

# THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

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

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

"Would you like to see it go a little further?" asked Zeno, laughing. He slipped his hand to his mouth, Frost heard a slight clicking sound, and there was his companion grinning at him with a horrible gap-toothed laugh, which startled him so that he recoiled a pace or two. Zeno laughed triumphantly and noisily.

"And now," he said, when his laugh was over, "will you introduce me to Dobroski?" His voice had undergone a great change, and hissed and whistled through the gaps in his teeth like that of an old man.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

darting, frightened fancy before Dobroski spoke again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

would happen if he really had been tracked there, and if Dobroski were only playing with him. The fancy turned him cold.

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

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

"Why not?" asked friend Frost, huskily.

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

"How do you know?" Frost demanded. He crouched over the fire and rubbed his hands above the blaze to account for the tremor in his voice.

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

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

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

"How long ago was this?" Dobroski asked.

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

"You will tell anybody you happen to meet," said Dobroski, taking up his hat from the table and turning to Frost. "It is well that all should know it. I shall meet you again, Mr. Wroblewskoff," he added, shaking hands warmly with Zeno, who took the extended hand in both his and kissed it.

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

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

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

"Pooh!" cried Zeno.

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

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

(To be continued.)

## Canoeing Great Sport.

The canoeist is the most independent of men, according to Yachting. He can push his craft through a stream three feet wide and five inches deep and he can safely negotiate any bit of water that a catboat or moderate sized launch would care to attempt. Canoeing is popular because it brings its devotees out into the open freedom and lets them live their summer life as they will. The canoe does for humanity what the bicycle failed to do. The bicyclist was tied to roads, was dependent upon hotels and restaurants for food and lodging. When the hill was steep he must alight and walk. When the road was bad, or the foot of the hill dubious, he must do likewise.

The canoeist suffers none of these restrictions, he carries with him his place of abode, his bed, his food and the means of preparing it. He is not confined to well-worn highways, he is able to penetrate and explore out of the way streams and pitch his tent in spots inaccessible to the average wanderer. The ability of canoes to carry their owners into places where even a rowboat could not be maneuvered gives to the paddler a point of view not often obtainable by any one else. Even in the vicinity of large cities he is able to discover numerous pleasant but unknown locations reached by water that he has practically to himself.

Not What He Asked.  
 In these days of individualism in thought and action the balance of decision tips more and more toward the personal. Even in the matter of spelling, the ego asserts itself in the face of tradition and history. "Bobby," in Tit-Bits, is not the only person who constitutes himself the final court of appeal in the realm of orthography. "So you go to school, do you Bobby?" asked the minister. "Yes, sir," answered Bobby. "Let me hear how you spell 'bread.'" "B-r-e-a-d-e." "The dictionary spells it with an 'a,' Bobby." "Yes, sir; but you didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it; you asked me how I spell it."

## Where Philosophy Fails.

"Who breaks, pays." "I'd like to see you try that on our red girl."—Baltimore American.



## Pineapples and Strawberries.

To each medium-sized pineapple take one teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Pare and core the pineapple, cut in slices or in squares. Mix some sugar with the pineapple, adding enough water to melt the sugar. Boil briskly for fifteen minutes. Then fill the can almost full of fruit. Then pour on melted paraffin. Use new tops and rubbers, if possible. When the can has cooled sufficiently, dip the top of each can in melted paraffin.

Wash and stem the strawberries. To each quart of berries allow one quart of granulated sugar. Boil briskly for fifteen minutes. Then almost fill the can with the berries, pouring on top melted paraffin. Scald. When cool dip each top in melted paraffin. Strawberries canned in this way are delicious and will keep their color.

## Sunderlands.

Warm two cups of milk and put in one-half cup of butter; let this butter soften, but not turn to an oil. Beat four eggs light as for cake and then add to the milk and butter. Add four heaping tablespoons of flour and beat all hard and furiously. Fill buttered cups three-quarters full and bake in a quick oven until they are puffed up well and browned. Turn at once out of the cups on to a warm dish, cut a gash in each and fill with a spoonful of jelly or jam. Close the gash and dredge the tops with powdered sugar.

## Strawberry Ice Cream.

Scald one pint of milk in a double boiler; add one scant tablespoonful of flour blended in a little cold water, stir until slightly thickened and cook for ten minutes. Beat together five eggs and two cupfuls of sugar, add to the cooked milk and stir until thickened like custard, strain and set aside. Hull, wash and rub through a sieve one quart of berries. To the cold custard add one pint of cream, put into the freezer and turn for a few minutes until cold. Add the berries and one tablespoonful of lemon juice and freeze.

## Sardine Salad.

Sardine salad is a delicious luncheon or tea dish. Remove the skin and bones from six big sardines and cut into tiny pieces. Place these in a salad bowl with six cold boiled eggs cut in quarters and one big, firm apple cut into strips and three cold boiled potatoes cut into dice. If you like the flavor add half a teaspoonful of finely chopped chives and then four tablespoons of French dressing. Serve very cold.

## Concerning Eggs.

A fresh egg will sink when placed in water and rest on its side; if three weeks old it will incline slightly with the small end down; if three months old it will stand on the small end, and if older it will float with large end out of water more or less, according to age. Popular Mechanics having apparently made experiments with aged eggs, is responsible for these statements.

## Lemon Cookies.

Four cups of sifted flour, or enough for a stiff dough; one teaspoonful of butter, two cups of sugar, the juice of one lemon and the grated peel from the outside, three eggs, whipped very light. Beat thoroughly each ingredient, adding, after all is in, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of milk. Roll out as any cookies and bake a light brown.

## Chocolate Wafers.

One-half of a cupful of light brown sugar, one-half of a cupful of granulated sugar, one-half of a cup of grated bitter chocolate, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoon of vanilla. Mix to a soft dough, roll out—a little at a time—thin and cut into circles. Bake in a moderate oven.

## Spiced Rhubarb.

To 2½ pounds of rhubarb, washed and cut in inch pieces, add one cupful of vinegar, 2 pounds of sugar and one tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves. Put all in a preserving kettle and boil steadily for half an hour. Put in jelly glasses, covering the tops with paraffin.

## Preserved Strawberries.

Add to 1 pound well-cleaned and washed strawberries half cupful sugar, boil five minutes, put them in jars, close and turn the jars upside down every two minutes till cold. They will soak up a great deal of the juice and look fine.

## Short Suggestions.

Pewterware should be washed in hot water with a fine silver sand and afterward polished with a leather.

A crust of bread put into the water in which greens are boiled will absorb all objectionable rankness of flavor.

# My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.

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## One Exception.

Mrs. Wickler—Dear me! how all the necessities of life have gone up.

Wickler—No; they haven't all gone up.

Mrs. Wickler—Well, I should like you to mention one thing that hasn't gone up.

Wickler—Certainly. My salary.—Illustrated Bits.

## Dogs and Musical Tones.

The capacity of dogs to distinguish musical tones has been made the subject of elaborate experiments by Dr. Otto Kallischer, of Berlin, and the results have just been published in the proceedings of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Dr. Kallischer trained his dogs to pick up and eat morsels of meat set before them only when a certain note was sounded.

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## How the Ball Wound Up.

"Yass, de beauty an' chivalry ob Smoketown mingled in the ballroom."

"Mingled, yo' say?"

"Mingled til' 'bout 'leven o'clock."

Den dey tixed."—Houston (Texas) Chronicle.

## Not Committing Himself.

"Do you find my daughter's voice improving, Mr. Sculcher?" asked Mrs. Upmore.

"Improving?" said the professor of vocal training. "Why, my dear madam, it's—er—not the same voice at all."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

## Clever at That.

"Who is that seedy-looking man over there?"

"That's Burroughs. He's a real master at constructing short stories."

"Oh, an author, eh?"

"No. I mean he can think up any number of ways of telling you he's broke."—Philadelphia Press.

Water from an artesian well at Ostend which has been wasted for fifty years has now been discovered to possess medicinal qualities similar to the waters of Vichy.

## Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder. 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.

## A Distinction.

"So you are one of the men who went west to grow up with the country."

"No," answered the prosperous and serene citizen. "I am one of the men who went west to show the country how to grow up properly."—Washington Star.

## He Had Enough.

"Here's a note," said the postal clerk, "from a man complaining that his mail isn't delivered regularly."

"What's his name?" asked the chief.

"Vladevoledoweschowski."

"Huh! With that name you'd think he had all the letters he needed."—Philadelphia Press.

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