

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The smaller rascal assenting, though with an evil grace, they walked toward Dobroski's lodging, which was but half a mile distant. Zeno renewed his gay little snatches of song, and Frost's furtive eyes were everywhere as they went. The old anarchist was at home, and they were at once admitted to his presence. His usual air of mournful fatigue was more than commonly noticeable as he rose to welcome his visitors.

"After what happened last night, dear sir," said Zeno, when the greetings were over, "I thought I could not do less than wait upon you. But first I saw my friend, Mr. Frost. I believe I have more than half convinced him of the justice of the side you take. In fact," smiling at Frost, "I think I may say he is almost converted to your side. But the wrongs that are done daily excite him. He longs for an immediate result. I have preached patience in my own way, and I think we can extract from him now a promise that he will abide by your commandment."

"Thank you, Wroblewskoff," said Dobroski, brightening somewhat. "I thank you also, Mr. Frost. If you are willing to listen to any words of mine, I would counsel patience. I will not speak of moral questions, for there are times when we must be a law unto ourselves. But I will ask you to look at the prudential aspect of the case. We want the people with us in our fight for liberty, and the way to win them is not to alarm them, to mutilate them, to scatter fire and death among them. A man will not give his good will to him who causes him to live in terror. Before this fight of ours can be won many will die by sword and fire, and to many the cause of tyranny looks righteous. There are things which it is not easy to understand, and this is one of them. Tyrants will claim their sacrifices, and the sacrifices will be paid. This is inevitable; and it is useless to say that we dread bloodshed. Let us win the people wherever we can. And do not think, sir, that national hatreds, however strong, will ratify the deeds we speak of."

This speech, for all the oratorical turns with which it was embellished, was delivered with a weary quietude. Zeno sat like one enraptured, and was almost as eloquently receptive in his silence as O'Rourke himself could have been. Frost explored the carpet with his shifty eyes. There was silence for a little while, and then Zeno spoke.

"Well, Mr. Frost?" His voice was hushed a little from its common tone. "What do you say?"

"I say," returned Frost, "that Mr. Dobroski is more experienced than we are, and that his voice ought to carry weight in our councils. I say that if we are to win we must stick together; and if there must be a split—and it seems there must be—the wise men will throw their allegiance on the side of their tried leaders." Here he gave another lurking glance at Zeno. "On the side," he added, "of authority and experience."

"You declare, then," cried Zeno, in a tone of triumph, "for Mr. Dobroski?"

"I declare for Mr. Dobroski," said Frost, without looking up. "Unreservedly."

"I thank you, sir," Dobroski, extending to him a hand, which Frost did not take until Zeno nudged him, when he took it with a shamefaced alacrity.

"There are others I do not despair of," said the beaming Zeno, rubbing his hands. "They must be approached. But there is one thing—lowering his voice, "there are some among our late friends who will be dangerous. To you, sir," Dobroski smiled. "But yes," said Zeno, eagerly; "yes, yes, dear sir." He hurried on rapidly in Polish, as if the urgency of his interest in Dobroski drove him to find expression in his native tongue. "They must be watched. Indeed, dear sir, in this you must be guided. We must practice a little duplicity. It is regrettable, but I cannot help myself. I shall join their councils, offering always such arguments as you yourself would bring, or as you may give me for special cases. And since many of them are blind enough and fools enough to be suspicious of your good faith, I, dear sir, shall undertake to watch you for their side. I shall be able thus to watch them, and yet to be in constant intercourse with you."

"That may be as you will," said the old man, with his melancholy smile. "It will give at least one reasonable voice to their deliberations. But the position will be a difficult one to hold."

"Ah, sir," cried Zeno, "a little labor—a little difficulty—a little danger. What are these?"

"You will not see me for a little while," said the old man. "I am going to the Continent again for a few days. The events of last night make it necessary that I should consult with Mr. O'Rourke. I will advise you of my return. In the meantime you may do something to restrain the violence of our friends."

"I will try, dear sir," said Zeno, reverentially, and with that he and Frost went away.

"What were you talking about when you started that foreign lingo?" Frost asked, when they had reached the street. Mr. Zeno translated pretty faithfully, but Frost shook his head at the translation. "You're a lot too clever for me, you are," he muttered, grumbling. "I've seen snakes in my time, but I never saw your equal."

"Thank you, dear Frost," cried Zeno, pinching him in a jocosely amicable way. "You make me proud."

CHAPTER XVI.

On the morning after their talk in the garden Farley and O'Rourke breakfasted together alone. After breakfast O'Rourke took the road to Houfou. He was walking along with his hands behind him, and his eyes bent to the roadway, when he heard a voice which spoke his name and gave him an actual start.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Rourke," said the voice, and turning swiftly in the direction from which it came, he beheld the pretty widow standing in the middle of the dry water course, alone. She was very prettily dressed in a light morning costume of a faint yellowish tone, with certain bright devices of flowers about it everywhere, and she wore a peasant's hat of straw, twisted into a very coquettish shape, and bound about with a rich silk handkerchief, in which was set a silver brooch.

O'Rourke absorbed the charming vision as a whole. He leaped to the broad grass-grown top of the low wall and raised his hat with a smile. His wavy reddish hair and his beautiful beard and mustache shone in the sun like gold, and his handsome face was as gay as a boy's. It is not improbable that he looked as charming to the pretty widow as the pretty widow looked to him. She came tripping and blushing and smiling over the stones of the river-bed, and O'Rourke ran down the slope with so excessive an alacrity that he failed to notice that it broke suddenly away at the foot. Mrs. Spry screamed faintly, but O'Rourke, who was too late to stay himself, made the necessary leap in safety—it was but nine or ten feet deep, and he had soft turf to alight on—and advanced smiling, with his crisp hair shining and his right hand outstretched toward her.

"Good morning," he said, "this is a delightful encounter—for me."

Mrs. Spry had a bouquet of wild flowers in her right hand and a book in her left, but she set the flowers in the hollow of her arm and accepted O'Rourke's proffered hand. He held hers longer than the absolute necessities of a morning salute demanded, and Mrs. Spry blushed and drooped her eyes before his ardent gaze.

"You have been gathering flowers?" he said, mastering himself by an effort, but even then hardly knowing what he said. "Quite a charming little nosegay."

She held it toward him and their hands met again. The small bouquet was not tied, and lest the flowers should fall he put both hands to it, taking her right in his left whilst he gathered the blossoms together. She felt that his hands were tremulous, and he bungled with the flowers. Just then their eyes met, the little widow's expressive orbs looked almost frightened, and O'Rourke was as white as if he were about to faint or to be hanged, or to lead a forlorn hope. He dropped the flowers and took the hand which held the book. The little widow let the volume fall beside the fallen blossoms. She drooped her head, and the bosom of the pretty morning dress fluttered visibly. O'Rourke said not a word, but he gave a great slow sigh and drew her toward him by the hands. Then he simply put both arms around her and stooped and kissed her hot cheek. Still he said not a word, but his heart beat like a hammer, and he pressed her to him as if to insulate his outrageous riot.

"Am I too insolent?" he said at length. The pretty widow did not seem to think so, for she stood upon her fallen blossoms with her cheek upon his breast, and made no effort to escape. "I have loved you from the minute I first saw you. Can you—can you love me a little?"

His tremor was like the tremor of a lover to the little widow's mind. He played the part better than he knew.

"Ye-es," said the lady in a whisper, shrinking into herself as she spoke. Then there was another lengthy spell of silence, broken by the near clash of a horse's bells and the crack of a carter's whip. At these sounds they started guiltily apart, and O'Rourke, falling upon one knee, gathered up the dropped pony and the book, and they walked side by side, silently, by the dry water course until they came upon a spot hidden from the road, where the remaining stump of a great felled beam made a convenient seat.

"Shall we sit here for a little while?" O'Rourke asked. The lady seated herself in silence, and seeing that she had taken a place too near the center to allow room for her companion, moved a little, and drew her dress on one side. O'Rourke accepted the invitation thus dumbly conveyed, and placing one arm around her waist, drew her nearer toward him.

"Do you think," he said, not being able to find anything more original to say just then, "that you will be able to learn to love me just a little?"

The pretty little woman began to tremble, and searching blindly for her handkerchief, found it at last, and hiding her face behind it with both hands, began to cry.

"I—I knew," she sobbed, "that it was wicked, but I—I loved you when I saw you at Boston. I've always thought about you since, and when I came to Eu-Europe I hoped that I should meet you."

The ways of the human heart are strange, but at this confession the fascinating patriot experienced a twinge of shame. For one fleeting second he felt a genuine hate of humbug.

"I will love you very dearly," he said, a moment later, and he meant it.

What was to prevent him from loving her? Nothing, if she could always forget his self-love as well as she had done just now.

But he had to go back to his pretenses. Nature and culture between them had done so much for him that he had forgotten how to walk straight.

"I haven't much to offer you," he said. "I am poor, and I can't give you a grand home."

She was in such a flutter at the accomplishment of all her hopes, so glad and so shaken to think herself this hero's heroine, this handsome, eloquent, famous, devoted patriot's chosen, that she was half hysterical. She dropped her handkerchief from her tear-stained eyes, and clapped both hands together like a child, and laughed in his face.

"Why, I've got six million dollars!" He felt instantly and swiftly he had played the fool in pretending not to know that she was wealthy. The very openness of her statement seemed to say so.

What need had there been for so silly pretense when she had told him her own heart so plainly? And with this swift and instant sense in his mind he turned the sum into English money and saw that though it was smaller than he had fancied, it was prodigious still. But he was committed to his useless humbug now, and could not go back from it.

"Six million dollars?" he said, like a man amazed. "Twelve hundred thousand pounds? Oh! I am glad I did not know that, or I should have never dared to speak. I knew," he went on, to soften down his blunder, lest it should have dangerous consequences later on—"I knew that you must have money, and the thought frightened me. If I had known the truth, I should never have dared."

"I am glad, then," she answered, hiding her face in her hands, "that you didn't know."

"It frightens me still," he said. "I can scarcely dare to think of it."

"But you do love me, don't you?" she whispered, shrugging her shoulders with a childish shrinking gesture of appeal, and looking up at him through her hands.

"Love you?" he cried, and throwing both arms around her he drew her to his breast. She lay there quite contented, and he, looking over her shoulder with a smile that was almost wild, said to himself, "You have won, Hector—you have won. You're a made man."

She put up her lips to be kissed in as matter-of-fact a way as if she had been a child, though she blushed very prettily as she did so. O'Rourke put his arms around her and kissed her, and suddenly, with a little cry, she whisked away from him, and ran quickly into the shelter of the trees. The love-maker, thus abruptly left, stared after her until she had disappeared, and then, turning, started to behold the near figure of an elderly man who was walking away, with a firm resolution not to have seen anything expressed in the very curve of his shoulders. The slowly retreating figure was that of Dobroski, whom he had imagined to be far away in London arranging for the destruction of empires. What could have brought him here?

But in a little while, making up his mind that he had certainly been seen, and resolving to take the matter in the boldest way, he marched at a good round pace after the retreating Dobroski, and by and by came up with him. There was a faint twinkle in the eye of the old anarchist, though but for that he was as grave as a statute. The mere fact of brisk motion seemed to have restored O'Rourke to his usual condition. He took the bull by the horns.

"You saw me a minute or two back, sir?"

The twinkle in Dobroski's eye broadened into a smile.

"Forgive me," he said; "I tried not to see you or to be seen."

"I am going to be married, sir," said O'Rourke. "And that is my business over there. It is a secret at present, at my future wife's desire."

"I wish you happy," said the old man, with an almost fatherly look. "A good woman is a crown unto her husband. If you have chosen well your wife will not hold you back from the great work to which you have set your hand." O'Rourke said nothing, but he listened with an air of deference. "I am here," pursued Dobroski, "on purpose to seek you. Can you give me, now, a little of your time?"

"I am always and entirely at your service, Mr. Dobroski," answered O'Rourke. "Let me ask you one question to begin with. Did you know the policy of Mr. Frost and his associates?"

"I have never worked intimately with them," said O'Rourke, "but I know their general policy."

"We have broken apart," said Dobroski, mournfully. "I have had to tell them that we cannot work together."

O'Rourke sighed and threw his hands abroad with a hopeless gesture. They might fight it out between them now, but he had to look as if he cared for fame a little longer, and then he would be free. He could already hear the perfervid oratory which would pursue him into his retirement, and he knew that it would be powerless to disturb him for a moment.

"At least," said Dobroski, "you and I will go on working together?" He did not guess the current of his companion's thoughts—how should he?—but the silence seemed to hurt him.

"Yes," said O'Rourke. He would rather not have said it, but it had to be said. "We must go on working, win or lose."

"And I may trust to you until the end?" the old man asked, laying both hands upon him and bringing him to a halt.

O'Rourke lifted his eyes and looked him in the face. "You may trust me," he said, "until the end."

(To be continued.)

Patent Given a Reminder. Patient—But isn't this a large fee? Doctor—The inheritance tax might be bigger.—New York Sun.



Sleeping Outdoors.

Many persons, with the best will in the world to live in obedience to the laws of health, make a failure of the open-air night, of which one now hears so much, and which is, in fact, the chief dependence in the treatment of tuberculosis.

There are several reasons why the attempt to sleep outdoors, whether literally or in a wide-open room, results in failure. It is such a radical departure with so many persons that they do not have the first idea how to start it. A great many of them have at the back of their minds a sort of lingering impression that discomfort is a part of the treatment; that to become hardened one must be wretched, and that misery and virtue are both companions. As comfort is not expected, there are no plans made to capture it. The would-be disciple of health simply throws up all the windows, gets into bed with the usual coverings, perhaps lies all night with the uncovered head in a direct draft of air, shivers in semi-wakefulness for hours, and then, on rising in the morning chilled and de-vitalized, perhaps coughing and sneezing, condemns the whole scheme as a snare, returns the next night to the closed-window plan, and launches himself upon society as the prophet of stuffiness.

This is all wrong, and a little thought will show why. If the night air is to be breathed as it comes straight from outside, as it should be, preparations must be made to welcome it, and a room in which the temperature is 20 or 30 degrees Fahrenheit cannot be occupied in the same clothing as one kept at 60 degrees.

Down coverlets are invaluable for these cold, fresh-air nights, for they are as light as they are warm. Many persons are averse to heavy bedclothing, and they are right. Weight does not necessarily imply warmth, and it is foolish to use up vital force in holding up heavy weights during the hours consecrated to rest.

The sleeping garment itself should be of some light and warm material, preferably woolen. Special thought should be given to the protection of the head. People, at any rate in this part of the world, are not accustomed to going bareheaded in the open air, so there is really no reason why they should expect to do so with impunity for seven or eight hours in cold weather at night. A soft cap cut to cover the ears and to hang down the back of the neck should always be worn. This shape closes the little space between the cap and the bedclothes and incidentally prevents many a stiff neck.

A hot-water bottle is a good friend on a bitter night, and is worth more than many top spreads, for the bottle generates heat, while the spread only retains it.—Youth's Companion.

Clover With the Cards.

Some years ago a certain county jail was undergoing extensive alterations, during which time a gang of pickpockets, four in number, were arrested one market day. Owing to the alterations the lot were confined for a time in one cell, but were placed under strict surveillance, the care of them being specially entrusted to the sergeant. The day after during his rounds he spied them playing cards, when he promptly opened the door and summoned a felonious constable, on whose arrival the cell and the prisoners were most carefully searched, but no cards were found. However, the card playing still continued until the day on which the pickpockets were to be sent to the assizes for trial. Then the superintendent, a very kind man and a great favorite with every one, asked them as a favor to tell him where they had hidden the cards. They told him that as soon as the sergeant and his comrade entered their cell they stuck the pack in his pocket and picked it again before he left, as a proof of which they presented him with the much used pack.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Modern Hero.

"He is wonderfully handsome," said the impressionable girl. "He looks like the hero of a novel."

"Not at all," answered Miss Cayenne; "he is neither a gentlemanly burglar nor an adept in slang."—Washington Star.

Obeded Orders.

"What are you crying about?" "Bobby's got an apple and I ain't." "But I told him to give you a bite." "That's why I'm cryin'; here's the marks of his teeth."—Houston Post.

Food for thought is often responsible for intellectual dyspepsia.

NORTHWEST HONORED.

Professor Elliott, of W. S. C., Contributes to Cyclopaedia.

It is well known that Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell university, has been working for three years past on an extensive publication to be known as The American Cyclopaedia of Agriculture. This is to be published in several volumes and it is expected that it will be accepted by the reading public as the standard reference work on rural affairs. It has been many years since such a work has been attempted and nothing of such an extensive nature has ever been undertaken before in America. Professor Bailey has called to his aid the best known writers on agriculture throughout the entire country, who have written up the various subjects on which they were recognized as authorities. The entire work may be referred to as the combined efforts of the agricultural specialists of America and when published will no doubt find a place in the library of most progressive farmers.

It is significant that when it came to the very important subject of wheat that Professor Bailey recognized the great Northwest and its place as one of the leading wheat producing regions by calling on Professor E. E. Elliott, head of the Agricultural department at the State college of Washington, to prepare this most important article. This has been done by Prof. Elliott and the matter is now in the hands of the publishers. The article in question consists of about ten thousand words, with numerous illustrations, and would be sufficient in itself to make quite a book if published separately. It covers the entire subject of wheat production in America and at the same time attention is particularly called to the great regions of the Northwest where the production and quality of this cereal have placed it in the forefront. Our wheat growers are to be congratulated in the fact that the article in question has been prepared by one so familiar with the subject and who is doing so much to advance the industry through the work being done by his department at the state experiment station and at the various cereal stations established in the state as well as through the wheat producers organization which was initiated by him.

AID TO "DRY FARMING."

Washington State College Conducting Extensive Experiments.

The problem of "dry farming" now before the farmers of the semi-arid regions of the Pacific Northwest has been taken up by the Experiment Station of Washington, and it is hoped to work out a method of farming for these regions which will increase their crop bearing capacity. The present operations of experimentation are largely relative to the physics of soils, and are in charge of Professor H. B. Berry, soil physicist of the State college. Discussing this problem, Mr. Berry stated: "Among the questions which we must answer are: What is the best method of conserving soil moisture? What is the value of diking the summer-fallow early in the spring before it can be plowed? What is the value of the sub-surface packer? If the crop suffers from drought, is it because there is not sufficient moisture in the soil, or is it because the plants cannot take the moisture from the soil?"

In the former case we must endeavor to devise a cultural method to conserve moisture; and in the latter case, we must develop a strain of plants that can take moisture from the soil, which is a plant breeding problem."

Figs Thrive in Polk County.

Figs as large and perfectly developed as those raised in the most favored portion of California are grown at the town home of Mrs. E. F. Lucas, in Monmouth. Specimens of the fruit were brought to Dallas by Mrs. Martha Cosper, who had been visiting in the normal school town. The figs were of delicious flavor and were far superior to the California fruit usually found in the Oregon markets.

Mrs. Lucas' tree is seven years old, the cutting having been brought from California in 1900. The tree is making a luxuriant growth and has already reached a height of 12 feet. Three crops of fruit are borne each year. The specimens brought to Dallas by Mrs. Cosper included ripe and green fruit of the second crop and half grown fruit of the third crop. The tree has been in bearing four years.

Good Money in Peach Crop.

Shipments of early Crawford peaches from Roseburg this year will aggregate a total of nearly 20,000 boxes. This is the estimate given by E. P. Drew, who is handling the shipments of the local fruitgrowers' association, whose membership embraces nearly all of the peach growers in that vicinity.

Growers have realized good prices for their product. Peaches of average size and quality brought from 65 to 85 cents per box, while those of higher grade brought as high as \$1.25 per box. After deducting transportation charges, these prices left the growers a neat margin of profit. Most of the fruit was marketed in Portland.

In the southern part of California roof gardens are becoming features of all the new buildings.