

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

And as Dora kept to her word and drove or rode over every day when the weather was pleasant and together they wandered under the pines in many a daring place, the color of increasing health slowly tinged the cheeks of each, while Dora's cough grew less and less frequent and violent, and an added grace and spring showed in Dolores' step, though there was a growing sadness upon her lips and a hunted look in the wide dark eyes that her friends could not understand, this woman gloried and exulted in her power to wound the girl Dora loved with a deeper, truer love than she could ever give to her, and she planned out many a subtle manner for wounding and sending her shafts deeper into the soul of the girl who was, she told herself over and over, stealing away what rightfully belonged to her.

Lemuel Johnson went often to see his brother, who grew civil to him after a while, though at first he was surly, and resented his brother's long silence and neglect. Together they talked of the future, and laid many plans to be carried out as soon as Joe was a little better.

Dr. Dunwiddle still positively affirmed that he would recover, but that this must needfully be slow, and Joe Johnson was never possessed with patience enough to bear quietly much waiting. And as the days passed Dolores waited and waited, the dread fear shut in her heart, they would come for her father from the town.

The subject of the mare was never mentioned among them; it had dropped out of the house as suddenly and completely as though death had touched it; that day Dora gave her cousin a sketch of the feeling regarding it in the town, though not one of them understood the girl's horror of it, excepting it might be the one who had seen the most of her emotion. Sometimes the girl was tempted to ask about it, but the dread of bringing down something worse upon herself and her father kept her silent to suffer alone.

But Johnson lingered along in much the same condition in spite of the interest of his friends or foes, from week to week, scarcely getting better, yet growing no worse. Dr. Dunwiddle knitted his brows and looked very grave and puzzled many a time after his visits; he did not like the appearance of things; they were going crooked; something must be done and at once. He did not wish to arouse the thought of such a thing in the minds of Johnson himself or Dolores; in fact he wished to keep it from Johnson more even than from his daughter, for he was in such an excitable state that it went much against his recovery—petulant, fault-finding, with many a word that showed his brute nature and cruelty. At or against Dolores and fate his anger and spleen were directed. Dolores was of no use—no earthly use in the world; she was without even the sense of most women, and that was little enough. Had she been a boy things might have been differ-

ent and close together, grew cruel and cunning, the coarse mouth under the scant mustache closed with sinister meaning. For hours he would lie in the same position, scarcely moving, his long hands grown bony, clutching convulsively the bed covering. And to those who watched with eyes sharpened with interest all these actions were full of meaning, and proved much that had but been guessed before.

As time went by the men at the tavern got over their stiffness and dropped in occasionally through the days, one or another, to have a chat with Johnson, but mainly to see how he bore his affliction and to know for themselves how much better off that girl of Johnson's was, since her father's brother Lemuel—he who left the settlement years before—had returned.

Many an hour in the wide, low room at the tavern, or beside the door of an evening, they discussed Johnson's condition, and freely expressed their doubts and views as to his recovery in spite of Dr. Dunwiddle's assertion to the contrary. While Dr. Dunwiddle, over in the town among his friends at Judge Green's, also discussed Johnson's condition, and decided with them that it was time something was done, and done speedily, or it would be too late.

"Spare no pains nor expense, Dunwiddle," urged Lemuel Johnson, pacing up and down the pleasant parlor at Judge Green's, his hands clasped behind him, his florid face and kindly eyes full of anxiety. "Joe's got a wonderful constitution; always did have sinews like steel when we were youngsters. This illness has been heavy to bring him down so. Surely there is some way of hastening his recovery, and we must find it—you must find it. He's got to have a fair chance for a place in life, comfortable, like other men, and not end it all that way. Why, it's death in life over yonder. It's buried in a grave large enough to turn around in, but it isn't life. No wonder he's lost all ambition staying there with everybody around him duller and more listless than he, excepting of course Dolores. She's a body one wouldn't meet always. Joe doesn't appreciate her because he's incapable of judging out of such a batch of comrades as he's got there. That Dolores a good enough sort of man—make an intelligent man if he had a chance—but, my powers! such a life for man or woman. Where I was born, too, and not a school house or church in the place, and my own brother's child ignorant of even the catechism or the existence of God. Do your best for him, Dunwiddle; never mind the cost. Money is nothing compared to a life worth living. You start him on with a fair show of strength, and I'll do the rest. He's the only kin I have in the world—he and the girl—and the Lord knows there isn't a man in the world who wouldn't do all he could for such. Eh, Dora?"

CHAPTER XX.

A Sudden Message.

"Man alive!" exclaimed Lemuel Johnson as he stood beside his brother one morning, with Dr. Dunwiddle and Dr. Grey, explaining to him a plan by which they hoped to benefit his condition and hasten his recovery. "Man alive, Joe!" exclaimed the excitable little man, thrusting his hands into his pockets, his florid face growing redder, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Have you no sense at all? Have you no pride, no common ambition to get well? To make a success of life? Would you rather lie here, growing less and less capable of anything, like an indolent tramp, and keep on suffering straight ahead for years maybe, when by perfect care in this hospital, or infirmary, or whatever it is, in the city something may be done for you, and you would be set up like a new man ready for any position and to build up as good a home as any man living? Why, great Scott, Joe Johnson, if you are my brother and the only one I've got, I must say I'd be ashamed to own you if you refuse."

The invalid was growing excited also. He struggled up to a sitting position, half reclining on his right arm, and glared at his brother as an infuriated animal at bay.

"Et'd be nothin' new ef ye was 'shamed o' me," he cried, the veins of his forehead swelling like cords, his small eyes glittering like serpents. "Et's no morn' ye've done all yer life sence yer runned away ter make yer money a-many year ago. Ye left er folks ter starve fer all't ye've done fer 'em, tell jest now when ye kem hyar ter gloat ovver me. I may be 'bout yer style o' sense, Lem Johnson, but I hev got ther common sense 't ken tell beans when I sees 'em. Ye needn't make outen 't ye don't know what I means well's I do, or them as hev lived hyar sence theys borned. An' theys ken tell't ye left us 'bout nothin' an' outen yer life tell jest now when ain't no use; an' es long es I've got breath 'nough left ter tell't, I'll jest say this. An' I ain't goin' ter be put in no hospital neither where a feller ken stay forever, an' folks'd never know but he's dead an' buried, 'stead o' livin' locked up in a cell like a criminal an' kept thyar an' never let out. Mebbe et do run in the family ter be she'll'es an' no 'count,

but I hev es good sense es ye hev, Lem Johnson, an' I ain't ter be tom-fooled like a woman."

Dr. Dunwiddle laid his strong hand on his shoulder and spoke to him sharply.

"Lie down," he said, "man, and listen to us. We give you the choice. You shall have from now till to-morrow morning to consider; after that will be too late. Choose one of two alternatives: Remain just where you are, from sheer stubbornness and die, for die you must if you persist in this; and in such a slow, torturing manner as you cannot comprehend, or comply with our wishes that may doubtless be painful at first, and may even end fatally—I place it all before you, holding back—but with ten chances to one of your recovery and a long life."

Johnson's face lost its defiance and cunning; it grew livid and paled to a deathly hue. His sinister eyes were fixed on the doctor's face with an expression of cowardly terror in them. His brother's fit of violent temper he could meet with equal force, but Dr. Dunwiddle's voice and manner bore as much weight as his words which were uttered clearly and calmly, but which the man was unused to hearing, and which therefore impressed him more than they might have done otherwise, full of meaning and warning as they were.

He lay among the pillows with his face turned to the wall, motionless as though he were already dead, his sinewy right hand clutched the cor-



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ering long after his brother and the doctors left, not knowing that through the half open door Dolores, from the outer room, was watching him with a face set as his own, her hands clasped passionately, her lips shut close to still the cry that rose from her heart, that found words only in a new, wild, inarticulate prayer.

"God, whom I know not, forgive him—forgive him."

But there was not a trace of this emotion upon her face or in her manner as she stood, a day or two after, at the west window of the library at Judge Green's, the soft brown dress Dora had fitted for her, falling gracefully around her. She held back the lace draperies with one arm leaning against the casing of the large French window, and looked like a picture, so quiet she stood, flushed from the light of the sunset above.

Dora was sitting upon the ottoman at her feet, her delicate face raised to the face above her. Dora said she could sit forever at Dolores' feet and watch her. Dolores' face was a study of which one would never tire, which one must study to understand, which one could never fully understand.

(To be continued.)

LIFE OF KING ALFONSO.

Young Monarch Becoming Popular With His Subjects.

The young king of Spain is daily making himself more popular in San Sebastian, which may be regarded as the summer capital of Spain. Rising very early, he goes down from Miramar palace before 8 to San Sebastian beach for a swim. He takes long rides in the valleys and across the highlands of the Basque country without an escort, but he is always in uniform and is accompanied by two aids-de-camp and two palace servants. He takes great pleasure in returning the salutes of the peasantry. At mid-day the king attends to state business with the minister for foreign affairs, or drives his own four-in-hand with Queen Christina and his sisters sitting behind him. He takes an interest in yachting, in the rowing boat races in the bay and in pigeon-shooting. He is already a good shot and a keen sportsman. The Basques are pleased to see him interested in their national ball game, styled "Juego de pelota."

Suburban Foresight.

The citizen of Drecaryhurst was showing his visitor through the spacious garden in the rear of the house. "Over there," he said, pointing with his cane, "is the turnip patch."

"You must be a good deal fonder of turnips than I am," commented the visitor.

"Oh, we don't use them on the table," his host replied. "We raise them to throw at the neighbors' chickens. They're cheaper than coal."

One Advantage.

"Is Cleveland really as slow as people say it is?" asked the Chicago man.

"It's worse," replied the Cincinnati drummer. "Why some of the residents of that village actually die of old age."

MOVING THE WHEAT

TRANSPORTATION COST LOWERED BY PROTECTION.

As the Result of Making Our Steel Rails at Home Railway Freight Charges on Agricultural Products Have Been Reduced Over Eighty Per Cent.

The London *Strait* for August 15, 1903, contains a leading editorial article on Mr. Chamberlain's colonial policy of discriminating duties, from which we take the following extract: "We have seen that between 1866 and 1902 the cost of carrying wheat for export from Chicago to New York was reduced by over 80 per cent—roughly, from a little over 23d. per bushel to a little under 4 1/4d. per bushel. In other words, during the period referred to the cost of carriage by railway over a distance of about a thousand miles was reduced 1s. 6 1/2d. per bushel. West of Chicago the reductions were certainly not less. Hence it will be seen that during the past 40 years the reduction in the cost of land carriage has been extraordinary. Furthermore, we have seen that the cost of carriage from New York to this country was reduced 2 1/2d. per bushel—that is to say, from 3 1/2d. to 1 1/2d. per bushel. Altogether, therefore, the cost of carrying wheat from Chicago to this country has been reduced during the past forty years from about 27d. per bushel to about 6d., or about 2 1/2d. Is there any reason to suppose that the extreme limit of reduction has been reached? We fall to see any."

In this great reduction in the cost of transporting the Western farmer's wheat to New York and Liverpool American steel rail makers have borne a prominent and indispensable part. In 1866 we had not commenced the manufacture of steel rails and our entire supply was obtained from Great Britain, who charged us £15 10s., or \$75.43, per ton, on board ship. This sum did not include the cost of car-

riage, with an aggregate accumulation of \$2,750,177,000 on deposit. Taking the year 1896 as a point of comparison it appears that since that time there has been an increase in the number of depositors of 1,601,072, and an increase in the total deposits of \$843,177,000.

This exhibit shows the remarkable increase in seven years of 30 per cent in depositors and 40 per cent in total deposits.

There is no dream about all these cold millions in the banks, mostly placed there by and belonging to working people.

The total deposits in all the banks amount to about \$5,000,000,000, of which the savings fund, the money of the common people, make \$2,750,000,000—more than half. Clearly, not all the money in the country is owned by the great financiers.

This showing of money saved by the working people of the country becomes all the more remarkable when we take into consideration the prevailing high prices. Wages have not gone up in proportion to the universal increase in prices. With only a little more money to buy with, labor pays far more for all the comforts of life. Yet the savings report shows that their share in the benefits of prosperity is no small one.

Another important fact is to be gleaned from this report. Of the \$2,750,000 savings deposits the New England and Eastern States possess \$2,300,000,000, leaving only \$450,000,000—less than a sixth—for all the Central, Southern and Western States.

This proves not that the people of the Central, Southern and Western states are making less money than those of the East, but that in their younger and more thriving communities there are more inducements for investment. Throughout the great West farms are being paid for, homes are being built, natural resources are being developed and new industries established.

None of this can appear in a report of the controller of the treasury. But the savings thus invested are the

"THE RECKLESS BOATMAN."



riage across the Atlantic or the duty. (See Fosbeck's History of the British Iron Trade.) In 1871 we began the policy of adequately protecting our steel rail industry, with the result that we were soon producing steel rails as good as those of Great Britain at a much lower price than her rail makers had been charging us. This price was afterward steadily reduced, so that millions of tons of American steel rails have been supplied to American railroads at less than \$25 per ton, or less than one-third the British price of 1866. To-day the price is \$28, which is exactly the amount of the duty of 1871 on foreign steel rails.

But for the great reduction in the price of steel rails to American railroads during the period referred to by the Statist it would never have been possible for Western farmers to secure the low rates of transportation for their wheat that they have long enjoyed. Nor could we ever have built up our magnificent steel rail industry without the help of an adequately protective duty on foreign steel rails. We commend these indisputable facts to the consideration of our Iowa friends, who have been invited by Gov. Cummins to assist him to place steel rails in the free list. It may also be worth while to consider the further fact that all Western wheat growers are protected against the competition of the wheat growers of Manitoba and other British North American provinces by a duty of 25 cents a bushel on wheat and a duty of 25 per cent on the foreign value of wheat flour.—Iron and Steel Bulletin.

most important of all. Indeed, they furnish the foundation of the country's prosperity.—Grand Rapids Herald.

The Opponents of Protection.

Some time ago the papers opposed to a protective tariff made a great flurry because it was believed that the Republicans of Iowa would call for tariff revision. What was classed as the "Iowa idea" it was claimed, would be certain to break down the walls of protection.

But prosperity and high prices for the products of the farm caused the agriculturalists of Iowa to decide that it was wise to let well enough alone. But now it is claimed that the Iowa idea has switched to Minnesota, and that there will be a fight there for tariff revision. It is probable that the reports of the favor of tariff revision in Minnesota are largely exaggerated, and that the demand there may collapse as speedily as it did in Iowa. But, to those who think the assumed positions of Iowa and Minnesota are significant: Both are agricultural states. The few goods manufactured in each do not come in competition with the cheap labor of the old world. Neither Iowa nor Minnesota realize the necessity nor the true benefits of protection. States not practically interested in the tariff are poor specimens to decry its benefits.

When sections which have no interest in protection oppose it, the lesson is that manufacturing states must stand solidly for it.—Philadelphia Item.

Industrial Absorption.

Said Senator Dewey in London last week, speaking of our prosperity: "The railroads have never done so much business, and the absorption of agricultural and manufactured products was never so great." How different is the absorption of protection and the absorption of free trade! The former absorbs products, the latter absorbs producers.

Only One Way.

Reciprocity would be good for Canada, but not so good for this country. Canada has everything to gain by it and nothing to lose. There is only one way in which Canada can secure the benefits of American trade, and that is by petition for admission.—Jersey City Journal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, OCT. 18.—DAVID'S CONFESSION.

Golden Text—"Create in Me a Clean Heart, O God"—Psalm 51:10—How David's Penitence Was Expressed—Sin, Repentance and Restoration.

The 51st Psalm.—This Psalm belongs to the so-called book of reflection or Psalms in the Psalter. It is one of what are called the Seven Penitential Psalms.

David's Fall Into Sin (see 2 Sam. 11, 12).—The Double Crime. David's sin consisted of the two most heinous wrongs one person can commit against another—adultery and murder; mingled with meanness, selfishness and injustice. Moreover, it was a sin against God amounting almost to treason (2 Sam. 12, 9, 10; Eze. 41: 4). It defied God's law, which David was bound to maintain. It dishonored God and religion before all the people.

How We Should Judge David's Guilt. There is no apology for David's sin. It was a sin against light. He knew the commands; he had received great spiritual enlightenment and noble impulses. He himself never apologizes for his sin. The Bible never apologizes for it. It is to be held up in eternal execration and scorn. Greatness and genius are no excuse for wrong-doing, and no substitute for a pure life.

First Stanza.—Vs. 1-4. Confession of Sin, and Prayer for Pardon. How David Was Led to Repentance. For a year David said nothing about his sin. His kingdom continued prosperous; his army was victorious. He thought that he could go on just as before.

But the knowledge that his sin was known, so that he could read his guilt in others' eyes, would put stings in his conscience.

David's conscience was working all the time. When these silent influences had prepared the way, then God sent his faithful prophet Nathan. With great wisdom he spoke a parable to David, which led the king indignantly to condemn another, unconscious that his condemnation fell upon his own head. Till the prophet spoke the terrible words, Thou Art the Man. It was a brave thing to do, thus to "beard the Lion in his den," but the speaker had God and truth and David's own conscience on his side. Nathan showed David the consequences of his sin. His child should die, soon the same disaster came upon him from his own household.

1. "Have mercy." According to thy loving kindness. According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies. "If our sins be in number as the hairs of our head, God's mercies are as the stars of heaven."—Archibald Symson. "Blot out." Make that which is done as if it had not been done. "My transgressions." Plural, for there were many.

2. "Wash me thoroughly." Literally, multiply to wash me. "The hypocrite is content if his garments be washed, but the true supplicant cries, 'Wash me.'"—Spurgeon. "Iniquity." Sin described as something twisted and distorted from the straight line of duty. "Cleans me." As from the impurity of leprosy or other defiling disease, which requires a deeper cleansing than the washing away of outward filth. "Sin." Pictured as misaling the mark, or aim, of right living.

3. "For." This word does not express the reason why God should forgive him, but the reason why he asks for forgiveness. "I acknowledge" (I know, am conscious of, and confess) "my transgressions." Sin portrayed as crossing over a boundary into forbidden territory. "And my sin is ever before me." He cannot forget what he had done.

4. "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned." Not that he had not sinned against man, but the sin against God, his infinite benefactor, the source of all he was of good, the sin against the purity and the justice and love of God, was so much greater than his sin against man, that it was like the black midnight shadow of the earth, in which the shadow of a man was unseen.

Second Stanza.—Vs. 5-8. Faith that God Will Pardon and Cleanse from Sin. 5. "Behold." Marking the fact that David was looking away from his own sin, and had suddenly caught a glimpse of a new truth, or that it had come to him in a new light. "I was shapen in iniquity." He had inherited a sinful nature. The sin was deeper than the act.

6. "Thou desirest truth." Sincerity, a conformity to right, a holiness. "In the inward part." The most secret springs of thought and will, the underlying nature, the hidden fountain of outward life. "In the hidden part." The secret springs of conduct unseen by man. "Thou shalt make me to know wisdom." "Purge me." Literally, to purify, to purify me, expressing not merely purify, but confident expectation.—Professor Beecher. "with hyssop." O Lord, pronounce thou me clean, "and I shall be clean" with the inward and spiritual cleansing of which the outward rite was the symbol. "And I shall be whiter than snow," which is absolute and perfect whiteness, and that not merely on the surface, but down in its depths, through and through.

Third Stanza.—Vs. 9-12. Not only Forgiveness, but a New Life. 9. "Hide thy face from my sins." Do not look at them, but, as it were, cast them behind thy back (Isa. 38:17). Treat me as if I had not sinned.

10. "Create in me a clean heart." What David wanted was the change Christ called a new birth (John 3:3, 5). Forgiveness is of comparatively small account unless it issues in a new nature, so that the succeeding life shall not repeat the sins of the past. We need to be renewed from the love of sin. "Renew a right spirit." A steadfast spirit, one that is firm in faith, not easily swayed hither and thither through its own weakness or the blasts of temptation, and therefore also firm and constant in obedience.—Peterson.

11. "Cast me not away from thy presence." "Throw me not away as worthless; banish me not, like Cain, from thy face and favor."—Spurgeon. Note the likeness between this and the resolve of the prodigal son. There is nothing that a good man desires more than the presence of God, and nothing that the bad man fears more. "Take not thy holy spirit from me." He knew well the effect of the withdrawal of God's Spirit from Saul. Against this David prayed.

Fourth Stanza.—Vs. 13-17. The Natural Expression of the New Life. 13. "Then" (and not till then) "will I teach." The Hebrew implies a longing: I would fain teach "transgressors thy ways." 14. "My tongue shall shew forth praise," so that others can hear the joy that is best expressed in music and song. "Of thy righteousness." God is righteous even in showing mercy. Christ came and died that God might be righteous and yet forgive the sinner.

Trust in Him.

A complete trust that the issues of all things are in the hands of Him with whom a thousand years are as one day, in whose counsels all events and all their contingencies have a being long before they are made known to us, does appear to be at once a ground of peace and a source of active watchfulness. Nothing we can do can alter the pre-determinations of the Almighty; but we must take heed lest, a promise being left us of entering into His rest, we seem to come short of it through unbelief.