

THAT GIRL OF JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"The deputies?" Dolores repeated slowly. The softened color and gentle expression disappeared from her face; she drew her hands away from Dora's clinging fingers; she pushed back the hair that had slipped down on her forehead. Then the deputies had been searching for her father. That was what those men were there for that morning when they stopped and asked of her where he was.

And if those men of the law came for him when he was not there, when every one knew that he was not there, and sought for him over on the opposite mountain among its dangers, would they not come at any time for him to prove their case? Might they not even insist upon taking him over to the town in spite of his condition? Unconsciously her fingers closed over the flowers in her lap, crushing them relentlessly.

Two soft hands released the flowers, and as Dora wiped away the red stains of the blossoms from her cousin's hands, she said, with a sweet laugh: "Dolores, what is the matter? See what you have done to the poor, pretty flowers—you have killed them; their blood is on your hands, and your hands have stained mine."

The effect of her words on Dolores was startling. She drew away her hands sternly and arose to her feet, clutching the door post to steady herself; her face was white, and her eyes wide and terrified. Young Green, returning from up the mountain, heard Dora's last words and turned away with a face as pallid as Dolores'.

Dora arose quickly, and clasped her hands around her cousin's arm, raising her sweet, penitent face to hers. "Dolores, Dolores, I did not mean that—I was only joking—I could not have meant it—I would not have said such a thing for the world—I forgot you were not used to me, and—"

The words ended in a violent fit of coughing that racked the slender frame pitifully. Raising her handkerchief to her lips she sank upon the step.

Young Green entered the house unnoticed and spoke to Mrs. Allen, who came out at once and sat down beside Dora, placing her arm around her with low, tender words of comfort.

Young Green came out with a cup of water, and Mrs. Allen thanked him with a grateful glance, but as she took it and placed it to Dora's lips she glanced at Dolores, and her glance was full of hate; while young Green himself for the moment dared not meet her eyes for fear of betraying what was in his mind and heart.

"Will she lie down and rest?" asked Dolores, presently, still standing at a distance from her, speaking as though her lips were stiff.

At sound of her voice Dora opened her eyes slowly and looked up at her with a faint smile; but Mrs. Allen, without replying, motioned to Charlie, who, understanding her wish, crossed over to the bedroom and tapped lightly on the door. Dr. Dunwiddie opened it at once, and after a whispered word or two he went out to the girl, while young Green entered the quiet room.

Johnson lay in a stupor among the pillows, his sunken eyes closed, his cruel lips apart, showing the discolored teeth within; his short white beard was coarse and thin, and lent additional repulsiveness to the narrow face. The young man stood at the bedside looking long and earnestly at the face of the other, until the expression of wonder and horror slowly gave place to one of pity.

"Poor fellow," he said to himself; "poor fellow! Surely he has suffered



"Dolores, I Did Not Mean That."

enough already; why not leave him in peace to God and his conscience? 'Forgive as ye would be forgiven.' Friend, go in peace. Truly, I have need of forgiveness, and should not pull down the bridge over which I myself must pass. But how such a woman as she could have come from such a nature as his is a problem. My poor, tender-hearted girl, how she suffered just now and I could do nothing!"

Dr. Dunwiddie meanwhile went out to the group in the sunny doorway. His grave, dark face was full of kindness as he bent over the frail girl, and spoke to Mrs. Allen.

"She must lie down at once," he said, "and be kept perfectly quiet for a while. No, you must not walk," as

she attempted to rise. "Allow me, Miss Johnson."

He raised her in his arms as though she were in truth a child, and carried her to the settle between the south windows. She did not speak until Mrs. Allen brought her beef tea and fed her with tender care; then, half rising among the pillows, whiter than before, she asked faintly with a wistfulness in her eyes that sent an angry pang through the woman's heart: "Where is—Dolores—Nurse Allen? I—want—Dolores."

"Mrs. Allen called sharply in a voice that caused Dora to look up at her in wonder: "Come in at once, Dolores; Dora wishes you."

Dr. Dunwiddie hearing the words and catching sight of the woman's face, crossed the room and spoke to Dolores, his voice low with kindness. She started when he addressed her, and turned obediently with one swift, startled glance up into his face, and entered the room half hesitatingly.

Dora put out her hand as she crossed the room. "Dolores!" she said, entreatingly.

Dr. Dunwiddie turned quickly away and entered the inner room where his friend was waiting for him.

By and by, when she was better, Dora sat up among the pillows, and drew Dolores down beside her, holding her hands caressingly between her own, smoothing the tense, slender fingers now and then with pathetic tenderness as though to atone or soften her careless, wounding words. She leaned her pure, pale face against the gray window casing that the soft, low wind with its subtle odor of pines should blow upon her. Her large gray eyes, grown black with a half shy love and pleading, rested on her cousin's grave face. And she did not know that the slender shred of pale blue ribbon lay safely hidden in the depths of the doctor's pocket as he re-entered the sick room beyond.

They talked long there at the cool south window, she, smaller girl, holding her cousin's hands closely in hers, telling her of the world beyond the chained mountains, of the life that throbbed and pulsed out of her sight. Dolores listened in silence, wondering more and more how this girl could care to love her, could care to have her for her cousin.

"We will paint together, Dolores," she said, "and sew and play. You shall sing and I will accompany you on my guitar, and you shall sing and accompany yourself, for the guitar will just suit your voice; and how you would look in an old gold gown with warm colored roses about you, playing a guitar, its broad ribbon across your shoulders, your eyes—just as they are now. Oh, such a soul as there is in them at this minute, Dolores Johnson! The men will love you, and the women—must. Dolores, Dolores, I cannot wait. I wish I might take you right now."

She paused, breathless, smiling, sitting erect, holding Dolores by her two young arms, her sweet face flushed with excitement.

At that moment Dr. Dunwiddie opened the bedroom door and spoke to Mrs. Allen, and she entered with him, young Green coming out.

Dora flushed as she saw him, and she arose from the settle, shaking her head sunnily. "Mr. Green, I beg your pardon for detaining you—I do, indeed. Truly, I did not think."

He smiled reassuringly at her. "It has been pleasant to me, Miss Johnson—so pleasant that I had forgotten the case on at eleven at home. It is now ten minutes of that hour, and if you will pardon my leaving you I will send the carriage for you at any time you may."

Dolores did not move or speak. The case on hand. Her ears seemed sharp to catch and hold such sentences. These words only were clear, the rest were distant and jumbled. Even when he spoke to her she seemed incapable of hearing or replying. That her silence was caused by anything he said he did not imagine, but he was growing accustomed to her silence.

"I wish I could stay with you always," Dora said softly when the young man had gone, "but I cannot leave father. Dolores, you know. You do not blame me, I am sure. And I will come over every day or whenever I can. Father would have come over with me this morning, but Judge Green wished him to be in court. They have a strange case on hand, and I am so interested in it; aren't you, Dolores? About the laming of young Mr. Green's beautiful mare, you know? I believe they have some new evidence to be heard this morning. Young Mr. Green was to have been there early to attend to some important matter before court opened, and here I have detained him."

Still Dolores did not move or speak. In a vague manner the thought presented itself to her that one of the marble gods Dora had been telling her about could scarcely be more like stone than she, and she wondered, too, in that strange half sense if these marble men and women were capable of suffering as human men and women? And Dora continued in her low voice, rising and pulling Dolores by the hand for her to follow.

"Let us go out of doors, cousin mine; it is so beautiful there with the pines and the mountains. I feel as

though God were very near in the silence of the hills, and 'to be alone with silence is to be alone with God;' but I think he is somehow nearer in the hearts of his humanity. You have not even a church here, Dolores. Why, what do you do with no church, nor schools, nor anything?"

And Dolores, driven at last to speak, asked mechanically: "Why should we have a church, and what is a church?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Time's Developments.

Johnson slowly recovered; the days passed, and the weeks, while he lingered weak and complaining. Dolores' presence annoyed him, and drove him to fits of temper, until Dr. Dunwiddie advised her to remain away from him as much as possible.

Dr. Dunwiddie regularly drove over to see Johnson once a week, and Mrs. Allen remained in the low, unpainted house in the midst of its desolate garden, filling the rooms with her presence, but daily growing more hardened toward the quiet girl who was winning Dora's affection away from her, she



"It is So Beautiful There," told herself, in excuse for her unfriendly feeling, but the girl herself, buried in other thoughts, believed it was from the kindness of her heart that she talked to her so often during the long evenings of the life outside of the quiet settlement and of the manners she would there be expected to copy, and she accepted in silence the many words of advice as to her lack of pride in allowing young Green to see so clearly her feelings toward him, and the cautioning uttered with a kindly smile or soft touch on her arm against allowing herself to be so influenced by almost an utter stranger who was kind to her only out of pity, and who could never care for her other than as the merest acquaintance, she, the daughter of the blacksmith who was waited for to prove the malice in the laming of his mare.

The woman knew well the stories adrift in the settlement that had somehow come to her she scarcely knew how herself, and of the girl's dread of what might follow the proving of the case waiting in the town for her father's presence. That the girl had never done her harm to cause this feeling of hatred she would not believe. Had she not won Dora's heart in a fashion she could never do? Could she accept this unmurmuringly? Was there nothing she could do to hurt the girl in Dora's eyes? And if that were impossible—and she soon learned that it was—was it impossible for her to wound the girl herself in every way conceivable to a narrow mind.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE DARK.

German Professor Says Light Is Not Needed for Making Pictures.

The light is not needed for the printing of photographs is a discovery which has been made by Dr. Wilhelm Oswald, professor of chemistry in the University of Leipzig. He produces the required changes in the sensitized paper by the use of silver on negatives treated with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen. The presence of silver causes the elements of the solution to react against each other. In a very short time in those places where there is silver in the negative the solution will disappear; in the other spots remain. This invisible picture is then transferred to gelatine paper and finally developed by iron sulphate in solution. Gallic acid is then applied and the result is a genuine ink picture. Dr. Oswald declares that in this method the sensitized paper will keep indefinitely and the silver can be used over any number of times. He says the process is far cheaper and quicker than any now in use, besides requiring no light. By it any design or drawing can be quickly copied.

One At a Time.

A fond father was giving advice to his young son the other day. Among other things he said: "If you try to do more than one thing at a time you can't do anything well."

"Oh, yes, I can," said the young hopeful. "I've tried. I did three things the other day, all at one time, and did 'em all well."

"How was that?" asked the father. "Well, you see, I swung on the gate and whistled and threw a stone at Tommy Brown—and hit him, too."

Had Often Been Kicked.

"John Jones, the patient who came in a little while ago," said the attendant in the outpatient department, "didn't give his occupation."

"What was the nature of his trouble?" asked the resident physician. "Injury at the base of the spine."

"Put him down as a book agent."

THE EXTRA SESSION

NECESSITY FOR IT SEEMS TO BE DISAPPEARING.

There is No Probability of Agreement on Currency Legislation, and Nothing is to be Gained by Forcing Action on the Cuban Treaty.

The necessity for an extra session seems to be disappearing. It was given out some weeks ago that the President had determined upon Nov. 9 as the date on which Congress should assemble in extraordinary session to consider currency legislation and the consummation of the Cuban reciprocity treaty. Since then reports have been current of an intention to name a date early in October. There is gratifying reason to anticipate that the earlier date will not be the one selected. Members of both Houses of Congress are as a rule strongly averse to assembling in extra session at all, much less at a date when state and local politics require attention. In many of the state legislatures are to be elected which are to choose United States senators. In all of the states elections of one sort or another are to be held. Hence the strong objection to an October session.

It is understood that a large majority of senators and representatives are also opposed to an extra session in November. They argue that inasmuch as Congress is able to assemble the first week in December for the regular session, they should not be called to Washington in November unless some pressing emergency exists which requires prompt action. They can perceive no such emergency. They know of no legislation which could not be as well or better attended to at the regular session which begins early in December. Currency legislation, they maintain, presents no such urgency, and the Cuban question



involves no exigency justifying the unusual and hazardous proceeding of an extra session. So marked is the difference of opinion as to the proper measure for imparting elasticity to the currency that there is no prospect of an agreement, and hence no prospect that final action could be had on a currency bill prior to the time for the regular session. As to the Cuban treaty, if American growers of sugar and tobacco are to be robbed of the protection guaranteed to them in the Dingley tariff and solemnly pledged to them in the national Republican platform, they can be as effectively robbed in December or January as in October or November.

Extra sessions of Congress are serious things. All Presidents heretofore have resorted to them with great reluctance. Even in the presence of so grave a condition as that which existed in the early part of 1897, when hundreds of millions worth of foreign goods were being hurried to this country in anticipation of the higher duties certain to be imposed by the Republican party; and when all labor and industry clamored for a speedy restoration of adequate protection, even under these circumstances President McKinley was loath to call an extra session, and only consented to do so as the result of strong pressure and strenuous urgency on the part of the business interests. If President McKinley was reluctant to break precedents and summon Congress into extraordinary session to pass the Dingley tariff in 1897, how much more reluctant should President Roosevelt be to take a step so fraught with risks on the eve of a great Presidential election!

Currency legislation being practically impossible because of the failure of those leading in the movement to agree upon any plan, an extra session either in October or in November need not and should not be called on account of the currency. As to the Cuban question, if there is to be a fight over it inside the Republican party in Congress, surely there should be no precipitate haste in bringing out that fight. Let us have peace as long as we can.

Tariff Revision.

Many Democratic, some independent and a scattering few Republican newspapers over the country are insisting that the Republican party in its next platform declare for tariff revision. In the meantime Uncle Mark Hanna and his associate standpatters just laugh. It is pretty safe to assume that if the Republican platform

contains any reference to tariff revision it will be about as follows: "We favor lowering the tariff on such articles as may be deemed unimportant to protection and raising the schedule on such other articles as need further support." This vague and delightfully indefinite declaration would be broad enough to permit the gathering of all sorts of tariff Republicans. All could equally "enthusias" and after the victory indulge in an exciting family fight over the interpretation of the ambiguous plank. Let us lose no sleep, however, in contemplating the possibility of the Republican party adopting a tariff revision plank menacing to the present schedule of rates.—Terre Haute Tribune.

A Peculiar Proposition.

"There never was and there never will be a soup house during a Republican administration," says the Vintor Eagle. "Can we not afford ever soup?"—Oelwein Record (Dem.).

Under the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations the Record has enjoyed the largest measure of prosperity in its history. Its columns are filled with overflowing with advertising its subscription list has never been so fat, and doubtless the output of its job department has been correspondingly augmented. Yet, strangely enough, in the face of conclusive evidence right at home of the prevalence of prosperity, it sneers at a condition of the actuality of which it is too sensible to attempt to deny. The average Democratic newspaper these days is a peculiar proposition.—Manchester (la.) Press.

Best Tariff for Revenue.

The customs receipts during the last fiscal year amounted to \$283,891,719. Their magnitude suggests that the best tariff for revenue is a protective tariff and not a tariff for revenue only. Whenever the free traders have attempted to frame a tariff on the latter lines it has invariably re-

THIS OLD HEN WILL "SET" NEXT YEAR AS USUAL.

Practical. God often answers our prayers in the way he answered David's desire to build the temple; when it is not best to grant the exact thing we desire he gives us something better in its place.

III. The Threefold Fulfillment of David's Desire. God's Covenant with David.—Vs. 11-16. Prof. Henry B. Smith regards vs. 8-16 (except v. 11) as rhetorical, and puts them in poetical form.

First Specification of This Covenant. The House of David to Be Established Forever (vs. 11, 13, 16).

"He will make thee an house." A family, a race of persons of one stock. "I will set up thy seed after thee." David's descendants should continue the succession, and I will establish (make firm and enduring) "his kingdom." The line of descendants shall never cease.

So v. 16. "Thy kingdom shall be established for ever." The dynasty of David is an everlasting dynasty.

The Fulfillment. (1) In Solomon, his son and successor, who recognizes the fulfillment of this promise in his elevation to the throne (1 Kings 8:15-20). (2) In the succession of kings. "After the destruction of the temple and the extinction of David's dynasty in Jerusalem, the writer in Chronicles and the post-exilian prophets regard the promise as still in force, and still in process of fulfillment to the seed of David, with no limit to its eternal operation." (3) The complete fulfillment was in Jesus Christ, "great David's greater Son." In the words of Keil, "The posterity of David could only last forever by running out in a person who lives forever; that is, by continuing his son, Messiah, who lives forever, and of whose kingdom there is no end." The New Testament repeatedly speaks of Jesus as the son of David, and inheritor of the promises (Luke 1:31-33; 20:41-44; Acts 2:29-31; 13:22, 23).

Second Specification of the Covenant. David's Seed Should Build the Temple (v. 13).

"He shall build an house for my name." The glorious temple that David desired to build was built by his son Solomon, while David himself had the privilege of making great preparations for this temple, at least one hundred and fifty million dollars in gold, besides vast quantities of other material.

But this temple was but one expression and symbol of God's spiritual temple, "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are built together for an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. 2:20-22). "God built for David a house—even a temple—by the incarnation of Christ, who came from his seed. For Christ calls his own body, which he took from the blessed Virgin Mary, of the seed of David, a temple; 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it up again. He spake of the temple of his body' (John 2:19).—Theodore. Thus David's son Solomon built the temple at Jerusalem. David's greater Son built the spiritual temple of the whole world.

The Third Specification. The Relation of Sonship Established (vs. 14, 15).

"I will be his father, and he shall be my son." "Israel at the Exodus had been taken up into the relation of sonship to Jehovah. . . . Now this relation of sonship is applied to David and his seed in a peculiar and higher sense." (1) It applies to Solomon "who by his historical transactions (his temple, his wide kingdom, his glories, his suffering) pointed the way to the ultimate realization in the Messiah." "This relation of sonship involves two special phases, chastisement and mercy. The chastisement is an account of sin, and in order to its removal. It is chastisement by pain, sorrow, sorrow. But it is a chastisement of redemption."—Professor Briggs.

15. "But my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul." In Saul's case, not only was he himself punished, but the kingdom was taken from his family. This relation of sonship applied to Israel during her whole history, which is the best commentary on these verses. This promise was completely fulfilled only in Jesus Christ. In Jesus, the Son of God, is God's fatherhood best made known, and through him to all who love and obey him.

Why Christians Should Be Joyful.

Dr. R. A. Torrey, speaking of the Christian's duty to be ever joyful in the Lord, says: "The Christian life is a life of constant joy. It is the believer's privilege, as well as his duty, to rejoice, and to rejoice all the time. The Christian who is not rejoicing all the time is not only disobeying God, but bringing dishonor on Jesus Christ. No Christian ever has any good excuse for not rejoicing. But note the sphere of the believers' joy 'in the Lord.' He is the source and the object of our joy."

Fairness.

The Sioux City Journal, which clips every mean thing that any editor writes about Bob Cousins' speech, has never printed the speech in full and probably never will. Yet Uncle George will lecture before the next editorial association on "Fairness in Journalism."—Moines Capital.