

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XII.

At Ostend the pretty widow showed signs of fatigue, and O'Rourke having seen her comfortably tucked away in one first-class carriage, with his own traveling rug for a pillow, sought another. Mrs. Spry was heavy-eyed when she awoke, and yawned behind her little gloved hand as she stood upon the platform watching the assiduous O'Rourke, who bustled hither and thither in her behalf in his own brightest and most cheerful manner.

"I suppose your friends expect you at—I forget the name of the place. Janenne? Is it Janenne?" He glanced at her quickly and with so evident a surprise that she added: "Mr. Maskelyne told me you were going there. Is that the name of the place?"

"There is a little place of that name," said O'Rourke. "Maskelyne and I were there together a few days ago. I may go on, or I may not. I shall probably have a day or two in Brussels in any case."

When the hotel was reached, O'Rourke secured rooms for his delightful companion and ordered for her at her request a cup of warm milk and a biscuit. This modest repast was conveyed to her bed chamber, and she retired, purring an acknowledgment of obligation.

If Mrs. Spry had been charming the night before, she was still more delightful next morning. O'Rourke made a guess as to her age, and set her down as being between three and four and twenty, in which he flattered her. Bearing in mind all the while how time was flying, and how it behooved him to make the most of chances which were likely to be limited, he turned the conversation to the lady's probable movements. Did she intend to stay long in Brussels? he asked.

"Well, no," she answered, with a becoming little blush. "There's only one thing brings me here. There's an old lady living here—a little hard up, I'm afraid, Mr. O'Rourke. She's a relative of my poor dear late husband's—a distant relative, but the only one he had, and he left her out in the cold. I'm afraid she's not very likely to be very good friends with me, but I want to make it up with her if she'll let me." O'Rourke's attentive and sympathetic face was worth a volume of commonplace answers to this statement. "And then," said the widow, "I've got a friend to see, and then I've done with Belgium. I shall go and see Paris again, and I shall try to persuade my friend to go with me. I haven't seen her for two years, but she's the dearest girl in the world."

"That," said O'Rourke, "is a flattering description. Is your friend in Brussels?"

"No. From what I can learn, she's gone and buried herself alive in some dreadful quiet place; miles and miles away from everywhere. I've looked it up on the map, and I make out Namour to be the nearest city. It's a little place called Houfouy."

"I have been there," returned O'Rourke, with admirable naturalness. "There is only one English family residing there. I have the pleasure to know them."

"Oh," said the lady, rapidly and enthusiastically, "do you know Angela Butler? Oh, now, really! I say, what a little place the world is, to be sure! Well, now, I do wonder that young George Maskelyne never told me that you knew Angela Butler."

"I only know them very slightly," said O'Rourke. "I only met them a fortnight ago. No; three weeks since."

"Oh," purred the widow, making her best and most expressive eyes at her companion. "I adore Angela Butler. Don't you adore her, Mr. O'Rourke? Oh, I'm sure you do."

"I think her a very charming girl. Frank, clever, English—thoroughly English."

"Oh, so very English," said Mrs. Spry. "And you are going to Houfouy to see Miss Butler?" asked O'Rourke. "That is delightful news indeed to me. We shall be neighbors. I am going to Janenne to see some old friends of mine, and Janenne is the nearest village to Houfouy."

"That will be pleasant," said Mrs. Spry. When she had said this she lowered her head away suddenly, and a second or two later shot a most vanquishing glance at O'Rourke.

She discharged her one little bit of actual business, and she set out on a bright afternoon in early June, with the constant O'Rourke in attendance, for Houfouy, having previously advised Angela of her coming by wire.

"Let me see, now," said Mrs. Spry, holding her head on one side and looking up at O'Rourke thoughtfully. "How long will it take this train to reach Houfouy?"

"It does not go on to Houfouy," returned O'Rourke. "It reaches Janenne in four hours and five minutes."

"I think you know everything, Mr. O'Rourke," said the lady, admiringly. Then, clasping her hands with a soft fervor, "Will you do me a favor, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"Try me," said O'Rourke, with his own admirable mixture of jest and earnest.

"Will you go to the telegraph bureau and write a telegram? In French, or these dreadful foreigners'll bungle it. From Mrs. Spry, Brussels, to Miss Angela Butler, the Chateau, Houfouy. To say that I shall be at—what's the name of the station?—at—when does the train get there?—and to ask her to meet me there. Because she might forget."

"May I look at your books?" he said. "Certainly," she answered, taking up a loose handful and handing them over to him. As she did so his eyes met hers, and he drew them away with a sad reluctance. Mrs. Spry blushed, and opened one of the paper-bound volumes.

"Ah!" cried O'Rourke, brightly, a moment later, "you have bought 'Fireflies,' I see."

"Yes," she answered, looking up with a faint memory of the blush still lingering in her eyes, "I heard a great deal of talk about it in London, and I want to see what it's like."

"A delightful book," said O'Rourke. "A lovely book. The author is a dear friend of mine. He is staying at Janenne with his wife and their little boy. I am going down there to pay them a visit."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Spry, clasping her hands. "How delightful to know such people! Oh, how I do envy you that privilege!"

"You will be bound to meet him," O'Rourke said, "and sure to like him. I believe that Miss Butler and Mrs. Farley are great friends."

"I shall be afraid of him, I'm sure," cried the widow, hiding her face in her hands, and surveying O'Rourke through her fingers. "I was afraid of you at first." She blushed prodigiously at this avowal, and dropping her hands before her, she turned her head away. O'Rourke caught her hands and held them for a moment.

"Of me?" he said, tenderly.

And here, since they were alone in the carriage, and had still a good twenty miles to go before they reached their first stopping point, no man can say how rapidly and how happily O'Rourke's fate might have been decided, if only the adventure had happened in England, where the guards refrain from walking about the outside of their trains during transit. But at this instant the door swung open and the ticket collector entered, and having with a perfect stony gravity punched their tickets, swung himself out through the door on the other side of the carriage and went on his way with a broad grin. O'Rourke saw the grin, and for a moment, though he was a fairly good-tempered man as a general thing, felt vengeful. The obvious impossibility of pursuing the ticket collector along the foot-board did nothing to assuage his anger for the time.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I should like," said Mr. Frost—"I should particularly like to know what your individual caper really is."

"Make your desire a little clearer," returned Mr. Zeno. "I speak English tolerably well, I think, but I have yet to learn American. Try English."

The two were seated in Frost's dingy apartment. The tenant of the room was better dressed than usual, his clothes were better brushed, and his linen was stiffer and whiter than ordinary. A tall, shiny silk hat cocked lazily over one eye gave him a rakish air, and as he leaned back in a broken down rocking chair, with his heels on the window sill, he contemplated the trim and well polished boots which ornamented his feet with a look of obvious satisfaction. The evening sun shone through the dirty, uncurtained window, and gave his sallow skin an unaccustomed glow.

"What do you want to get at, at all?" demanded Frost. "What do you want to know? What do you want to do?"

"I want to know and do many things," returned Zeno. "Come to your point, my friend. Be more precise. What do you want to know? What do you want to do?"

"You don't put your head into the lion's mouth and hold it there for nothing," said Frost, turning a shifty glance upon him. "You could know every movement that old madman makes, if that's your only game, without putting your own skin in danger for a second. There ain't a thing he does that I don't know, or couldn't know if I wanted to, and what I know you could know at a very slight momentary expenditure."

"Well," returned Zeno, "very well. You know the man in the photograph. You know Athanos Zeno. Nobody else knows Athanos Zeno, my good Frost. If Athanos Zeno is betrayed he is betrayed by George Frost. Is it worth while to talk of this any longer? Do you think that I am not content with carrying my life in my own hand, and that I put it into yours? Do you think that I am young enough and foolish enough to trust anybody without a check? Let me tell you why I employed you. I saw that you were clever, cunning and without scruple, and without courage. It is not a good thing always to choose a man without courage, but it is a good thing in your case, because when you know that your life hangs upon your good faith you will be faithful. Now, is it really worth while to talk of this any longer?"

"I own up," said Frost.

"I shall not trust you a bit more if you own up, as you call it," said Zeno, tranquilly. "I shall not trust you a bit less. I shall not trust you less for this talk, because I have never trusted you. I shall not trust you any more, because I never trust anybody. I am obliged to be in danger. Now, really, shall we talk of this thing any more? Is it really worth while?"

"You're not such a fool," Frost answered, evidently ill at ease beneath Mr. Zeno's smile—"you're not such a fool as

to suppose that I'm going to throw up a tolerable safety such as I've got hold of. I ain't the man to quarrel with my rations, nor yet to get my skin pierced while I can keep it whole. I was a fool to threaten you, but I wanted to know your game and that was all. If I ain't going to be let know it, I'm placable."

"Then," said Zeno, "we will go out and have some dinner. And you shall pay for the dinner, because you have been a fool. Eh, my Frost?"

"I'm game for that," said Frost. "Are you going to take your parcel with you?"

"Ah! the parcel," said Zeno. "The parcel is your affair. I had forgotten. This is a little invention of your own. You will bring it under the attention of the committee this evening and it will secure you a little praise, I can assure you."

"What is it?" Frost demanded.

"Ha! ha!" cried Zeno, with a laugh, "you have divined its nature. What a cunning fellow it is, and what a courageous fellow it is!"

"I say, look here," said the other, shrinking closer against the wall, "you haven't got any of that stuff here, have you? I can't stand it, Zeno. I won't—"

"What?" cried Zeno, laying a hand upon Frost's collar. "You call me by that name! You are frightened, are you? and you forget, do you, my poor Frost? Never be frightened again, will you? Please! Never forget again, will you? Please!"

"I hate the stuff," Frost declared. "I can't bear to be about it."

"Do not mind the stuff, dear Frost," said Mr. Zeno, tightening his hold on Frost's collar. "Mind me, if you please. You will be very sorry if you call me by that name again."

"I won't forget again," he said, stammeringly. "But I hate the stuff. I wish you wouldn't bring it here."

"Pooh!" returned Zeno, with a brutal disregard of his friend's sensitiveness. "What harm is there in this?" He released Frost, and, crossing over to the other side of the room, took from the sofa an unassuming-looking parcel—wrapped in brown paper. Setting this upon the table, he proceeded to untie the knotted string which surrounded it, grinning and grimacing at his companion as he worked at the knots with his fingers. Frost glared himself to the wall and stared at the parcel with an involuntary batting of the eyes. When at last the knots were conquered, the paper wrappings removed, and the contents exposed, he gave a sigh of relief, and wiped his brow with the back of his hand.

"Well," he said, with a ghastly attempt at a jocular air and tone, "there ain't any harm in that, so far as I can see." Zeno held up before him a packet of half a dozen books, held together by a double strap, and differing slightly in size. Fastened to the two straps was a loop of sewn leather by which the parcel could be conveniently carried. "I don't know," said Frost, "what you want to scare me for. I've told you over and over again I can't bear the mere sight of it."

"Come here," said Zeno, laying the packet on the table and unfastening the buckles; "I have something to show you." Frost approached with a slow swagger of unconcern. Zeno, having laid down the straps on either side, opened the topmost volume. "A dictionary," he said, "of French and English." He flattered over the first two or three score leaves.

"Well," said Frost, "where's your invention?"

"Here," replied Zeno, and, turning over another score of leaves, revealed the top of a tin box, displaying at the same time the fact that the interior part of the leaves was cut clean away, and that the apparent bundle of books was but a case. He lifted the dictionary, and some two inches of the tin box stood clear. Then he lifted the second book, which was smaller than the first, and held it up, a mere oblong frame. Then he drew out the tin case itself, and balanced it in his hand before Frost, who retired so rapidly that he fell over a chair backward. "Get up," said Zeno, "it is empty." Frost arose, rubbing the back of his head, which had come smartly in contact with the wall.

"I don't know," he said, "what you want to scare me for."

"Why," returned Zeno, showing the gaps in his teeth again, "it is right that you should know that you are a coward."

"There are some men," said Frost, rising slowly, "that can't stand snakes. I ain't sweet on snakes myself, but I'd sooner go to bed with a hog'shead of 'em than be in the same room with dynamite. And outside that, I don't know that I'm such a champion coward as you take me for. It's a natural repugnance; that's what it is—a natural repugnance. I've read of men that have that same precise kind of feelin' in respect to cats, and roses, and all manner of things that you and we don't mind at all."

"Well," said Zeno, smiling still, "this is your invention, my brave Frost. I make you a present of the idea. You observe" (he restored the tin box to its place again, and strapped the innocent looking volumes together as he spoke)—"you observe that there is not the least suspicion about this. If any of your friends, who does not share your natural repugnance, should want to cross the Channel with anything that should not be observed, this may be useful to him."

"Yes," replied Frost, taking the parcel in his hand and weighing it, "it looks innocent enough. It's an ingenious idea, and I should think it would act. But it won't hold much."

(To be continued.)

Rich and Poor.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the man who marries a rich wife often gets a poor one.—Somerville Journal.

How much of injustice and depravity is sanctioned by custom!—Terence.

Mineral Wealth of the South.

About one-seventh of the mineral production of the entire country comes from the Southern States. Of bituminous coal, the most valuable mineral, the South produces one-fourth, and of iron about one-ninth. Its total coal resources amount to nearly 600,000,000,000 tons, or more than one-fourth of our estimated coal reserve.

Of mineral chemical materials the South supplies more than one-half, chiefly phosphate rock, all of which is produced in Florida, Tennessee and South Carolina, and nearly one-third of the mineral pigments. Of precious stones the whole country produces only \$325,000 worth, with the South furnishing its fair share.

The showing in iron ore reserves is quite as good; a safe minimum is 3,000,000,000 tons, or nearly one-third of the nation's total. Of workable iron ore the South contains one and one-half times as much as the famous Lake Superior district, and this does not include the deep lying southern ores.

On a basis of value of product the South furnishes more than two-sevenths of our oil and more than one-sixth of our gas.—New York Sun.

It Wasn't New York.

A gentleman who had occasion to go to an inland New England village ten miles from a railroad was met at the station by an old fellow who looked as if he might have just awakened after a Rip Van Winkle sleep. His horse and buggy were in keeping with their owner's ancient appearance.

"Here we air at last," said the driver, when they finally came to three houses and a blacksmith's shop.

"This isn't much of a place, is it?" said the depressed stranger, looking around.

"Oh, you don't see all o' it from here," was the reply. "Thar's two more houses over behind that hill thar, an' a cooper's shop jest around that bend in the road thar. Come to bunch 'em all together an' it's consid'able o' a place—but o' course it ain't New York."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Failure.

Not long ago a man appeared at the capitol and had his card taken in to Senator Bailey. The Senator did not recognize the name, but, in accordance with his usual courtesy, came out to where the stranger was waiting.

It took only a few minutes' conversation to develop the fact that the individual simply desired to make a "touch." It was the regulation "Been unfortunate, sah, and desire to get back to my own country, sah."

"What is your business, colonel?" the Senator inquired. The rusty frock coat and black hat seemed to warrant the title.

"Why, I am a gentleman, Senator," the stranger replied, pompously.

"Oh, I see," the Senator said, pleasantly. "Have you instituted bankruptcy proceedings yet?"—Philadelphia Record.

The Prize Cow.

Take for yourself a well bred cow, get her on full feed, cram and feed and stuff and cram her for, say, a year. Go to the trouble of washing and currying and scrubbing and combing her twice a day, get down on your hunkers, my friend, sandpaper her hoofs, groom her legs, polish her horns and brush her tail, and by the time show season comes around you should have a very creditable looking show cow.—Sheridan (Mo.) Advance.

CATARRH BLOOD DISEASED AND SYSTEM DISORDERED

Catarrh is not merely an inflammation of the tissues of the head and throat, as the symptoms of ringing noises in the ears, mucous dropping back into the throat, continual hawking and spitting, etc., would seem to indicate; it is a blood disease in which the entire circulation and the greater part of the system are involved. Catarrh is due to the presence of an excess of uric acid in the blood. The Liver, Kidneys and Bowels frequently become torpid and dull in their action and instead of carrying off the refuse and waste of the body, leave it to sour and form uric acid in the system. This is taken up by the blood and through its circulation distributed to all parts of the system. These impurities in the blood irritate and inflame the different membranes and tissues of the body, and the contracting of a cold will start the secretions and other disgusting and disagreeable symptoms of Catarrh. As the blood goes to all parts of the body the catarrhal poison affects all parts of the system. The head has a tight, full feeling, nose continually stopped up, pains above the eyes, slight fever comes and goes, the stomach is upset and the entire system disordered and affected by this disease. It is a waste of time to try to cure Catarrh with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc. Such treatment does not reach the blood, and can, therefore, do nothing more than temporarily relieve the discomfort of the trouble. To cure Catarrh permanently the blood must be thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all poisons, and at the same time strengthened and built up. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It attacks the disease at its head, goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. removes every particle of the catarrhal poison from the blood, making this vital stream pure, fresh and healthy. Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, the head is loosened and cleared, the hawking and spitting cease, and the constitution is built up and vigorous health restored. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and digestion and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. If you are suffering with Catarrh begin the use of S. S. S. and write us a statement of your case and our physicians will send you literature about Catarrh, and give you special medical advice without charge. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S., and could see a little improvement from the first bottle, and after taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well today as any man. I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. Nobody thinks more of S. S. S. than I do.

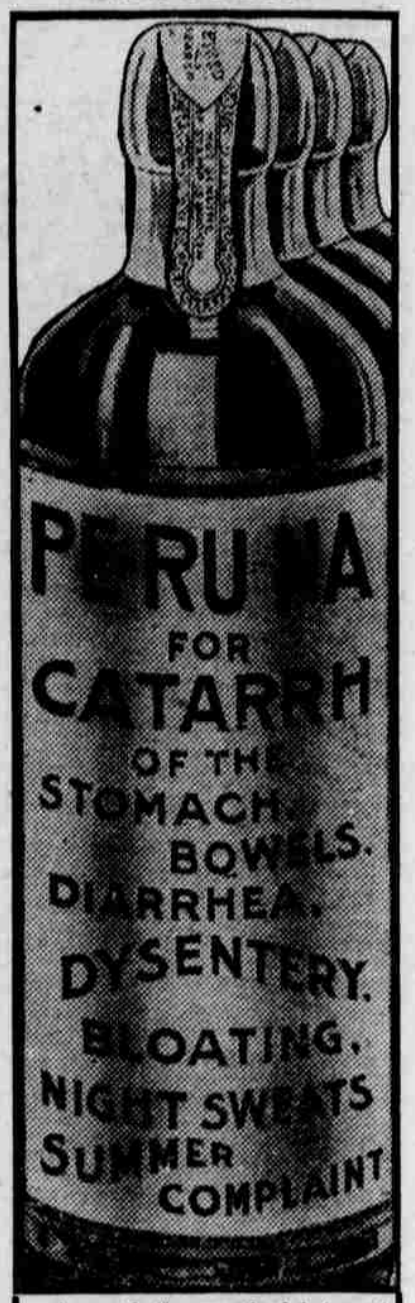
M. MATSON,
Lapeer, Mich.

S. S. S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

every symptom disappears, the constitution is built up and vigorous health restored. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and digestion and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. If you are suffering with Catarrh begin the use of S. S. S. and write us a statement of your case and our physicians will send you literature about Catarrh, and give you special medical advice without charge. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

HEALTH NOTES FOR AUGUST.



August is the month of internal catarrh. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarrh of the bowels and other internal organs. Pe-ru-na is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.

So Many!

They went in to dinner together. He was very bashful, and she tried in vain to draw him out. Finally she began to talk books, and he became responsive. "And Hugo?" she asked. "Do you like his style?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I find him intensely interesting. I've read a number of his books."

Then she asked, "Have you read 'Ninety-three'?"

"No, I've—er—only read three. I didn't know he had written so many."—Lippincott's.

Witty Journalism.

Jacob A. Riis, the author and journalist, was talking about witty newspaper headlines.

"As witty a headline as I know," said he, "was written by a youth of 18 in a San Francisco newspaper office. There was a bill up to prohibit the sale of alcoholic drinks within four miles of the University of California, and this bill the youth headed:

"'An Act to Promote Pedestrianism Among Our Students.'"

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.