

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Author of "At a Girl's Mercy," etc.

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## CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Dolores sat up with a dignity of bearing that silenced further words on the woman's lips.

"Do you think," she said—"does any one think that I would leave my father?"

The nurse laughed softly, with a touch of scorn in her voice.

"Do you think it would break his heart, Miss Johnson?"

Dolores was too deeply in earnest to be moved by the scornful words; afterward the words and tone came back to her distinctly.

"I would not leave my father," she said, solemnly, her large, steadfast eyes fixed disconcertingly on the quiet face opposite, "I would not leave my father—never—while he lives—not for any one."

"You may change your mind," the nurse said, lightly, "going to prepare for the night. She touched the girl's hair softly as Dora could have done, caressing the stray curls on the smooth, broad brow pityingly.

"Go to bed, child," she said, "We'll not talk any more about that now; it is time you were getting your beauty sleep ere the clock strikes twelve."

"I would not leave my father," Dolores said, solemnly, her eyes raised to the kindly face above her, "I would not leave my father—ever—while he lives—not for any one."

"Who'd a thought," said Jones, meditatively, tipping his chair back and stretching his feet pretty well toward the smoky mantel. "Who'd a thought that big Johnson w'd stinews like oak'd ever kem ter thes'?"

It was more the statement of a fact than a question; he said it to free his mind and start the ball of conversation rolling. That every one thought as he did on this subject was a matter of course. He looked around on them approvingly as though to impress them with the fact that he was with them there.

"Et's better so," said Lodie, gravely, changing his left leg over the right; "et's better so than fer him ter hev run inter hidin'."

A silence fell over them all; each thought the same; in fact they thought considerably beyond that, but not one of them dared say what was in his mind.

"Reyther onsatisfactory an'srs they give us when we went ter ask 'bout hem," said big Tom Smith, dissatisfiedly, as he pushed the cat from the hearth with his foot and drew his chair up nearer the fire.

"Ther jedge's son were thar," said another big, stout man, with a malicious snort of laughter. "Ther jedge's son were thar, an' theys were too big ter speak ter sech common folks as we uns. What hev we ter do with they unsence ther jedge's son hev took up Johnson an' his gal."

A loud burst of laughter drowned the sobbing of the storm. Lodie alone sat quite unmoved, staring gravely into the crackling fire.

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yer best foot forrard as soon as may be."

"Look a-hyar, man"—there was a wrathful gleam in the big fellow's black eyes as he arose to his feet in all his height of six feet three—"et makes no diff'rence what ye say ter me o' 'bout me, but ther next one what speaks ther gal's name like thet'll be laid outen flatter'n ever Johnson were, an' he'll never git up agen. How'd ye like one o' yer say ter ther same o' yer darter, Hiram Sadler?"

"Hi, hi!" the man exclaimed, with another burst of laughter not so loud nor so long as before. "Hi, hi! hyar's kem a champ'on fighter fer ther gal o' Johnson's sure's ye live, Jones. Let's hev a drink outen et, ter drive all ill feelin' off. I meant no harm ter ye, Lodie, nor ther gal neither."

And the big man looked down on the speaker with steady eyes as he answered:

"Say what ye like 'bout me an' ter me, Sadler, but there fir's sech word 'bout ther gal o' Johnson's from any o' ye'll be yer last."

And they knew he meant what he said.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Around the Tavern Fire.

"I heard reyther a strange story ower yander in ther town thes mornin' when I went fer ther doctors," Tom Smith said, presently, setting down his mug of cider and wiping off his bearded lips with the back of his hand. "A strange story an' reyther more'n I think Johnson deserves."

"He hev more'n he deserves now," Sadler said, with a leer at Lodie.

"But the story, Tom," Jones interposed, to prevent further unpleasantness. "Let's hev et et once."

"Et's 'bout Johnson, of course," Smith said, solemnly. "Et all 'pears ter be 'bout Johnson. A sheffless, no 'count critter ennyhow."

"Never mind 'bout thet," Jones said, seeing Lodie turn his big black eyes from the fire to the face of the speaker. "Johnson is havin' all he ken well carry 'thout our sayin' heard things 'bout hem. Let's hev yer story, Tom."

"Well, when I was done seein' ther doctors an' ther wimmen," Smith continued, "et ther jedge's house, what young Green sent me ter see, I went ower ter Scrubb's on ther corner opp'sit' ther court house where some o' ther fellers was. One o' ther men thar got ter talkin' pretty free 'bout ther trial an' ther lamine an' ther hull b'usiness, an' one o' ther others sed ter him thet he'd best keep a civil tongue in his head 'bout thet Johnson an' his gal, fer et seems thet Lem Johnson—him thet left hyar many year ago—hev kem back ter see his brother, an' has been askin' news o' him, an' is a-findin' out all he ken 'bout him, an' special 'bout thet gal o' hisn. Et seems he hev got his darter with him an' she hev took a farney ter thet gal o' Johnson's from ther first what she hev heard all from ther jedge's son. An' et's kem out thet theys goin' ter kerri her 'way up No'th ter ther big city when theys go, an' eddicat her an' make a lady o' her. An' Lem, he hev a heap o' money, theys says ower yander, an' he an' ther jedge's struck up a powerful fr'endship thet may, they 'lowed, mebb'y prove a benefit ter Johnson in many ways, but most special in a way 't wes all know."

"Et 'pears queer how thengs kem round," Sadler said, meditatively, "but Lem Johnson al'ays did hev more grit 'n most o' 'em. Theys a sheffless, no 'count set ennyhow, 'ceptin' him, an' ther gal worse 'n most."

"Look a-hyar, Sadler," Lodie said, slowly—Dolores could not have spoken slower. "Et's bein' worse'n ther beasie ter hit a man when he's down, special when yer know he kyan't live long ter bother nobody. Ef theys get hem ower ther town alive et'll be more'n I reckon. An' more'n thet, he may be dead o' a-dyin' thes minnet while wes what call ourselves his fr'ends be talkin' o' him names an' sayin' onkind thengs 'bout hem. Hem an' his gal has 'nough ter think o' 'thout we uns heavin' on her an' him a lot o' hyard thengs 't ain't all true or kind. How'd ye like ther same 'bout ye, or yer gal, Sadler?"

The fire died down on the hearth until only a glowing heap of ashes remained. The rain and wind sobbed outside at the doors and windows, swaying the creaking sign at the door post. Suddenly the low door was thrown open, letting in a gust of hoarse east wind and showers of rain and sleet, and out of this, like a wreath of the storm, tall, grave-faced, drenched to the skin, young Green stood in their midst.

He closed the door and advanced toward the fire, removing his hat as he did so.

Jones arose at once. Jones was always ready for business; the jedge's son would pay well, no doubt; he should have the best in the house. The other men retained their positions and regarded the new-comer with no friendly eyes.

"A powerful bad storm, jedge," said Jones, good-naturedly. "Kem right up hyar by ther fire, an' get ye dry."

"Yes," Green said, pleasantly, quick to note the sullen aspect of the men around the fire. "It's a night to make

one glad of fire and shelter. Have you a place for me to-night, Jones?"

"Sartin, jedge. Wes al'ays a place fer ye an' a plate an' mug. Ye shall hev a smokin' supper ter sort o' straighten ye out, an' ye'll take off yer thengs an' hev 'em dried. Hyar's a mug first'er brace ye. Et's a powerful bad night is this."

"Thank you," Green said. "You're a good-hearted host, Jones. It is pleasant to feel one is so heartily welcome."

He drew up the chair Jones placed for him, merely noticing the men in the simplest manner.

"How is Johnson now, jedge?" Lodie asked, slowly. He was privileged to ask; was he not one of those who rescued the man?

"Unconscious," Green replied, gravely. "The doctors dare not leave him for a moment. He is in a critical state and the least movement might prove fatal."

"Have theys sot his broke bones, jedge?" Sadler asked, respectfully.

"Yes," Green replied, stretching his



Young Green stood in their midst, his feet toward the fire and enjoying its warmth and rest after the dreary day. "They have set his right leg and his arm, but his left leg will have to be amputated near the hip."

A silence fell over them. A sort of awed silence it was, at thought of all it meant. And it was the same man who stood in their midst but three days before, powerful of muscle, with cords like an oak, vowing vengeance upon this young man who had saved his life.

"The leg should have been amputated at once, for it was in a terrible condition, but the doctors dared not do it; in his weak state it might prove fatal. To-morrow they hope to do it. His daughter knows nothing of his critical condition, and they wish her not to know. The waiting and suspense have told much on her already, and she must have no more excitement at present."

"An' he's goin' ter lose his leg?" Lodie asked, slowly. "Et's goin' ter be reyther hyard on ther gal as well as Johnson, 'pears ter me. Who'll take care o' 'em, I'd like ter know?"

"They'll be taken care o'," young Green replied, quietly, a touch of color in his face to hear these rough men speaking of these things in regard to such a woman as Dolores Johnson.

"But it is doubtful about Johnson havin' to be taken care of many days."

Mrs. Jones came to the door and spoke to him. His supper was ready if he cared to have it then.

As he arose to obey the summons Tom Smith asked, gruffly, it might be out of bravado to hide his real feelings:

"Ef Johnson dies what 'bout ther trial ower yander, jedge?"

Green faced him with a look the men never forgot, as he replied, sharply:

"What is a mare's life to that of a man, Smith? You had best let that matter drop till this is settled."

(To be continued.)

IS HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.

Neapolitan With Most Strangely Mixed Lineage.

Beppo Bruzoni, a Neapolitan sailor, is a living proof of the fact that a man can be his own grandfather.

"I married," he said, "a widow, and she had by first husband a handsome girl named Silvietta, with whom my father fell in love and who became his second wife. Thus my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter became my mother, since she had married my father. Soon afterwards my wife gave birth to a son, who became my father's step-brother and at the same time my uncle, since he was my step-mother's brother."

"But that was not all, for in due time my father's wife also gave birth to a boy, who was my brother and also my step-son, since he was the son of my daughter. My wife was also my grandmother, and thus I was my wife's husband and at the same time her grandson. Finally, as the husband of a person's grandmother is naturally that person's grandfather, I am my own grandfather."—Household Words.

The True American Spirit.

It is a genuine refreshment to the soul nowadays to meet a man who says: "I want work and it does not matter what it is, so long as it is honest and fairly paid for!" There are men whose courage and nobility were never suspected when they were prosperous, who, when adversity came upon them, threw off their coats and pride and are working at jobs they used to give as favors to other men.—Atlanta Constitution.

## IS IT AN AGREEMENT?

THE PROTECTIVE TARIFF CONSIDERED AS A CONTRACT.

Have Not the Government and the People Entered into a Covenant That All Labor and Industry Shall Enjoy the Benefits of Protection?

With satisfaction the American Economist observes the attention devoted by the New York Tribune of July 25 to the suggestion that before taking action on the pending Cuban reciprocity treaty Congress will do well to carefully consider and accurately weigh certain important arguments against the consummation of that project. The Tribune had committed itself to the opinion that there was nothing to consider in this connection; that the case was all settled and the legislation necessary to start the reciprocity wheels "should take no time at all." It seems, however, to have discovered that there was one phase of the question worthy of at least momentary thought, for in a leading editorial article of considerable length it goes to the trouble of taking issue with the position of the Economist. The subject, to be sure, is treated in a flippant, sour and superficial manner; but it is better that it should be treated in this way than not treated at all. Among the points submitted by the Economist for consideration by Congress at the extra session to be called Nov. 9 for final action on the Cuban treaty was the following:

"Does it not involve the violation by the government of a contract of agreement with certain producing interests of the United States—namely, the Dingley tariff law?"

This suggestion, as is evident on its face, was put forward tentatively, not as an assertion of law or fact, but with a view to drawing attention to the question of moral obligation on the part of our own government toward our own people. So much has been heard as to our moral obligation toward the people of Cuba that it would seem only fair to take some account of the duty which the govern-

ment owes to those of our own producers who claim equal rights with other domestic producers to the protection guaranteed them by law. The Dingley tariff law is in the nature of a covenant between the government and the people. It is rather more than that. It is the mandate of the people framed into law and promulgated by their servants, the Senators, Representatives of the United States Congress and the President of the United States—a mandate that must remain in full force until revoked by the people, through their servants, in the same manner and by the same process by which it was originally placed upon the statute books. The manner and the process are clearly defined in that clause of the Constitution which provides that all legislation affecting the revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives. In the case of the Cuban treaty this process has been reversed. Legislation affecting the revenue by a reduction of 20 per cent in tariff duties has originated in the Senate and now goes to the House for final concurrence. This is why the proposed amendment of the Dingley law is characterized as irregular and unconstitutional; this is why it has been suggested that the Dingley law should stand as a covenant between the government and the people until it shall have been in whole or in part abrogated by the people.

The suggestion as to equity and good faith on the part of the government toward domestic producers seems to have irritated the Tribune into a frame of mind not conducive to calm and logical discussion. It has so nettled the journal founded by Horace Greeley, Protectionist, that it employs phrases and methods of expression which are curiously similar to the vein in which free trade writers assail the doctrine and policy of protection. "The tariff is a tax," these free trade propagandists have been telling us for many years. Evidently the Tribune of to-day, unlike the Tribune of Horace Greeley's time, holds the same view. It says:

"The obligation of contract is often invoked by corporations to avoid new taxes. The franchise holders of New York are just now appealing to the Su-

preme court on that ground in their endeavors to escape taxation on the value of their franchises. It is something new, however, to find the tax laws themselves construed as a contract and therefore not subject to change, lest the constitutional rights of citizens be invaded."

It is something new, surely, to find a protectionist newspaper referring to the Dingley tariff as a "tax law" and taking no account of its operation as a protective measure. But that is not the sorest point with the Tribune. Again in the fashion of its free trade contemporaries it dips its pen into vinegar and gall and in response to the tentative suggestion as to rights under a covenant of agreement it declares:

"If the Dingley law was a contract 'with certain producing interests,' then it must have been passed in payment of some supposed debt. The 'producing interests' in question must have paid something for it."

"A contract implies consideration. What 'producing interests' rendered valuable consideration which gives them a right to look on a law of the United States as a contract which the United States has no right to revise at will? What was the consideration? To whom was it rendered? What are the secret clauses which give what is on its face a mere tax law the character of a contract? 'Certain producing interests' have a contract with the United States, have they?—a contract, not that they shall be taxed only at a certain rate, or shall not be taxed at all, but that somebody else shall be taxed for their benefit? For how long does this contract run? Have the 'certain producing interests' acquired a perpetual lien on the country by the passage of a contract instrument establishing an unchangeable tax? What claim had the 'producing interests' on the lawmakers to induce the creation of such an astonishing obligation, amounting to the sale and alienation of the government's future legislative power?"

We had not supposed that any Republican newspaper would show its zeal in behalf of tariff tinkering by reciprocity treaty to carry it so far

## DESTRUCTION THREATENED BY THE TWO-TAILED COMET.



beyond the border line of fair and courteous controversy; we had not expected to goad our neighbor into the vicious free trade flings embodied in the extracts just quoted. Not forgetting that the Tribune was among the first and fiercest champions of Mr. Havemeyer's benevolent theory of "moral obligation," and that it has fought strenuously and incessantly for the realization of the Sugar trust dream of cheaper raw sugar from Cuba as a means of destroying the competition of domestic cane and beet sugar, we were not prepared for quite so much heat and temper. It is an exhibition of strenuousness that seems to denote much pressure and strong urgency in behalf of Cuban reciprocity. Viewed in this light the episode is at once suggestive and instructive.

After all, is not the Dingley tariff very much in the nature of a contract of agreement to which there are two parties, the government and the people? Have not the people and the government entered into an agreement that all domestic labor and industry—not merely a part—shall enjoy the blessings and benefits of protection? There can be no contract without a consideration, says the Tribune. True. Then what was the consideration, and who paid it in the case of the Dingley law? The consideration was loss of employment, hunger, privation and the drawing down of vast sums of money out of savings banks attendant upon the terrible period of tariff reform from 1893 to 1897, and it was paid by the wage earners of the United States, by the farmers of the United States, by the lost \$5,000,000,000 in depreciation of values of farm products and farm properties, and by every person who suffered the pangs of Wilson-Gormanism. The wage earners and the producers of this country paid a high price for the Dingley tariff. It is theirs by right of purchase. Who has the right to take it away from them without their consent being first had?

Argument is Wasted.

To wage earners: When a man tells you that free trade is a good thing for you, coax him into an alley and tell him he is a fool.—Davenport (Ia.) Republican.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X., SEPT. 6.—DEATH OF SAUL AND JON