

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER I.

The Girl.

The day was dreary when she was born, not only because the rain was falling in a drizzling fashion and a mist hung over the hills, but because she was born. Her mother, having a soft heart, felt all her tenderness awaking for her weak daughter, and gathered her into her arms with a half pitying caress. But her mother did not live long, and some of her friends went so far as to say that it was well she did not, for she would have spoiled the girl.

Her father—well, there was no danger of her father spoiling the girl with tenderness. He considered her birth one of the blows fate dealt him, and he said he had had many blows from fate. He said fate was against him; people said he was shiftless; they said also that there was hardly a doubt that the girl would be the same. None of the Johnsons amounted to much—at least that branch of the family. Lemuel Johnson, this man's brother, was rich, rumor said, and they did not blame him for having nothing to do with his shiftless brother. He lived in a fine house in New York; was enterprising and shrewd; how could anyone blame him for dropping this ne'er-do-well brother?

His brother thought differently. Lemuel was rich; fate had been good to him; it was but right that he should help him; it was an unheard-of thing that he had never offered to help him, especially when this added burden was laid upon his already too heavily laden shoulders. Of what good to him was a girl? Girls were of little use. Had she been a boy—but she was not a boy, and she was motherless from the time she was three weeks old.

With a pathetic appreciation of the fitness of things her mother named her Dolores. And from the time she was taken from the dying mother's arms her large brown eyes, shaded by long curling lashes, looked out upon the world with a strange gravity and a knowledge of what it meant to be brought into the world unwelcome and unloved.

She seldom cried. She never cooed as other and happier babies do. And as she grew older silence grew upon her. She said little and the neighbors seldom ran in to gossip with her as they did with each other, for there was no use; she took no interest in them or their gossip; no one could talk easily with her eyes upon them. So when she grew old enough to attend to the household matters herself, they left her alone; even the children of her own age dropped her as though she had been dead.

She was an excellent cook, and kept the house well. In these things her father had no fault to find. He seldom spoke to her; if the food were well cooked he never found fault; he never praised it or her; he ate his meals in silence, and went out of the house. She saw him only at meal times; his evenings were spent at the tavern; hers were spent at home



"Did ye get ther water?" mending his clothes or doing whatever was to be done. And to every one in the village—out of it she knew no one—she was simply "that girl of Johnson's."

CHAPTER II.

The Stranger.

When Dolores was twenty her father awoke to the fact that she was no longer a child. The knowledge of her age and comeliness came to him suddenly one day.

Johnson was a blacksmith, and young Green, whose father was judge in the town across the mountain, was riding up the valley when his mare cast a shoe, and he stopped at the shop to have it replaced.

The day was warm and sultry, and after a few minutes young Green asked for some water. Johnson sent him to the house for it, saying that Dolores would give it to him. Green returned in a few minutes. There was a strange expression on his face, and he did not enter the shop at once; he stood in the doorway, watching the hammer fall on the glowing iron.

Green had a college education, and his friends were to a certain extent

like all other young fellows, fond of hunting and all athletic sports, but a strength like this man's he had never before seen. Green was a man, and men admire strength. The mouth was sullen under the scant gray mustache; the eyes were small, and showed a possible cruelty of nature—brute cruelty; the forehead was low and narrow. There was not an intellectual line in his face.

A wrinkle of puzzled thought appeared between the young man's brows. He turned and looked long and earnestly up the path that led to the tiny unpainted house set in its dreary garden a short distance up the mountain.

Dolores was standing in the doorway, her arms hanging down in front of her, her fingers clasped listlessly together. The sunlight was on her dark head; her brown eyes were looking straight before her, and there was a light in her face that fairly transformed it. Usually there was little light in her face. Her lips were parted as though she had been speaking of pleasant things.

Young Green took off his hat, and ran his fingers through his fair hair. The wrinkle of perplexity appeared and deepened between his brows.

"Johnson is she your daughter?" The blacksmith straightened up in surprise. No one had ever before asked about Dolores. With the back of his hand he wiped the drops from his grimy face.

"She my darter? Wal, I reckon. My cursed luck that she warn't a boy; boys is o' use." A flash came into the clear blue eyes watching him. "Cursed luck? Man, you should thank your lucky star that she is a woman—and such a woman! Where did she get her learnin'?"

"Learnin'?" The man was bewildered; he laughed scornfully. "She ain't never had no learnin' 's far as I know. Thar ain't no use in learnin'—'t least I ain't never seen no use o' it. Wimmen 'specially air better off 'thout it."

Hyar's yer mare red-dy. Fine mare, she. A shillin', sir; thank 'ee." The mare was full of life and spirits, and a beautiful animal. When her master mounted she reared and plunged; her tall swept the scanty grass at the door, her long silky mane swept his face; her eyes were flashing, her nostrils dilated.

The girl in the doorway lost her listless attitude. She came down the steps, and called to him, and her voice—peculiarly penetrating, but full of rare sweetness—sounded like a note of music on the sultry air. He smiled at her. With a tight rein and a calm word he quieted the mare, then he rode up to the girl. His voice was pleasant; to her it sounded grave and almost sweet.

"The mare is gentle as a kitten; she would not harm me for the world. It is only one of her tricks. You are as fond of animals as of astronomy, are you not, Miss Johnson?"

Her gaze had strayed down to the shop. Her father was standing in the doorway rubbing his hands on his leathern apron and watching them. The flash died out of her eyes, the flush from her face; the listlessness had returned.

His gaze involuntarily followed hers. He received no reply from her, and expected none; he understood with a rare instinct.

When he had ridden away she stood a long time at the gate. The far-away look was in her eyes as she watched the black mare and her rider until the haze from the mountain hid them from view.

When her father came into dinner he watched her as she prepared the table; he watched her as she ate. His eyes were on her constantly; she knew it, but gave no sign.

As he took up his hat to return to the shop he turned and asked, abruptly, with but little show of interest: "How old air ye, girl?"

Her large eyes looked through and through him; her gaze was steady, his wavered; her voice, too, was steady and slow:

"I am twenty, father." "Curse the girl!" he muttered, as he passed down the worn path to the shop with no haste in his slouching gait. "Curse all ther wimmen! Borneed fools, every one of 'em! Jest my luck that she warn't a boy; boys is o' use!"

CHAPTER III.

Her Learning.

Dolores was sitting on the door steps one evening. Her father was at the tavern as usual, and as her household duties were finished she sat in the mellow moonlight that flooded the mountain with radiance. She was no longer listless. Her lips were parted; her eyes larger and darker than usual; her face, raised to the starry heavens, was full of light. On her knees lay an old astronomy, and one slender finger marked the place of her reading.

She was lost to herself and her surroundings; she did not hear the heavy footsteps approaching along the narrow path; she saw nothing until a rough hand pulled the book from under her fingers. A deep oath smote the air.

"Curse ye!" her father muttered, between his clenched teeth. "Curse 'em as invented books an' learnin'! They

is ther way ye waste yer time while I am away. Curse ye! Yer mother was fool 'nough, but ye're worse."

She rose up slowly to her full height and confronted him. Her soul was in her eyes and his shrank from it.

"Father, say what you like of me; you shall not say nothing of my mother; she is beyond your power now."

The book had slipped from his hand and fallen to the ground; he kicked it contemptuously. The flash deepened in her eye, but she had had her say, and sat down. The moonlight was on her face and hair; her shadow lay long and dark behind her.

Lavinia Ketcham made a gentle wife; she gave up much for peace, and at first she had loved her husband; afterward she found out his brute nature. Her nature was fine, and she was true to him always, but love was out of the question then. He



He watched her face.

forbade her the use of her books, and in that only she would not obey him. For a nature like hers to die mentally or even stagnate was impossible. She was above him as the stars she loved were above her, and she knew it, and he knew it also; he hated her for it.

She was a school teacher, and as school teachers did not thrive that side of the mountain he offered her a home, and she accepted his offer, believing him noble because of this generous act, as women will believe of the men they love until they have been proved otherwise, when the sweet if rather blind faith in them can never return once being destroyed.

Her daughter inherited her nature only in a far higher degree. Her husband knew it, and the neighbors knew it. Never, however, did the girl's father know that her mother's books were her constant companions; that she lived in them and on them; that nearly every word of theirs was known to her by heart.

Betsy Glenn had been her mother's schoolmate and friend. Betsy Glenn taught Dolores with all the power she was capable. She had long been dead, but the seed she sowed grew and grew; some time it would ripen and bear fruit.

Had her father known of this he would have stopped it from the first. He did not know it, for he had never taken enough interest in her to know it. Had he asked her she would have told him, but he never asked.

The jealousy he had already felt toward his wife for her love of books seethed and scorched in his heart as he stood facing her daughter and his. She possessed not one of his traits; the mother's nature had deepened ten fold in his daughter.

(To Be Continued.)

BARBER WHO WAS A KING.

Nervous Customer Jumped at Conclusion and Fled.

A queer reminiscential gleam crept into the eyes of the barber, with the long, low, rakish forehead, as he suddenly rested his razor hand while shaving the Adam's apple of the lean, nervous-looking man in the chair.

"I was King Louis XIV. of France last night," said the barber, suddenly, the razor still poised about half an inch above the lean customer's Adam's apple.

The customer blinked and breathed hard. The shaved side of his face became nearly as white as the still lathered other side.

"Wait a minute," he said, placing a shaking hand on the barber's shaving arm. He up sat straight in the chair with a wild look, and then made a bolt for the door.

"Wow!" he yelled as he went. "What an escape! King Louis XIV! Bug-house! He wouldn't have done a thing to me—" and, with the towel streaming in the breeze and one side of his face still lathered, he leaped down the street.

The barber with the long, low, rakish forehead went to the door and stared after the galloping customer with amusement.

"Well, I'll be dad-binged!" muttered the barber. "Now what kind o' cogs has that feller got in his conk? I was only tryin' to tell him that I was King Louis XIV. at the barbers' masquerade ball last night, and look at him goin' after Salvator's mile record!"—Washington Post.

The Real Cause.

Maude—"What makes you so awfully nervous, dear?"

Clara—"Why, Fred is to have an interview with papa this afternoon."

Maude—"Oh, and you are afraid your father will not give his consent?"

Clara—"No; I'm afraid Fred won't show up."

A STAND PAT SPEECH

SENATOR HANNA TO THE OHIO REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

"Human Liberty and Protection to Our Labor and Industries." "Let Well Enough Alone; for God's Sake Keep Letting It Alone!"

The Republican party is fortunate in the character and quality of its leadership. It is fortunate in having as chairman of its National Committee a man of the stamp of Hon. Marcus A. Hanna. The need of the hour is stalwart, uncompromising Republicanism on the part of the men intrusted with the duty of directing the party's politics. Senator Hanna is nothing if not straightforward and practical. He does not know what it is to be ambiguous or evasive. Of himself he might truly say:

I am no orator, as Brutus is; But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man, I only speak right on.

To be a plain, blunt man, and to speak right on, is an admirable characteristic in a campaign leader and manager. Senator Hanna never exhibited these valuable traits to better advantage than in his speech before the Ohio Republican State convention, June 2, 1903. Such a speech was most opportune. It was time that some big man—the bigger the better—stood up and proclaimed the dignity, the glory and the splendid record of unadulterated Republicanism; time to show a just pride in the party's principles and achievements, without apology, qualification or saving clause of any kind. Senator Hanna was the right man in the right place. A lifelong member of the American Protective Tariff League, this virile Ohican is a believer in the doctrine and policy of protection through and through, first, last and all the time. He does not think the Dingley tariff "shelters monopoly;" he knows that it does not. He does not recognize the present existence or probable occurrence of anything in the

they are very foolish ones. A party is seldom able to win victory by taking the position that logically belongs to the other party.

Republicans have no reason to be dissatisfied with what has been accomplished under protection in recent times. They can continue to point to it with pride. They do point to it with pride.—Cedar Rapids Republican.

Very Different.

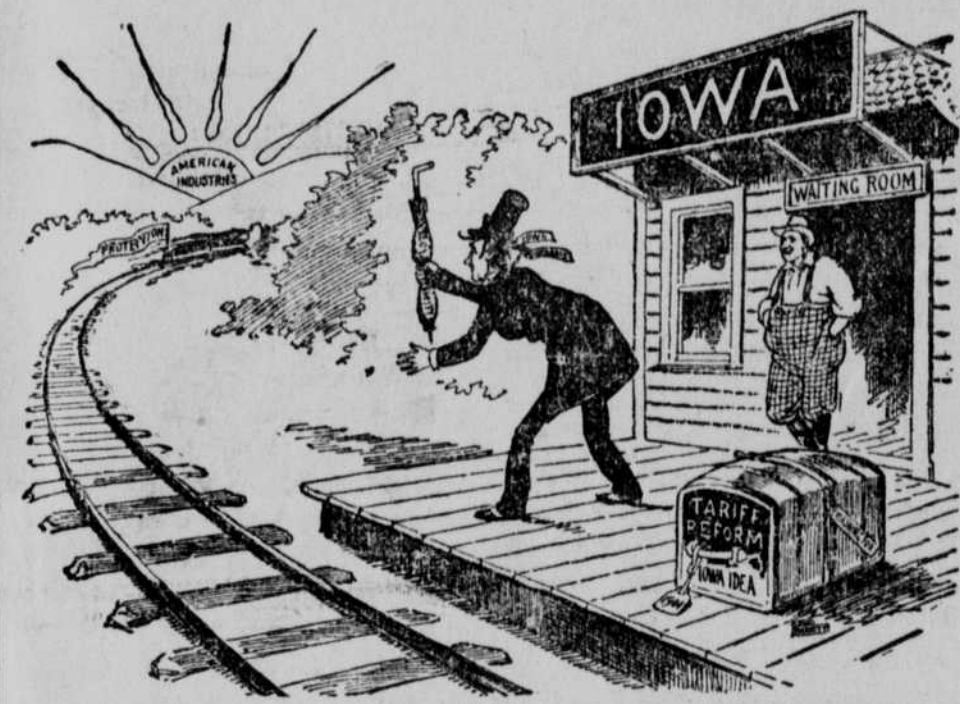
During these discussions of revision of the tariff it should be distinctly remembered that there is little if any more similarity between the Democratic idea of tariff reform and the Republican idea of changing the tariff than there is between the old Democratic tariff for revenue only idea, which has been popularly known as free trade, and the Republican policy of thorough protection to American industries. As Hon. Sterling Morton, President Cleveland's Secretary of Agriculture, said, he would burn down every custom house in the land. The Republican party has favored a high tariff primarily for the protection and uplifting of American industries and incidentally to provide necessary revenue for running the government. The Democratic idea on the other hand has always been that we should have free trade or just as near free trade as it was possible to construct tariff schedules so as to provide the necessary income for government expenses.—Warren (Ohio) Chronicle.

WHY TAMPER WITH IT?

Discard Theory and Accept the Facts of History.

It has long been a favorite doctrine among protectionists that their policy was necessary for the purpose principally of affording "infant industries" a chance to get a foothold at home against the competition of foreign products of pauper labor. That, everybody recognizes as a familiar formula once vigorous enough, but now decrepit with years and employment. The Journal has but little concern about the theories, the party cries or any of the usual forms of "jawing"

LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'D BEEN LEFT.



nature of "shifting needs" that now do or are likely to call for any abandonment, any abatement, any relaxation of the system of protection to American labor and industry. Here is the pith and the core of Mark Hanna's position on tariff tinkering: "Is there anybody in this great audience—aye, is there anybody in the State of Ohio—who hesitates for one moment, under all the conditions which have gone before, under all the environments of the present, under all the hopes of the future, to see one single cause as to why the Republican party should change one iota in those principles? (Long continued cheering.)

"Human liberty, protection to American industries and our workmen. (Renewed applause.) We started that slogan many years ago. It went forth and reached the hearts of every fire-side in the land, and if we needed any additional tribute, or an accessory to add to the luster of that monument, it would be the continuation of happiness and contentment perceptible everywhere around us. I once said, 'Let well enough alone.' (Applause.) For God's sake keep letting it alone!" (Renewed applause.)

That is the gospel that Republicans want to hear. That is the doctrine to preach from every Republican pulpit. Let protection alone. Let the tariff alone. "Let well enough alone! For God's sake keep letting it alone!"

It Belongs to Democrats.

Changing a tariff schedule that happens to be more or less out of harmony with the time is quite a different thing from "tariff reform." When Samuel J. Tilden was alive the modified Morrill law was in force. It was in force when Grover Cleveland was president for the first time. The Morrill law was changed twenty-three times, but these changes in schedules did not prevent "tariff reform" from being the slogan of the democracy under both Tilden and Cleveland. In other words, "tariff reform" is quite different from changing a schedule that is out of time. "Tariff reform" is the Democratic version of the industrial issue. It was then, is now and will continue to be. Republicans might as well stay on their own side of the issue, for when it comes to the next national campaign they will either have to stand for protection, without apologies, or compete with Democrats on their side of the discussion.

We are aware that there are some Republicans who imagine that their party by taking the Democratic position in part will be able to crowd the Democrats off the political map. But

over the pros and cons of protection as a national policy. Most of these contentions are the merest emptiness and ordinarily serve to vex the air and men's ears to no conclusive purpose. As the Journal has said before, the record made by the operation of the protective tariff in this country is the only absolutely determining proof of results. Every American citizen knows what that has been; he knows that under the tariff the American republic has steadily, rapidly, substantially, permanently advanced in wealth producing prosperity in a manner and to an extent approached by no other people in the world's history. It is true, that, incidentally, domestic manufactures have been made possible and that they are fostered by the tariff, but who believes that to have been all that the tariff has done? And who believes that prices of protected products have in any single instance been sustained as a result solely of protection? At a time when the country was solely dependent upon Great Britain for free wire nails, English wire nails sold for \$6; under a later duty of \$6 a keg, home-made wire nails sold for less than \$1 a keg. The duty on lumber is a factor in this great system that has brought the American people unparalleled employment and wealth—why tamper with it? Of what consequence is theory when pitted against the teachings of events?—The Lumber Trade Journal.

Who Will Do the Dodging?

"No political maneuvers or evasions will prevent the tariff from being the issue of the next presidential contest. Its shadow is already in the door."—Philadelphia Record.

If there are any political maneuvers or evasions to keep the tariff out of next year's presidential contest they will be on the side of the Democrats. Republicans are not afraid of the tariff as an issue. They will welcome it as the governing issue. The Democrats may dodge and straddle in defining their tariff policy. Very likely they will. But not the Republicans. Their convention declaration will, we predict, be for straight protection without apologies or "trust sheltering" admissions.

The Idea.

The main Iowa idea appears to be to get something. They are after the vice presidency now.—Philadelphia Press.

Anti-Microbe.

Prosperity has been an effective anti-toxin in fighting the microbe of Populism.—Albany Evening Journal.

SEEK HIDDENWEALTH

EXPEDITIONS FITTED OUT TO RECOVER TREASURE.

Valuable Finds Made in the West Indies Have Stimulated Speculation—Authentic Instances of Finds of Immense Amounts.

A party of three, we were chatting on the deck of a steamship during a voyage from Jamaica to Trinidad. The talk fell upon buried treasure in the West Indies, and each of us had his tale to tell.

A couple of months ago, said the first man, an American mining engineer, I was in New Providence, and everybody was talking about a mysterious American who had been down in the Bahamas just before.

He came in a small schooner, and anchored off one of the small cays, or islands, which are so numerous there. He said he hadn't come for sponges or coral or salt or pearls; but he would not tell anybody what he had come for.

One day he hired two men, and got a boat filled with tinned provisions, tools and a tent. Then he made them row him over to another cay about six miles off—a mere lump of coral and a few bushes, where nobody lives. There he staid for a week, making the men dig like fury in place he pointed out, while he watched over them with a rifle to see that they did not shirk.

After six days' digging they came across a heavy, brass-bound trunk. They carried it to the boat and rowed him to the schooner. As soon as the box was aboard he weighed anchor, and nothing more was heard of him. Nobody knew his name or what he had found; but of course they all think that he had the clew to some pirate hoard, and found it.

When I was in Hayti, in 1898, said the second member of our party, a Canadian business man, I came across a curious treasure story. A poor man at Cape Haytien, who everybody knew had not got \$100 into a man of wealth, and went in for land speculation.

Presently the secret leaked out. The house he lived in was a ruined French chateau, dating back to the days when the French colonists occupied the island; a magnificent old ruin of the type one often sees in Hayti.

Sawing through the wainscoting one day to make some repairs, he came across a big oak chest filled with French gold pieces, gold and silver plate, necklaces, brooches, watches and other valuables. The box was worth about \$15,000.

A wealthy speculator in Cape Haytien, hearing of his find, concluded there might be some more chests there, so he offered to buy the house, and eventually did so for \$2,000.

The new man did more than search; he pulled down the house, and in the end found four other chests found altogether to be worth nearly \$200,000. The first man got very angry, and wanted to share; but he came off badly.

The speculator had political influence, and soon had him flung into jail and despoiled of most of his wealth for the heinous crime of concealing treasure trove from the state. That speculator and his family to-day are among the richest people in Hayti.

I recounted a most marvelous, but perfectly true story told to me in Jamaica last year by the skipper of a turtling schooner from the Cayman Islands. He was aboard the schooner one day last spring, anchored close to a reef near the Caymans on which a bark had been recently wrecked.

Looking over the side of his vessel, he saw a curious yellow gleam on the ledge of the reef, about eight feet under water. Thinking it was a large sheet of copper or brass, he ordered one of his crew to dive for it.

The man came up with his hands full of gold coins—Spanish doubloons, with the arms of Seville on them. The ledge was covered with loose gold.

The skipper showed me a lot of the gold in a store in Kingston, Jamaica, and sold the entire find soon afterward for over \$10,000. At this moment there are two or three expeditions—English and American—searching for buried treasure in various parts of the West Indies. The favorite hunting grounds are the Bahamas, from New Providence as far south as Tortuga and the Virgin Islands.—Chambers' Journal.

A Leading Question.

"Bre'r Williams," said Brother Thomas, "s'pose a mad bull wuz ter take arter you, what would you do?" "Climb a tree, suh," said Brother Williams.

"But—s'pose you had de rheumatism, en a wooden leg, en couldn't climb?"

Brother Williams was silent a moment, then he said: "Bre'r Thomas, it's des sich 'quistic niggers ez you dat keeps dis race problem gwine. Ef de lynchin' committee don't git you finally it'll be kaze you outruns 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Only a Baby.

Something to live for came to the place. Something to die for, maybe; Something to give even sorrow a grace— And yet it was only a baby! Joking and laughter, and gurgles and cries, Dimples for tenderest kisses; Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs, Chaos of fears and of blisses. Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn; This year a wilderness, maybe; But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn That it brought there only a baby. —Woman's Life.