fictional use in that, if I could only see my way to it."

Crash went something close at hand, with a sound of breaking glass. Angela had somehow overturned the box, and had broken the lamp behind it. She was on her feet, and her face, dimly seen in the semi-obscurity of the chamber, wore a look of more alarm and amazement than than so simple a disaster seemed to warrant. She lifted the box from the table, and Farley instantly put out the light of the broken lamp, and extinguished with his handkerchief and foot a detached stream of burning oil which had already begun to trickle from the table to the floor.

While this was doing, Angela with the box in both hands, had walked across the room, and at the door had encountered the woman who had charge of the exhibition.

"Madame," she said, rapidly in French, "I have by accident broken a lamp. Let me pay you for it. Have you a private room here? Show me to it, if you please."

Her breathing was so quick and disturbed that these simple phrases were panted rather than spoken.

"Certainly, madame," said the woman, and led the way into a side room illuminated by a brace of tall candles. Angela set the box she carried upon the table between the candles, and turned it rapidly this way and that.

"Heard in the Green Room. First Actor—Congratulate me, old man. I have been married just ten years to-day to one woman."

Second Actor—That's nothing. I've been married twice to my present wife in five years."

Ox wagon competition makes certain short railroad lines in South Africa unprofitable.

"How do you open this box, madame?" "So," said the woman, in surprise, producing a small key, and suiting the action to the word.

"Take out the photographs, if you please." The woman obeyed, wondering more and more, and Angela, taking them from her hand, selected that which bore the portrait of Mr. Zeno. "I wish to buy this," she said, drawing forth her purse and laying a gold coin upon the table. "Will that pay you for the broken lamp and the photograph?"

"Assuredly," the woman answered. The whole thing was curious, and she would have been well content to have it explained, but her visitor chose to offer no explanation.

Angela thrust the photograph into her bosom, and, having rearranged her dress, rejoined her friends.

"I have paid for the broken lamp," she said to the major.

Half an hour later Butler demanded his carriage, bade his host and hostess adieu, and went away with Angela and Maskelyne. The girl was silent all the way home, but when the chateau was reached, she found herself alone with Maskelyne and spoke.

"Mr. Maskelyne, may I ask you to do me a very great favor?"

"I shall be delighted," said Maskelyne.

"Let me explain," she said, rapidly and eagerly. "You know this face?" She held the photograph before him, and indicated Zeno with the tip of a finger.

"Yes," said Maskelyne. "I know the face. The man at the Hotel des Postes—Zeno."

"You see he is in close conversation with some one there?"

"Yes."

"That man with whom he is walking and talking there, arm in arm, is Mr. Dobroski's bitterest enemy—a Pole, but a spy in the pay of the Russian government."

"You know that?" said Maskelyne, looking up at her.

"Mr. Dobroski showed me his photograph a week ago. I should know the man among a thousand."

"It is not a face about which one could easily be mistaken," Maskelyne allowed. "What must I do?"

"Do you see to what the companionship of these two men and this man's presence here point?" she asked him. "You won't think me foolish or romantic, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"I should be very much inclined to say," returned Maskelyne, "that it points in the direction of Mr. Farley's fancy, and this fellow Zeno is a spy upon Dobroski. Of course the companionship may be a chance, and Zeno's being here an accident."

"Do you think that very probable, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"It may be," said Maskelyne. "But we cannot tell. What am I to do, Miss Butler?"

"Will you—" she began, and broke off there. "Mr. Dobroski has gone to Brussels. He left this afternoon, and gave the people of the Cheval Blanc no address. He is a known figure everywhere, and it will be easy to find him."

"You wish me to find him, and to let him know of this?"

"To put it in his hands," answered Angela.

"Yes," he said, accepting the proffered photograph and bestowing it in his breast pocket. "I will take the morning mail."

CHAPTER VIII.

The driver, bearing in mind O'Rourke's promise of five francs in case the station were reached in time for the mail train, put his fat-ribbed, heavy-footed horse to the road at such a pace that O'Rourke had five minutes to wait for the train. He secured a ticket for the first stage of his journey, and walked on to the platform carrying his portmanteau. He had been thinking of Angela and Maskelyne and his own chances all the way; but now he suddenly recalled Dobroski to mind. That venerable conspirator and he would travel to England together, for Dobroski was on the train.

Nothing occurred to make the journey particularly remarkable, and the two companions were silent for the most part. A brace of early tourists recognized Dobroski and O'Rourke at Brussels, and pointed them out to another; and at Dover they were known again, and created a little stir as they walked up and down the platform, side by side, waiting for the train.

They arranged where to meet again, and Dobroski betook himself to the streets, whilst O'Rourke went upstairs to sleep, giving injunctions to his servant to call him in four hours precisely. But after entering the bed chamber and locking the door he stood awhile in thought, and then suddenly reopening the door, descended to his private working room, and there wrote a telegram. The telegram was addressed to George Frost, Esquire, at a house in Piccadilly, and ran thus: "Call at once. Special." It did no purport to come from Hector O'Rourke, but from one O. Johnson of Acre Buildings. Anyway, at 1 o'clock precisely a gentleman with a peaked beard, a furtive eye, a soft hat and an accent blended of the accents of Erin and Columbia, presented himself at the door of the house in which O'Rourke had chambers, and sent in a card which bore the name of Mr. George Frost in flourishing copperplate. He was shown up, and when the door was closed behind him, the occupant of the room rose with a smile of welcome and gripped him heartily by the hand.

(To be continued.)



TAKE YOUR HOUSEHOLD

Attachment for Pans. So many housewives have suffered burned fingers while examining the contents of a boiling pot that it is small wonder they are anxious to procure some utensil which would obviate this disagreeable feature of housekeeping. An Ohio inventor seems to have attained the coveted utensil in the very simple attachment shown in the illustration. As here shown the cooking pot is provided with a handle of more than the average length. In connection with the handle, in close reach of the user's hand is a small lever. By grasping the latter and forcing it down a connecting rod raises the lid of the pot, the lid being hinged to the edge of the post close to the handle. There is absolutely no danger of burning the fingers or hand. Another advantage is the fact that any liquid in the pot can also be drained off quickly and with ease.



LEVER LIFTS COVER.

A Simple Steamed Pudding. Sift together one cup of entire wheat flour, half a cup of white flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, mace and cloves mixed together. Beat one egg. Add half a cup each of molasses and milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Stir in four tablespoonfuls of melted butter and three-fourths of a cup of fruit (currants, sultana raisins, citron, candied peel, chopped figs, dates or prunes), either a variety or a combination of two or more. Steam two and one-half hours. Serve with hard sauce. The dry ingredients might be sifted into a mixing bowl and the fruit gotten ready beforehand, but the liquid should not be added until time of cooking.

Marble Spice Cake.

Cream three-quarters of a cup of butter with two cups of sugar, then divide into equal parts. Into one part put the beaten yolks of four eggs and the stiffened whites into the other half. Into the light part stir three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk and two small cups of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Into the dark part put a teaspoonful of allspice, one-half teaspoonful each of ginger, cloves and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Stir the two parts lightly together, not enough to blend them, but just enough to give the batter a "marbled" effect. Bake in a loaf tin.

Seasoning Apple Pies.

For the average-sized pie take three-quarters cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, for apples are always improved by salt, two level tablespoonfuls of flour to absorb the juice, and one-half level teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix all the seasoning together, then sprinkle a part of it over the under crust before putting in any of the apple. Put the apples in three layers, with seasoning between; then moisten in the edges of the crust and press together well. Now cut several gashings in the top crust, for the steam to escape; the juice will be taken up by the flour and none of the pie will be lost.

Cabbage and Pepper Salad.

Use a crisp, tender white cabbage; remove the wilted leaves, divide into quarters and cut off most of the core. Let stand in cold, salted water for one hour. Drain and slice as fine as possible. Drain it well and pour over a sour cream dressing. Mix two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice with one cup of sour cream, add a saltspoon of salt and two tablespoons of sweet green peppers minced fine. This dressing may be used on sliced tomatoes or cucumbers.

Ping-Pong Balls.

Two teaspoonfuls melted butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two and one-half cups rolled oats, one teaspoonful baking powder, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cream the butter and sugar, beat eggs and add vanilla and salt and mix all together; then add rolled oats and baking powder. Stir well and drop by spoonful into pan, pinching up into shape with fingers. Bake ten minutes in quite a hot oven. Do not brown too much.

To Clean Knives.

An easy way to clean knives is to use a small piece of old Brussels carpet, sprinkled well with either bath brick or emery powder and slightly moistened with menthylated spirit. Double over and rub the knives backward and forward, using the left hand to steady the carpet.

For that Dandruff

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

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"What beastly weather you have here!" exclaimed the stranger.
"Yes, we do sometimes," said the native. "We are fortunate just now, however, in having a succession of fine days."
"Fine days? Why, it rains nearly all the time!"
"What of that? They're warm rains, aren't they?"

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Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

Good Measure.

Hicks—That poet you introduced me to last night seems to be a very generous, open-handed fellow.

Wicks—Yes. All his sonnets have fifteen lines.—Somerville Journal.

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Why Not?

"This bill," said the man of the house, angrily looking it over, "is two or three times as large as it ought to be."

"No, sir," insisted the paper hanger. "That bill is exactly what it ought to be, and exactly what it would have been if you had had these rooms decorated properly and in accordance with the scheme I submitted to you, sir. It isn't my fault that you turned it down and made me debase my art by doing a commonplace job. By the beard of the prophet, sir, I ought to have charged you four prices for having to do such a piece of botchwork as this!"

For, lo, has not a paper hanger as good a right as any other man to be the possessor of the artistic temperament?

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