

# THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

## CHAPTER I.

A little dell in the heart of a wood was deliciously dappled with leafy shadows. A loosely clad man, bearded and spectacled, and a little on the right side of forty, sat on a camp stool before a small field easel, and libeled the landscape at his ease, pausing at his work now and then and drawing back his head to survey it with an air of charmed appreciation. Near him, on the gnarled trunk of a tree and in the shadow of a moss-grown rock, sat a lady some ten or a dozen years younger, leisurely torturing thread into lace with a hooked needle.

A little way down the dell a boy was clambering among the rocks, shrieking every now and then with ecstatic news of a beetle or a butterfly. He was a sturdy, blue-eyed, golden-haired little fellow of five, the picture of health, and he was risking his limbs and chattering to all animate and inanimate nature—a delightful boy, and all alive from his golden head to his restless feet and tips of his brown little fingers. The mother snatched him to her arms and covered him with kisses. Suddenly she looked up, flushed, half pensive, with a flash of tears in her eyes.

"Austin, I feel afraid. Have I a right to be so happy? Has any one a right to be so happy? Will it last?"

"Who knows?" he answered. "Human affairs run in averages, but then the averages are not individual. We have had almost trouble enough in our time to have paid for a little joy. Let us take it gratefully."

"Sometimes," she said, "a shadow seems to fall upon it all—the shadow of a fear." "The shadow of the past—experience. The burned child dreads the fire. We are burned children, both of us. Five years' illness and poverty out of seven years of married life is a large allowance. And, after all, our present happiness isn't phenomenal, my dear, though it looks so. We have health, and we value it because we have each missed it in turn. We have a little money, and we think it a great deal because we have been so deadly poor. And then," he laughed and half blushed, "we have a little fame, and that is all the pleasure because we were so long neglected. Sweet is pleasure after pain."

"I am dangerously happy," she answered.

"Come, let us unpack the luncheon basket. Cold chicken. Salad. Bread. Cheese. Milk. There we are. Fall to. Sit down by your mother, Cupid. Take a pull at the milk, old man, and then you'll have an appetite. What a sudden shadow!"

A cloud had floated between themselves and the sun, and a strange quiet had fallen with the shadow on the woods.

"Austin," the wife whispered, "there is that dreadful man again. It seems as if he had brought the darkness with him." A brown sloping path, covered still with the fern needles shed in the forgoing autumn, broke the wall of green which bounded the dell, and down this footway, between the silver steps of the birches and the reddish stems of the firs, walked a gray-bearded man, with his head drooped forward and his hands clasped behind him. He looked neither to left nor right, but went by as if unconscious of his presence, and in a little while was lost behind the thicker growth of trees. As he went out of sight the sun broke through the cloud, the leafage was inundated with life again and the birds renewed their song.

"Look," she whispered, "the shadow follows him."

"What an odd mood this is to-day!" said her husband, smiling at her. "And why is the poor old gentleman so dreadful?"

"But, Austin, do you know? You can't have heard. He is known to have hatched plots against the Czar."

"Well, yes. It is known also that he has been wifeless and childless this twenty years. His wife and his two sons died in Siberia. They went there without trial, and people who know him say that the loss of them in that horrible way turned his brain. Suppose anybody stole you and little Austin? Suppose he drove you on foot through hundreds of miles of ice and snow? Suppose that he made you herd with the human off-scourings of the world, and that you died after three or four long-drawn, hideous years? It might be wicked, but surely it would not be quite without provocation if I blew that man sky-high. I don't say that reicide is a thing to be commended. I don't defend the poor old gentleman's political opinions. But I do say that human nature is human nature."

Luncheon over, he returned to his painting, to find the lights all changed. He worked away, however, with great contentment for an hour or two, while the wife and the boy wandered beyond the limits of the dell. When they came back they found that he had packed up his traps and was lying at length on the moss, with his face turned to the sky.

"I do this better than I paint," he said, cocking an idle eye at his wife from beneath the soft white felt which rested on his nose. "Shall we get back now?"

"I want to carry something, papa," said the boy, possessing himself of the camp stool. They sauntered on together tranquilly through the twinkling lights which dazzled from between the leaves, and their steps were noiseless on the dense carpet of fern needles. The boy laid down his burden to chase a sulphur-colored butterfly. They had gone a hundred yards before they missed him, and when they turned to look for him he was seen at the far end of a wooded vista, seated on the camp stool.

"Look at the little figure, Lucy," said the father. "Isn't there something lonely and almost pathetic in it? He looks as if he were waiting for somebody who would never come—a figure of deserted childish patience." He hailed the child and turned away again. "He knows the road?" he asked. "There is no danger of his losing himself?"

"He knows the way," she answered. "We have been here twice a day for a month past."

So they marched on, well pleased, talking of indifferent matters, and the little

fellow sat on the camp stool behind them and held animated talk with Nature.

The gray-bearded man wandered through the wood with his chin sunk upon his breast and his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was tall and gaunt and swarthy, and looked as if he had a considerable strain of the Jew in him. His nose was like an eagle's beak and acutely fine. His temples were hollowed like those of a death's-head, and his eyes, which were large and brown and mournful to the verge of pathos, were the eyes of a born dreamer and a fanatic by nature.

It was already dusk when the old nihilist turned his footsteps into the wood, and having just remembered that he had not broken his fast for seven or eight hours, he had somewhat quickened his usual thoughtful pace, when the sound of a sob reached his ear and he stopped suddenly to look about him. Within a yard or two sat the little child on the camp stool, with his back against a broad tree trunk. The old man knelt on the grass and looked at the sleeping boy. His straw hat had fallen off and lay beside him, his golden hair was tumbling and disordered, his long dark lashes were still wet, and his rosy cheeks were blurred and soiled with the traces of his tears.

"Eh! La, la, la!" said the old fellow, in a pitying accent. "Lost! Did we sleep in despair, dear little heart? In tears? In terror? And God sendeth a hand, ere yet it is night time. To the child, rescue, and to the old man teaching."

Then he took the child softly in his arms, and gathering up the hat and the camp stool, entered the wood. As he did so, a faint and distant cry reached his ears, and he stopped to listen. It was repeated once or twice, faintly and more faintly, and then died away. He started anew almost at a run, but he was old, and the lad was unusually solid and well grown for his years, so that the burden soon told on him, and brought him to a walk again. It was a full mile, from the spot to which the child had wandered to the Cheval Blanc, and when the little hostel was reached the bearer's back and arms were aching rarely. The landlady met him in the passage with a cry.

"Oh, the little Anglals! You have found him, monsieur? Jeanne, run to the woods and tell them that the child is found."

"You know him?" asked Dobroski. "Who is he? Where does he live?"

"He is the child of the English at the hotel des Postes," answered the woman, standing on tiptoe to kiss the boy. "He has been lost this five hours." Dobroski turned into the street, and the woman followed him talking all the way.

"He is the only child of his parents, and their cherished. Imagine, then, the despair of the mother, the inquietude of his father! They are rich. See how the child is dressed. There is nothing you might not ask for."

The old man smiled at this, but said nothing. He surrendered his charge at the hotel, where the boy was received with such noisy demonstrations of pleasure that he awoke. Being awake, and recognizing his surroundings, he adapted himself to them with an immediate philosophy, and demanded something to eat. A second messenger was dispatched to the wood to bring back the party who had gone in search of him.

His mother kissed him frantically and cried over him, but his father set out for the Cheval Blanc to thank his rescuer. He found Dobroski seated in a little room with a sanded floor, and began to stammer his gratitude in broken and mutilated French.

"It was a piece of good fortune to find him," said Dobroski, speaking English, to the other's great relief. "I am delighted that the pleasure was mine."

"I don't know how to thank you," said the Englishman, a little awkwardly, luging a purse from his trousers pocket. For a moment Dobroski fancied the stranger meant to offer him money, but he merely produced a card. "That's my name," said the Englishman, blunderingly. "Austin Farley. Upon my word, I really don't know how to thank you."

"My good, good sir," returned Dobroski, "what would you have had? What was I to do? He was sure to be found, and it was my good fortune to have found him."

"You must let his mother come and thank you, sir," said the Englishman. "Upon my word I really don't know what to say to tell you how grateful and obliged I am. His mother has been in the greatest anxiety. You must let her come and thank you."

"Well, well, Mr. Farley," the elder man answered, himself a little shy at the other's concealed emotion. "If you will think so mere an accident worth thanks to anybody—But pray let us say no more."

CHAPTER II.

There was a great crowd of people at the railway station at Namur, and the Luxembourg train had no sooner steamed into the station than it was besieged by storm: One tourist, who had furloughed himself with a first class ticket, and had shouldered himself through the crowd to the buffet, was exceedingly wroth on his return to find that the carriage he had occupied was filled by third-class excursionists. He spoke French with a fluency, and an inaccuracy in combination with it, which fairly took off his meatal

test the official to whom he appealed, and in a very passion and torrent of his oratory ripped audibly the accent of Dublin. He talked all over, arms and hands, finger tips, head, shoulders, and body. He talked with all his features and with all his muscles and with all his might, and at last the official seized his meaning, and proceeded with inexorable politeness to turn out all the third-class passengers. The triumphant tourist stood by, suddenly smiling and unruined. He had a round, smooth face, with a touch of apple-color on his cheeks, a nose inclining somewhat upward, and an expression of self-satisfaction so complete that it aroused

the irony of one of the ejected.

"He is well introduced to himself, that fellow," said he, but the tourist did not hear, or did not care if he heard. He stood tranquilly by, holding the handle of the door, until the carriage was cleared, and was just about to ascend when a slow, quiet voice spoke behind.

"Got that through, old man, eh?" The tourist turned suddenly, and stretched out a hand to the speaker.

"What? Maskelyne, me boy. Delayed. Where are you going?"

"I am going to Janenne by rail," said the other, accepting the proffered hand with a hearty shake, once up and once down. "From there I go on to a little place called Houfouy, to see some old friends of mine."

"I'm going to Janenne myself," said the Irishman. "Can't we ride together?"

"I suppose we can," returned his friend. "Baggage is registered."

He was just as calm as the Celt had a minute or two before been eager, and his voice was distinctly American. He was very precisely and neatly attired, his figure was tall and elegant; his face was handsome but melancholy, and curiously pale. The eyes were the best feature—black, soft and lustrous, but they looked as if he had never smiled in his life.

"I say, Fraser," he said, in his slow, mild voice, when they were both seated, "where did you pick up your French? I never heard anything like it."

"I've knocked about Paris a good deal," said Fraser. "I speak German with the same facility, though it's probably me Scotch extraction that gives me that."

Midway between Namur and Luxembourg the two travelers changed trains for Janenne. The engine steamed lazily through a most lovely country, and the young American, looking cautiously out of window, seemed absorbed in contemplation of the landscape. But it could scarcely have been the landscape which half a dozen times called a dreamy smile to his soft eyes, and once a blush to the pale paller of his cheek. When the train drew up in front of the little red brick station, a building planned like a child's toy house and not much bigger, the blush came to his cheek again, and his hand trembled slightly as it caressed his black mustache.

"Well, it's good-by for a time, old fellow," he said, shaking hands with Fraser. "But I will see you again to-morrow or next day, most likely, if you can find time to turn from affairs of state."

"Are these your friends?" asked Fraser, looking through the window as the train crawled slowly along the platform. "An uncommonly pretty youth! The old boy looks like an army man. He's waving his hand at ye."

"Yes," said Maskelyne, with his soft drawl a little exaggerated. "That is my man. Good-day, Fraser. Tell O'Rourke I'm down here and that I'll run over and have a look at him."

A minute later he was shaking hands with the young lady who had excited Mr. Fraser's admiration.

"Welcome to the Ardennes, Mr. Maskelyne," said Angela, with frank good humor. "How are all our friends in New York?"

"Thank you, Miss Butler," he answered, looking into her gray eyes with a smile which was all the brighter and the sweeter because of the usual melancholy of his countenance; "I cannot undertake to tell you how all your friends in New York may be, but the few scores of whom I have heard in one way or another since I came to Europe are very well indeed. Major Butler, I am charmed to see you looking so robust. I had not hoped to see you looking so well."

"Dyspepsia," said the major. "When I wrote you I was really ill. I am all right now. But I've been a good deal worried, and when I'm worried I get dyspepsia, and dyspepsia means despair. That your baggage? Got the ticket for it?"

At this point Fraser came up with perfect sang froid, raised his hat to the girl and accented Maskelyne.

"I say, old man, tell me what's the best place to put up at here?"

"Hotel des Postes," said the major. Mr. Fraser raised his hat to the major.

"Let me introduce you," said Maskelyne. "Major Butler, this is Mr. Fraser, a member of your British House of Commons."

"Delighted to meet you!" said the major, but he did not look as if this statement could be accepted.

(To be continued.)

Origin of the Union Jack.

The British union jack, the king's colors, combines three crosses—the cross of St. George, the cross of St. Andrew and the cross of St. Patrick—all on a blue field. The union of these three crosses occurred in an interesting fashion. Primarily England's flag displayed a red cross on a white ground. The white cross of St. Andrew made its appearance side by side with that of St. George during the reign of James I., the Scottish king who ascended the throne of England. It was not until later, however, in 1707, that the two crosses were combined on the one banner and the white emblem of St. Andrew ran from corner to corner of the blue field and crossed the red emblem of St. George.

Nearly a century later the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick found a place on the same flag. It was after the Irish parliament was united to the British that this change took place.

In England it is stipulated that all colors, as flags are termed, shall be hand made. At first they were the work of women members of regimental families, but later the privilege was given to contractors, who number less than half a dozen, it is said. If, however, the wives and daughters of officers want to make colors for their regiments they are permitted to do so, but as a rule these regimental colors are submitted to the garter king at arms for his approval before they are presented to the regiments for which they have been made.

Jeeshing Her.

Mr. A.—Going downtown to select your spring hat, eh? Well, you better wait until night.

Mrs. A. (in surprise)—Night, George? Why?

Mr. A.—Didn't you say it was going to be a dream?

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## THE PRISON CONGRESS.

In olden times the jailer was a dark-visaged executioner who clapped his victims into the dungeon and turned a ponderous key in the creaking lock. He was the official punisher of bad men, and it was his business to make the prisoners as unhappy as possible. With the change in the conception of punishment, by which remedy and prevention, not vengeance, inspire the treatment which society reserves for offenders, there came also a change in the manner of men who manage the prisons.

The Prison Congress, held in Chicago, would have surprised any casual visitor who had derived his ideas of jail and jailers from old novels. Here were met together hundreds of wardens, chaplains, prison superintendents, sociologists, physicians, to discuss not only the practical administration of prisons, but the relation of prison discipline to our system of justice.

The Attorney General of the United States spoke from the point of view of a jurist. The head of the Volunteers of America described their method of helping discharged prisoners to get honest work. The lawmaker learned from the jailer what are the conditions of prison life, and how they affect the criminal; the jailer learned more about the story of his charges before and after they came under his care. The effect of such unification of ideas will improve the criminal code, its administration, and the entire relation between society and the criminal.

The necessity for improvement is shown by the declaration of the general secretary of the National Prison Association that "No county or State in the Union is satisfied with its methods of confining and caring for its prisoners." That improvement will come in directions urged by generosity, humanity, but not by sentimentality, the words of a student of prison work give reason to hope; "The wardens, the actual prison managers, are the finest lot of men you ever saw—great physique, earnest, intelligent—no nonsense, but big-hearted and kind."—Youth's Companion.

## HOW TO REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING.

The cost of living is high and going higher. But everybody can regulate the amount of money necessary to spend for sustenance. There is no reason why persons should find it more expensive to live, if they will only consider the question with care and fix the amount of food they ought to eat.

We do not advocate the method adopted by twelve hundred people of Kennebec County, Maine, who have pledged themselves to abstain for ten days from the use of meat, in the hope that thus they may be able to force down the price of beef. But there is no doubt that most persons eat two or three times as much food of all kinds as is necessary for them, and a reduction in diet would have a good effect, not only upon the bills one has to pay but also upon health.

If food is too high, then consume less of it. That is a simple rule for comfort, both of mind and body. The average man and woman eat so much more than is essen-

tial that seven-tenths of all diseases with which humanity is afflicted are due to this excess. The punch to be seen on almost every man over 40, no matter how lean the rest of him may be, is evidence of overeating; and the fact that many women of the same age are much heavier than they should be proves their lack of self-restraint.

High prices will be beneficial to Americans if they will induce a study of the subject of eating, and the reduction in the amount of food consumed that will follow. We should be a much healthier, happier, stronger, more intellectual and longer-lived people if we should all resolve to eat hereafter, not to satisfy the demands of a pampered and spoiled appetite, but to answer the real needs of the body.

Also, we should be richer, for food is the greatest expense of most of us. If we can cut down our household bills, not only without injury to our health but actually to its benefit, we should be grateful to the cause which brought about the change, even though it be the greed of purveyors.—Indianapolis Sun.

## RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY.

HERE is much said about the trouble which is experienced in securing the right kind of men as soldiers for the army. General Greeley has made the latest contribution. The complaints are now made in connection with the effort to increase the pay of the army.

As a matter of fact these complaints are not new. They are made in England as well as in this country, and the real basis of them is that both countries get their soldiers by voluntary enlistment and not by conscription.

The probability is that neither country could procure the kind of men desired by the army officers unless conscription should be resorted to. A few Englishmen have suggested the continental system for their army, but no political party would dare sustain the method, and in this country there is no one who has the hardihood to suggest conscription.

Moreover there is some doubt whether intelligence above a certain level is of any value to a man considered merely as a fighting animal. Especially must there not be a too highly developed, sensitive, and imaginative nature.

As to pay, the ordinary soldier is often a laborer in uniform, and his stipend, with free food, a larger allowance for clothes than he can spend, free lodging, and free medical attendance, is the best laborer's pay in the country.

When we come to the experts for the coast artillery, there is a different question raised.

To make men good artillerymen the government educates them to a point where they become more valuable as civilians than they are to the government, if we are to judge from the pay which the government gives them. But is the government really inclined to pay one of its \$27-a-month gunners the \$75 that a civilian employer is glad to pay? There are complications.—Harper's Weekly.

## TREATMENT FOR FLATFOOT.

Painful Affliction Remedied Only by Wearing Suitable Support.

Flat foot is a very common affliction. It is also one which is frequently overlooked by physicians. The patient complains of pain in the heel, the ankle, the inner border of the foot, great toe, the muscles of the calf, the knee or even the hip. The busy practitioner notes these symptoms in a hurried, casual way, attributes them to rheumatism, prescribes salicylates and what not and another flat-footed individual plods his weary way.

Increased deformity is added to what may have been merely foot strain in the first place. A curable case has become well nigh incurable and the medical profession is again justly liable to well-deserved censure. Any factor which tends to diminish the muscular power of the foot may cause flat foot. A great increase in the weight borne by the foot may cause it.

This increase in weight may be actual, such as occurs in people who put on a great deal of fat, or it may be relative, such as occurs in athletes, jumpers especially. But by far the most common cause is a cramping of the foot brought about by improper shoes.

For treatment of this condition mechanical support is best afforded by means of the footplate made from highly tempered steel and molded upon a plaster cast of the foot.

The footplate should be worn as long as it is required, but no longer. Additional wearing of the plate beyond the time necessary, as indicated by the symptoms, is simply an additional cause of deformity.

An An... some stat... of some... An Irish... it as lon... ried: "Ye he... have ye... The A... "Well... tall that... stories of... "What... "So w... moon w... Press.

There... far awa... toward... nance. "Come... "Do y... caller. I... heard in...

The right... that the poor never fail to exercise is the right of criticism.

## STARTLING CHARGE OF A CHICAGO MINISTER.



REV. F. E. HOPKINS.

"Fifty per cent of the women who dine at the 'respectable' restaurants of our large cities drink booze." This is the startling statement of Rev. F. E. Hopkins, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Chicago, whose utterances on feminine intemperance aroused the city. The assertion is based on an investigation which Hopkins has carried on for fifteen years.

In the midst of a series of sermons which aroused his fellow ministers and temperance workers to take sides in the controversy Hopkins left his church work a day, and with several witnesses made a tour of the fashionable eating places. Sixteen were visited. Between the hours of noon and midnight he saw 463 women and girls enter these places. Of this number 59 per cent were seen drinking hard drinks. Cider was not counted.

place the preacher found a trustee of his church. men than women were found drinking the less harmful beer," said Hopkins, in speaking of the investigation. "Nearly all the women were drinking booze. That sounds slangy, but you can't give it a name.

cause of drinking among women and girls in all our large cities and foolish pursuit of fashion. The drinking habit is steadily growing, and something radical is done to stop it at once future generations suffer."

Light-Hearted Street. Avenue des Champs-Elysees Boulevard des Capuchins in a step, but there the tune carrier, says the Bohemian, of noises, blare, glare, of women, the raucous of automobile horns; by day of costly shops, by night the in chief of his most atantic It is at its best—or worst—ry, during Mi-Careme, when thick with confetti and of the boulevards are beside

then to sit at one of the little sidewalk, thinking to enliven a swiftly changing panorama of light. In a moment you would find that a bock or porridge of confetti, your hat jammed over your ears, the



Men who are found fault with are able to say a good deal in their defense.

Every time the fire whistle blows, we think we can smell burning pins.