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 piteous, 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 pleasanter 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 fir needles shed in the foregoing 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 their 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 regicide 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 fir 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 ascetically 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 lost 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 tumbled 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 Anglais! 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 inquetude 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 recognising 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, lugging 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 the mob, and all the carriages were taken by storm. One tourist, who had furnished 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 mental feet the official to whom he appealed, and in a very passion and torrent of his oratory rippled 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 unruffled. 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. Deloyted. 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 Houfoy, to see some old friends of mine."

"I'm going to Janenne meself," 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 Jorman with the same facility, though it's probably me Scotch extraction that gives me that."

Midwa ybetween Namur and Luxembourg the two travelers changed trains for Janenne. The engine steamed lasily through a most lovely country, and the young American, looking continually 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 sallow pallor 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 those your friends?" asked Fraser, looking through the window as the train crawled slowly along the platform. "An uncommonly pretty gyurl! The ould 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 accosted Maskelyne.

"I say, ould 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.

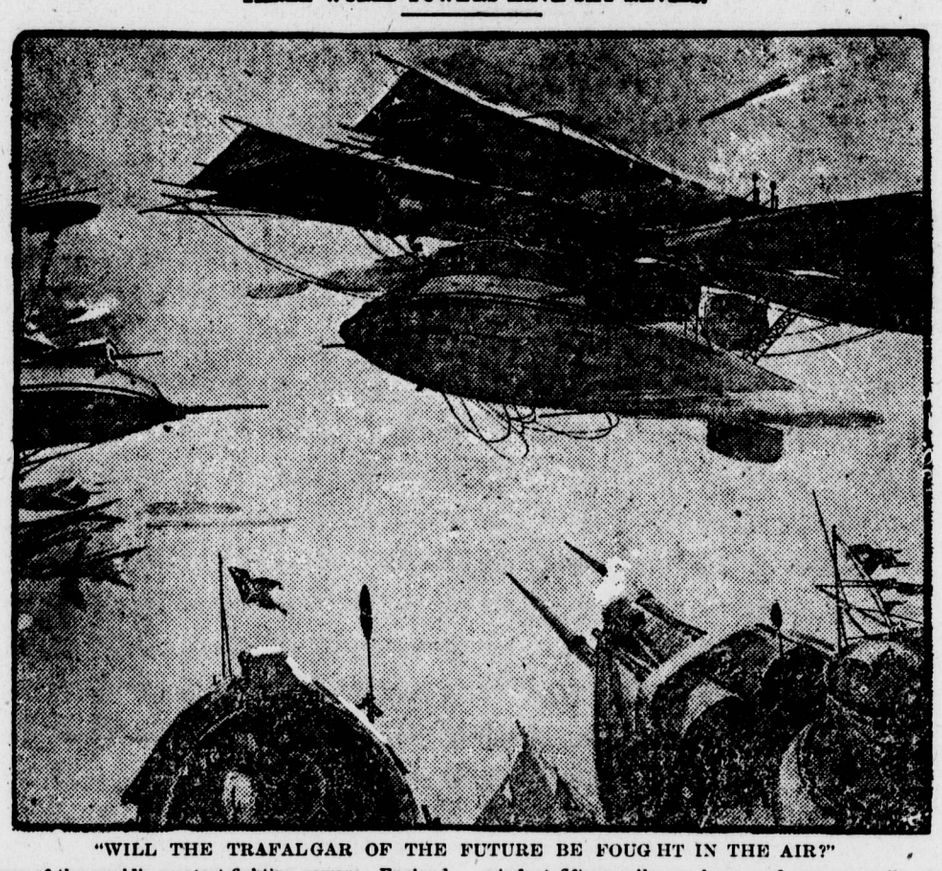
Joshing Her.

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?

THREE WORLD POWERS HAVE SKY NAVIES.



"WILL THE TRAFALGAR OF THE FUTURE BE FOUGHT IN THE AIR?"

Three of the world's greatest fighting powers—England, Germany and France—now have successful dirigible balloons for use in war times. England's military balloon has just been successfully tested and put into commission. It made a semi-circle of two miles around Farnborough and Cove common without difficulty, with the wind at fifteen miles an hour, and was as easily steered as a skiff in water. The success of these three great European powers in this direction, coupled with experiments by the United States government with the aeroplane, gives rise to the startling question, "Will the Trafalgar of the future be fought in the air?"

LIFE'S MUSIC.

There never has been such music since
ever the world began,
No melody like it has echoed in the listening ear of man.
As soft as the bells of the fairies, as blithe
as the song of the bird—
The laughter, the infinite laughter, on lips
of the childehart heard!
Oh, if we could echo that laughter, if we
could catch it again,
The old sweet note of the golden throat,
the lilt of its glad refrain!
Life would be music forever if one could
laugh like a child,
In the golden day of the fairy way, carelessly free and wild!

—Baltimore Sun.

Return of the Prodigal

Gilbert Summers was prosperous as far as worldly goods goes; he owned a drug store with all modern improvements; a snug little balance in the bank, with more added to it each week and the people of the village called him well-to-do.

His most valued possession was his little "Sunbeam," his 7-year-old daughter, who was the only child, and although the world called him cynical and morose, the child was able to call forth the best there was in him.

The world also called him queer. When his wife ran away Summers made no effort to follow her, but continued the even tenor of his way, and as far as the world knew, he quickly erased her from his memory.

When Summers, the business man, left his drug store with a courteous good-night to his clerk, he became Gilbert Summers, domesticated, the father and the mother of his little "Sunbeam." Those long and happy evenings Summers spent alone with his child were sacred.

The little village where Summers did business did not wonder nor lament when a sign over his drug store announced he was going to move to the city and enlarge his business. They snapped up the bargains he offered and exchanged remarks about the weather, wished him good luck in his new venture, and went back home.

These remarks measured the extent of his friendship in the village. He had but one friend and that friend stole away his wife. Therefore, Gilbert Summers called no man friend.

A month later saw Summers established in his new store in the heart of a great city. It represented his entire capital and he dedicated it to his little "Sunbeam."

He was cold and calculating and knew he would succeed. His was a strange philosophy; he pitied his child on account of the stigma cast on her name by her mother, but somehow felt as if it was all his fault and he wanted to make it up to her in some way.

Summers was at his desk one night after the clerk had gone home, and the druggist and his little daughter were alone, when the tap of a coin on the showcase announced a customer.

He moved briskly to the front of the store and saw the figure of a woman at the counter. She was poorly and thinly clad and the cold blast that clung to her frayed shawl chilled Summers to the bone. He noticed her ragged dress, coated with snow that was rapidly melting. She did not look up at him when she spoke.

"I want a dime's worth of carbolic acid," she said, in a low tone, pulling the shawl about her face.

Summers gazed at the poor creature with a pitying glance. He was not sentimental, but the dejected droop of her shoulders appealed to his sympathies. "What do you want with it?" as asked.

Something in his voice made the woman look up at his quickly. As she raised her head the shawl fell from her face and they looked at each other squarely. The recognition was mutual.

"Gilbert!" she exclaimed. Her tone bespoke the anguish in her heart, but the pleading note in her voice failed to touch him. All the old bitterness was aroused anew and at the sight of her face Summers steeled his heart resolutely.

No one would have suspected that a torrent of emotions had been awakened in his breast. His face hardened, and to all appearances he became cold and cynical.

At that moment little "Sunbeam" ventured out from behind the prescription case, and as she caught sight of the pitiful figure standing there with the tired, hunted look in her eyes, the child ran forward with a shout of joy and threw herself in her mother's arms. The woman sank to her knees and with heart-broken sobs rained kisses on the child's up-turned face.

"Mamma's back home, papa," cried

"MAMMA'S BACK HOME."

the child, gleefully. The woman looked up appealingly. The man's eyes softened and he put his hand tenderly on his wife's head.

"Yes," he said slowly: "Mamma's back home."—Chicago Journal.

The Sequel to the Joke.

Many years ago a visitor to Edinburgh was being shown over the high court of justiciary. He made some remark concerning the dock and its duties, and in reply the official jokingly said the visitor might one day be sentenced to be hanged in that very room. The sightseer was the notorious Dr. Pritchard. Two years had barely passed when in the dock he had so closely inspected he was doomed to death for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law.

The Wrong Word.

"Did you finally sum up enough courage to ask her to marry you?"

"Yes, and she gave her word——"

"Ah, I congratulate you!"

"You needn't; the word she gave was 'No.'"—Philadelphia Press.

SILVER WEDDINGS.

They Had Their Origin in the Reign Hugues Capet.

The fashion of silver weddings dates back to the reign of Hughes Capet, king of France in 987.

Once as Hughes was arranging his uncle's affairs he found on one of the estates a servant who had grown gray in the service of his relative. He had been such a friend of his master that he was almost looked upon as one of the family.

On the farm with this old man was also a serving woman who was as old as he and also unmarried and who had been the most devoted and hardworking of the women servants of the king's uncle. When the king heard these praises of the two, he ordered them to be brought before him and said to the woman:

"Your service is great, greater than this man's, whose services were great enough, for the woman always finds work and obedience harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five and twenty years is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," stuttered the old peasant confusedly, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding," answered the king, "and here I give you a wedding ring," drawing a costly ring from his finger and placing the hands of the thankful old people together.

This soon became known all over France and raised such enthusiasm that it became a fashion after a twenty-five years' marriage to celebrate a silver wedding.

IRELAND'S FAIR.

Exhibition at Dublin Marks a New Epoch in the Green Isle's History.

In Herbert Park, not far from the heart of Dublin city and partly on the site of Donnybrook fair of unsavory memory, stand the white buildings of the Irish International exhibition, says Everybody's. The difference between these noble palaces and the rickety booths of Donnybrook is symbolic of the difference between the old Ireland and the new; of the deeply significant renascence and awaking of the nation. Ireland's fair might well be called her birthday celebration. Donnybrook fair used to be the trading place for all the peasants and small farmers and petty shopkeepers of the country who could ride or walk to the spot, for this was their great social center. In the retrospect Donnybrook may seem picturesque, as showing the Irish joy in living, the bravery and song. But actually Donnybrook showed the bitter effect of a cruel land system forced on Ireland by a people who could never understand her.

But the old Ireland is dead and there is a new Ireland, becoming more and more unified and coherent through a variety of causes, chief of which are the new land system and the recent industrial development. Now the peasant may himself be a small landholder. He lives, or may live, in a decent house. His younger sons, through the new technical education offered by the government, may be fitted for skilled labor. His wife and daughters may supplement his earnings by their work in home industries. And all that Ireland is and all that she will become are vividly suggested by the exhibition.

An Insinuation.

"He always insists on kissing me good-night when he goes."

"He never goes until after dark, does he?"—Houston Post.