

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER VII.

The Strayed Cow.

Dolores sat in the doorway waiting for her father's return from the tavern. He had been to the house while she was over the mountain, and had his supper. She herself had eaten nothing, for she had no appetite in spite of her walk over the mountain.

She was quite idle, her hands in their old listless attitude in her lap, her dark head resting against the unpainted door post, her grave face and thoughtful eyes raised to the heavens. The moonlight falling across her face defined it clear and perfect as marble; upon the clean bare floor behind her lay her shadow long and dark.

The night was silent; the distant sound of rude singing from the tavern died away; the lights went out one after another in the long, low houses. Dolores began to wonder vaguely why her father did not come. Midnight had passed; the hours ticked away one by one on the big clock in the corner, the moon hung round and golden above the mountain peaks in the west; in the east a streak of whiter light appeared, broadened and deepened. The girl's shadow disappeared from the floor; it lay in front of her on the door stone.

The cow was cropping the grass on the roadside, her breathing deep and contented. Lodie, the next neighbor, came up the road with a bucket. His well was low in this dry weather; Johnson's well was public property at such times.

"A sheer day," he said apologetically, looking at the brindle.

Dolores roused herself, a slow thought coming to her mind. "I have been waiting for my father," she said. "Is he still at the tavern?"

Lodie held the bucket suspended half way down the well; a dull surprise was the leading expression on his face.

"Don't ye know where he went, Dolores? Warn't ye yar when he kem up fer his gun an' started ter hunt ther cow ower yander on ther mounting? Ther cow is yar; where's yer feyther?"

A sudden sharp fear woke in her mind; she arose and faced Lodie, the sunlight on her head.

"If he went over on the opposite mountain to hunt Brindle and has not returned he must have lost his road, or gotten hurt, or something to keep him."

"Yes," said Lodie, slowly. "An' theys went him et ther court ter-day; ef he ain't thyar they'll kem fer him; theys swared they'd hev him, fer ther thing kyant be settled tell he goes."

He swung the bucket up on the edge of the well and passed down the road in silence, his slouching figure like a blot on the exquisite landscape.

Breakfast was ready, and Dolores went in and set the potatoes and bacon at one side of the hearth; the coffee was ready to make; she never made that till it was ready to be drunk. When all was ready within she went out to the bank under the pines. The sun was high and warm, but under the pines the shadows were cool and dark; and there she waited for her father.

By and by the men of the settlement started over the mountain in groups of twos and threes. Dolores watched them go, scarce taking her eyes from them till their slouching figures faded and blended with the yellow road and the rugged paths. As they passed they asked for her father.

As for Dolores, she seemed to like him to talk to her; she was not in the habit of talking much; she never talked with her neighbors, she felt above them; he was the judge's son, and, no doubt, she felt flattered that he took notice of her. Their men never said much to her, for they did not like her. Maybe she went over the mountain. Well, maybe she went because she wished to go. How could she answer for her? Perhaps—

Could they find Johnson if they tried? She did not know. The opposite mountain was a dangerous place; there were sharp ledges and turns and deep chasms; folks seldom ventured there except for hunting; they had no cause to go.

Did they want Johnson? He was not in the habit of going off; he never went hunting except on their own mountain; he had no gun ahead in him; he was shiftless and so was his daughter—only worse.

They had accomplished their errand and paid her liberally as they arose to go, more determined than ever to find Johnson were it a possible thing.

"I do not know." "But we must find him." He frowned sternly; his face and voice were authoritative. "He is summoned to appear in court to-day in the Green case; the law cannot wait. Can you give us no idea where we can find him?" "No."

He returned to his companions and reported that Johnson was not there; his daughter did not know where he was. They held a consultation. If it were possible Johnson must be found and brought to court that day; law and right must not be delayed. Riding down the mountain they halted at the tavern. The tavern-keeper's wife came out to meet them.

They asked for water; she said water was scarce on the mountain.



"But we must find him." but she could give them cider if that would do.

They replied that cider would do very well—in fact, much better than water for their purpose, for they had a rough time before them.

As they drank they asked for the host. He was away, she said, gone over the mountain to the town; a trial was being held there, had they not heard of it? Nearly every one had heard of it; it was making a stir. Folks were excited about it; there was to be a trial there, and Johnson—had they ever heard of Johnson?—was all they were waiting for to lay the guilt where it belonged; he knew more about it than most folks; some thought—

Did Johnson go? No, not that she knew of, and she would know. He went over to the opposite mountain last night to hunt his cow.

In what direction did Johnson go? She was not sure; she believed he went right down the road across the valley. There was a bridge across the river if one followed the road along the foot of the mountain a bit.

Jenkins had seen her there, and he told Johnson so at the tavern; Johnson went right over to hunt her; he took his gun in case he came across game, but that was useless unless he were luckier than usual, for Johnson was too shiftless to have luck.

Yes, the cow came back; she had lost her bell; he would expect to find her by that; doubtless he would keep on hunting; he hadn't sense enough to know she would most likely come home by herself. But if he did not wish to return for reasons best known to himself—Johnson was shiftless, but he was no fool about some things.

His girl now had about as little sense as was possible. She did not even know when she was well off; she was like her mother for all the world, only worse.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The Search.

The deputies rode slowly down the mountain. The road was hard for their horses and uncertain, besides it was strange to them and strange ground was unsafe. They talked little. On leaving the tavern one of them remarked that the woman knew what she was talking about, and now they would find Johnson if such a thing were possible, for they had more reason than ever to find him.

They hesitated a moment; the name was unfamiliar to her save as used by young Green. Then she bent her head in reply.

"Your father?" "He is not here," she said, slowly. "Where can we find him?"

which the woman spoke. There was no road here as along the other mountain; a narrow line half hidden by long grass and tangled bushes straggled in and out capriciously, as though to puzzle its followers, now up the mountain side, again straying out into the valley meadows nearer the river's moaning. Above, among the pines, the blue haze was tangled, hiding all beyond; the dread mystery of the mountain clung like a garment about it.

The men rode on in silence; there was a solemnity around them that hushed all light words. The enormity of their undertaking dawned more and more upon them; to search for a man in that wilderness with the mountain's heart for his hiding place and its robe of haze for his shield was absurd. There were chasms and dangerous places, sharp turnings and winding paths, ledges hidden by haze that would swallow a man as completely as a sepulcher, and leave no trace, massive rocks overhead that a tremor of the mountain would hurl upon them. No wonder the men grew silent and allowed the horses to have their way; man could not follow the dangerous, hidden paths; only brute instinct could find the safe places.

They came at last to the path up the mountain, and the horses refused to take it until urged by whip and spur. It was a path that shielded all beyond it, as though the mountain had made a fastness that none could break. The horses toiled up slowly, slipping now and again on the treacherous ground; the tangled bushes and low boughs swept them as they passed; above the pine boughs parted enough for a man's head to pass untouched beneath. Now and again the bushes and ferns; great rocks loomed path seemed lost in the wilderness ahead and the path that seemed cut off turned sharply and wound up the mountain; again and again the horsehoofs paused on the edge of a chasm half hidden by haze, and the men with white faces held them up by main force from the ghastly depths beneath their very feet. Their voices, as they shouted in hopes of a reply had Johnson lost his way, sounded gruesome in the loneliness.

Half way up the mountain they paused and faced about. It was useless, they said, and foolish to follow the path up higher; no man would wander up there of his own free will; facing the law were preferable; one knew what to expect from it. Here death laid his traps in secret and lured his victim on; he waited at every corner and lurked near every rock; he was above, below, and before them; he reigned in the mountain's heart. If Johnson were there he might stay there; their lives were of more value than his; they would return to the town and report the utter hopelessness of the search. It would be wiser to search for him nearer home; to hide from the law showed that he was cowardly, and a coward would never come there. They would stop at the tavern and speak to the woman again; her words might be wiser than their thought. And they would speak again to that girl of Johnson's; she might be more willing to talk, and she was no fool.

(To be continued.)

SHIRTS GROW ON TREES THERE.

That, at Least, Is the Statement of an Old Sailor.

"Shirts grow on trees where I came from," said the old sailor.

"How so, shipmate?" a pale clerk asked.

The sailor emptied his glass and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'm a-speakin'," he said, "of the South seas. You know them islands over there?"

"Sure," said the clerk.

"Well, that's where I mean that shirts grow on trees. There's a kind of a willow tree on them islands with a soft, flexible bark. A native selects a tree with a trunk that's just a little bigger round than he is. He makes a ring with his knife around the trunk through the bark, and he makes another ring four foot below. Then, with a slit of the knife, he draws the bark off, the same as a boy does in makin' a willow whistle, and he's got a fine, durable shirt. All he needs to do is to dry it out, make two holes for the arms, and put a lacin' in the back to draw it together.

"In the spring of the year the shirts are gathered. Men and women both go out at that time to look for trees that fit them. These bark shirts are treated so as to be soft and flexible. They don't look bad. Gosh, hang'd if they look bad at all, for shirts that grow on trees."—Philadelphia Record.

Knew the Major.

"I hear the major is coming up to spend a week with you."

"Yes, and I am fitting up a room for him to entertain his friends. I put in ten chairs and a sideboard."

"Where is the major from?" "South Carolina."

"Then you had better put in ten sideboards and a chair."

Out of Season.

"Why are yer so sad?" asked Dusty Dennis.

"Why," growled Sandy Pikes, "dat lady said if I'd split de wood she'd give me an old pair of shoes she promised me last winter."

"An' did she?"

"Yes, she give me a pair of snow-shoes."

Making Macaroni.

Macaroni is made in forty different shapes and sizes. A special kind of very hard wheat is used in this manufacture.

Lighthouse Service.

The United States lighthouse service costs \$4,500,000 a year.

THE TARIFF BURDENS

NOBODY SEEMS ABLE TO FURNISH SPECIFICATIONS.

Easy to Ascertain That Industry Is Oppressed Because of Protection, But Much Easier to Prove the Blessings It Has Conferred.

Alluding to the report that the president and some others have prevailed upon Gov. Cummins to abandon "the Iowa idea," at least until after the next presidential election, the New York Evening Post says:

"It is not to be inferred that the 'Iowa idea' has undergone any change or that Gov. Cummins has retracted one jot or tittle of his own previous sayings. Nor can such changes take place while the tariff burden resting upon western industry continue to weigh upon it. Petitions from makers of agricultural implements calling for relief from the duties on iron and steel and a great variety of articles which have been monopolized by trusts are now in circulation. They will be presented to Theodore Roosevelt and to the congress of the United States as soon as the latter come together in regular or special session. They embody 'the Iowa idea,' and they will disturb the harmony of the party in many places before the delegates are elected to the next national convention."

It is a fault of free traders, in which class we do not hesitate to include Gov. Cummins, because if he had his own way he would destroy our protective policy by radically changing it for the benefit of foreigners and some selfish home interests, that they deal in generalities and carefully omit particulars. The Evening Post illustrates this trait in the above extract from its columns. What are the "tariff burdens" which now rest upon "western industry?" In what way is the west now burdened by any of the schedules of the Dingley tariff? All of them, working together, have been powerful factors in creating for this country in the six years since they have been in force the most marvelous and most general prosperity in that this country has ever known.

year 1902 to \$17,981,597, against \$16,714,308 in 1901, \$15,979,909 in 1900, \$13,594,524 in 1899, \$9,073,384 in 1898, and \$5,302,807 in 1897. To increase these exports more than three fold in five years does not look as if our agricultural implement manufacturers had been carrying many "burdens" in their export trade under the Dingley tariff.

We do not believe that the west wants the free trade policy of Grover Cleveland, or any policy approximating it, to be substituted for our present protective policy. Under this latter policy it has no "tariff burdens" to complain of—only tariff blessings to be thankful for.—Iron and Steel Bulletin.

All Records Beaten.

We never sold so many products of American manufacture to foreign nations in one month as in the last April—the month of March and April, 1900, alone excepted.

And yet the Democratic free traders again want to tinker the tariff in order further to increase our export trade.

In 1893-7 the tariff reformers got in work in economic law which they thought would increase our foreign trade. The net result was they despoiled our domestic trade and at the same time home manufactures failed to get a foreign market such as we now have under the Dingley tariff.

On the only occasion in two generations of American politics when the Democratic party had opportunity to show for what purpose it existed, a Democratic President and congress not only failed to effect good results, but actually succeeded in bringing disaster on all American interests.

The less the Democratic tariff reformers now say about promoting our foreign trade by tariff tinkering the better, especially as under the present tariff all records are being beaten in the history of our exports, alike of manufactures and of the products of the farm.—Boston Herald.

MAIDEN FIRST VOTERS.

Colorado Women Display Interest in the Next Presidential Contest.

A unique and interesting feature of the campaign of education inaugurated by the American Protective Tariff League, with reference to the contest of 1904, is furnished in the returns from Colorado. In that state unrestricted woman suffrage prevails and among the lists of persons who will cast their first vote in a presidential election next year are a large number of young women. Here indeed is a fruitful and inviting field. What more necessary, more useful, more profitable or more agreeable work could there be than to provide with Protection literature the thousands of fair ones who will next year be the "first voters" in Colorado? And where, moreover, could the good seed of sound doctrine be more advantageously scattered? Women are vitally concerned in tariff matters, for they are the chief sufferers when free trade hard times take the place of protection prosperity. Truly a pleasant task it will be to aid in rightly directing the political steps of the budding electresses of the Rocky Mountains. If further proof were needed of the value and utility of the "first voters" plan, this would settle it!

SEEING THINGS.



The west has abundantly shared in this prosperity. No western industry has been oppressed by the Dingley tariff; all western industries have been helped by it.

It is true that some western and eastern agricultural implement manufacturers, not satisfied with the control of the magnificent home market for their products which they have long enjoyed, and being themselves free traders, would still further increase their profits by enlarging their foreign markets through reciprocity at the expense of their own countrymen who do not make agricultural implements, but who do make other things. But these embodiments of the most brazen selfishness that the world ever knew can not truthfully say that the Dingley tariff has been a "burden" to them. It has immensely helped them, and well they know it.

But the Dingley tariff has not helped selfish agricultural implement manufacturers or their selfish interests in the east or west to close American iron and steel works, or helped them through reciprocity to substitute the wool of the Argentine Republic for that of American farms, or to substitute French gloves and brushes and glassware and other French products for the products of our own factories. All these and similar absent features of the Dingley tariff are not "burdens." As well say that the laws which are intended to restrain the enemies of society from the commission of crime are "burdens."

In addition to controlling the home market absolutely, and charging for their reapers and mowers and threshers and plows and cultivators such prices as they care to exact, our agricultural implement manufacturers have been steadily extending the foreign market for their products ever since the Dingley tariff became a law, as the following official figures will show. Our exports of agricultural implements amounted in the calendar

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI., AUG. 9.—DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Golden Text—"If God Be for Us, Who Can Be Against Us?"—Rom. 8:31—Goliath a Type of Worldly Power—David's Victory.

"Goliath, a Type of Worldly Power."—1 Sam. 17:1-31. After David's introduction to Saul's court an event occurred which stirred the nation to its core and profoundly influenced the fortunes of both Saul and David. This was a powerful attack from those hereditary foes of the Israelites, the Philistines, who had recovered from their defeat at Michmash (1 Sam. 14).

As the two armies faced each other, Goliath, of Gath, stepped forth from the Philistine troops and challenged any Israelite to decide the war by single combat. The challenge was renewed, morning and evening, for forty days, not even the old Jonathan daring to accept it; for Goliath was a formidable giant, 9 feet 8 inches high, taking the cubit at about 18 inches, and more than 10 feet high if we take the longer cubit. The length of the cubit varied at different times.

An unexpected champion redeemed the Hebrew cause. David, sent from tending his father's sheep to bear food to his three elder brothers a few hours' walk away, happened to hear Goliath's boastful challenge and learned of the terror it had inspired. He also heard that Saul had offered to any one who would conquer Goliath immense wealth, his own daughter in marriage and political freedom for his father's house. At once he presented himself for the trial.

Goliath, a Type of Worldliness. I. In his bulk. The church, struggling against the world, often finds vast forces arrayed against it—millions of money, armies of men, mighty reputations, but the world, like Goliath, can be humbled by God at a touch. No sincere reformer has ever attacked it in vain.

II. "David, a Type of the Christian Fighting against Evil."—1 Sam. 17:32-37. Lessons from David. If Goliath is a fit type of the evil world, how is David a fit type of the man of God fighting against it?

1. In his apparent insignificance. Even yet, after all these centuries, the church seems weak. In money and in other resources, compared with the immense wealth and power of opposing evils such as saloons, war and political corruption.

2. In his real power. "One, with God, is a majority."

III. "Saul's Armor: Every Man to His Own Weapon."—Vs. 38-40. "Saul armed David with his armour. An helmet of brass. A coat of mail."

38. "And David girded his sword upon his armour." Fastening it to the military dress worn underneath the corselet. And he assayed to go. He tried to walk, but staggered. Therefore he frankly told Saul, "I cannot go with these."

"And David put them off him." "And he took his staff in his hand. And chose him five smooth stones out of the brook." Smooth, that they might fly more swiftly and accurately; five, to use in succession, if the first failed.

"And put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip." The scrip was a small leather bag, especially the wallet in which a traveler would carry food and other necessities. "And his sling was in his hand."

The Lesson for Us. Every Christian has his own best way of doing work for God. Every one can do something, and no Christian should rest till he has discovered his talent and put it to use.

IV. "Goliath's Dilemma: How the World Scorns the Man of God."—Vs. 41-44. "The Philistine came on. And the man that bare the shield went before him." (Hastings) to carry the great shield, collect arrows buried against him for him to discharge again, and slay those whom his chief struck down.

43. "Am I a dog." Eastern town dogs are public scavengers, degenerate and despised. "That thou comest to me with staves?" Goliath did not notice the sling. "The staff was ordinarily employed not against men but beasts"—Erdmann.

V. "David's Confidence: How God's Men Should Meet the World."—Vs. 45-47. David was not a man to be daunted by big words. He made light of the giant's ponderous weapons.

45. "Thou comest to me with a shield. But I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the hosts of heaven, or the armies of Israel, or both." "The God of the armies of Israel."

46. "This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand." It was God who was to conquer, and not David. Therefore David's confident claims differ from Goliath's empty boasts. "Unto the fowls of the air." David repeats Goliath's threat (v. 44). "That all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

"The Christian's Confidence." It knows God's power. 2. It trusts God's promises. 3. It remembers the victories of the past. 4. It seeks God's glory and not its own. 5. It boldly faces overwhelming odds.

VI. "David's Victory: Trust in God Justified."—Vs. 48-50. and to the end of the chapter. 48. "The Philistine drew nigh." In his contempt and anger very likely Goliath did not stop to receive from his armour-bearer either his helmet or his shield. "David hastened and ran toward his army" (the Philistine troops drawn up) to meet the Philistine.

49. "Took thence a stone and slung it." First whirling his sling around his head. "And smote the Philistine in his forehead." Goliath's armour, if indeed, he wore the whole of it, covered all his person but his eyes and the top of his forehead just above—almost the only part where a small stone hurled from a sling could inflict a fatal injury. "That the stone sunk into his forehead." Goliath's forehead would be an easy mark for David. "And he fell upon his face to the earth."

Dismayed at the fall of their champion, the Philistines fled, while the Israelites pursued them hotly for nearly twenty-five miles, slaying many, till they found refuge in their fortified cities, Ekron and Gath.

David's Combat—A Type of Christian Experience. As David was amazed at the supineness of the Hebrew warriors and indignant at the insults offered by Goliath, so every Christian should be eager to avenge upon Satan the insults he offers constantly to Christ. Like David, we must reject the weapons of the world—selfish prudence, cynical maxims, regard for money and the like. But, like David, we must use some weapon—the one that God has given us. Each soul has his own best way of fighting God's enemies and doing God's work. Discover that way, practice it, use it.

Give the Best That Is in You.

The best lesson in culture is to learn to give the best that is in us under all circumstances. He who is master of himself will be able to command his powers at all times. No matter how distracting his surroundings, how unfortunate the conditions under which he works, he will be able to focus his powers completely and to marshal them with certainty. If things go hard with the self-mastered man, he will be able to trample upon difficulties, and to use his stumbling-blocks as stepping-stones.



She arose and faced Lodie.

every one receiving the same reply. Later, as Dolores watched, a yellow cloud of dust arose where the road and the sky seemed to meet. She watched it mechanically. As the cloud appeared and drew nearer out of it appeared a body of horsemen riding at a sharp pace down the rough road. They slackened their pace as they came up. The girl was plainly discernible in her print gown under the pines. They halted at the rickety gate, and one of them dismounted and went up the walk. He removed his hat as he drew near Dolores.

"Miss Johnson?"

She hesitated a moment; the name was unfamiliar to her save as used by young Green. Then she bent her head in reply.

"Your father?"

"He is not here," she said, slowly.

"Where can we find him?"