

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

When the meal was over Dr. Dunwiddie arose, and as was his habit, returned to the house up the road to see to his patient's condition, and found that Johnson had slept through the night scarcely stirring, still as a baby. Things were going well to help on his recovery; and though it would be months before he could be able to get around, yet there was every hope and every reason to expect him to recover.

Johnson moved and opened his eyes slowly as Dr. Dunwiddie entered the room. Vacant, hollow eyes were, with a stare in them which startled Dolores.

Dr. Dunwiddie was at his side instantly, but without a sign of haste. "He is used to your voice," he said to Dolores, without turning his head. "Speak to him, Miss Johnson. Say anything to him—anything you are in the habit of saying."

Dolores came no nearer the bed; she stood quietly at the window, and asked in her ordinary voice, slow, uninterested: "Are you ready for breakfast, father?"

The hollow eyes closed weakly for a moment. Mrs. Allen entered at that moment with the beef tea, and Dolores, taking the bowl from her hand, crossed over to the bedside. Johnson again opened his eyes with the old expression of distrust and dislike in them. She bent over him, and Dr. Dunwiddie raised his head a trifle gently on his arm as she put the spoon to his lips with steady hand and unmoved face. But when she offered him the second spoonful he closed his eyes and endeavored to turn aside his head, with the sullen expression on his face. Dolores bent over the bed and held the spoon steadily to his lips, as she said, in a tone that thrilled her listeners by its slow, almost stern directness:

"Drink this, father."

He obeyed like a child, and she fed him carefully according to the doctor's orders. Dr. Dunwiddie watched her movements wonderingly. Where did this girl get her womanly tact? Surely not from this man upon the pillows, whose face was indicative of nothing but a brute nature.

It was an exquisite morning. Mrs. Allen was with the doctor, there was no need of her there, and she went out and sat on the door-stone in the shadow of the pines. Leaning her head against the door-post her hands fell to her lap. Her eyes were intent on the mountain with a sort of hungry look in them. It had meddled so with her life—or was it the fate of the stars that crippled her father and prevented his going to court where the men were eager to have him, like the vulture on the mountain. She knew little of fate or law, but it seemed to her that the one possessed her, and the other was waiting, waiting in a terrible silence for her father to go to prove the malice preposse in the laming of the mare—a waiting that appalled her by its dogged patience.

What her neighbors thought she did not care; she had lived without them; she could still live without them. Had she known how roughly they used her name she would scarcely have understood their meaning. Her mind was too pure and too high above them to comprehend the evil they would lay at her door. Lodie, among them all, was the only kind one. Not one of the woman had been near her, but the woman never did come; she cared nothing about that, only there was something in her life that had not been there before and that called for companionship for the sympathy of

his face ghastly in its pallor.

that, Dolores, he said, gravely. "Another rest of 'em'll be glad of it, too."

She watched him shuffle down the path and along the road to the tavern. Presently two light hands were laid on her shoulders, and a soft, low voice exclaimed:

"Dolores, Dolores, I am Dora. Look up and tell me you are as glad to see me as I am to have found you. I am so glad, Dolores."

Dolores' fingers closed tightly as she looked up at the girl before her—the cousin who had come to claim her, the only one in all the world who had ever loved her since Betsy Glenn died. She was a small little lady, and neatly dressed from the wide-brimmed white hat with its drooping gray plume, to the blue ribbon around her throat, and the soft gray costume and delicate gloves. Her eyes were wide and gray, dark with excitement, soft with a touch of tears; her mouth was gentle and sweet, but the lips were colorless; her small oval face was white as death, save for a faint trace of feverish color upon either cheek.

Dolores knew nothing of the nature of Dora's disease, and to her the girl was a picture—something to look at and love and admire, but too fair to touch. Her eyes grew luminous as she looked at her. The brown eyes and the gray met. Dolores' lips parted in one of her rare smiles that transformed her face for the moment; her eyes were like wells of light, beautiful, unfathomable.

Young Green was standing behind Dora. During the time he had known Dolores never had she looked like that; it was a revelation to him of what she was capable. She did not see him; she saw nothing but Dora, and it was uncommon for women to show such marvelous depth of soul to another woman. Dora saw no one but her cousin. They did not kiss each other; they offered no endearment common to women, but Dora sat down on the door-step beside Dolores.

"I am so happy!" she said.

Dolores said nothing. Her eyes talked for her.

Young Green, with a feeling that he had no right to be there, passed unnoticed around to the rear of the house and entered through the low door of the pantry.

Dr. Dunwiddie greeted him with a smile, but he did not speak, as he was busy with the bandages on Johnson's arm. On preparing one of the bandages he stepped aside, and at that moment Johnson slowly opened his eyes upon young Green's face. He was conscious, and his eyes had the old look in them excepting that it was intensified by their hollowness. His face grew ghastly in its pallor, then livid with fury; the close set eyes under the narrow forehead were wild and bloodshot; instinctively the fingers of his right hand were feebly clenched as he endeavored to lift himself from among the pillows, unmindful of the pain, as he cried in a hoarse whisper, between panting breaths:

"Ye hyar? Fool, with yer—larin' an' yer books. I swore I'd get even—with ye—fer te—ef ever—ye—kem hyar—agen, a-settin'—my gal up—ter think—herself better'n—her feyther a-turin' her head—with yer—foolin' an'—yer soft words—as though—ye'd look et—a-smith's darter fer—no good—"

Young Green started to speak, but Dr. Dunwiddie, with a stern expression on his face which his friend had

never before seen, said, with quiet authority:

"Be quiet, Johnson. Not another word. Charlie, go into the other room. Mrs. Allen, help me at once; his excitement has brought on hemorrhage."

As Green closed the door behind him he caught a glimpse of Johnson's face that he never forgot. It was pallid as death and ghastly with the hollow eyes. Horror and amazement mingled in his face as he noiselessly crossed the room and passed out of the house through the pantry at the rear, without disturbing the two on the door-step, and struck out among the pines beyond toward the summit where the winds were soft and the sky blue and still. He saw nothing around him clearly; his thoughts, in a tumult, were in the little bare room of the house below where the strong man, who had just been brought back from death, lay in his repulsive fit of passion; and with the mare in the stables at home, the beautiful, intelligent animal, ruined forever through a cowardly act of malice; the two blending so closely that he could not separate them, mingling with the stray words he had heard in the town of other and darker things than he had dreamed.

Then, like a touch of peace, came the thought of the two girls on the door-step, two such lovely, womanly girls, each with a noble soul, yet totally unlike, the one whose life had been set in among the grand mountains touched with their grandeur and nobility of thought and life, and to him the purest, most tender of women, the other proving her tenderness through all her life in the heart of the big city with its temptations and its evils.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Dolores and Dora.

"And you found Uncle Joe when every one else had given up the search," said Dora, softly, her eyes full of loving admiration. "How brave you are, Dolores. I would never have had the courage to do it, but then I'm not brave anyhow."

"Why shouldn't I do it?" Dolores asked quietly, turning her large eyes wonderingly upon her companion. "He is my father."

"Of course he is," Dora replied, with a nod of her bright head, untying the broad ribbons of her hat and swinging it around upon her knees. "Papa is my father, too, Dolores Johnson, and I love him; but I would never have enough courage to go off on a lonely dangerous mountain to find him if he were lost—not if I had a dozen men to go with me. Suppose you had slipped over one of those terrible ledges Mr. Green told us about, or walked right off into a chasm when you thought you were in the path? No, I couldn't do it, ever, but I wish I were brave like you."

Dolores said nothing, because she had nothing to say. Dora must be a coward if she would not do that for her father; any of the women of the settlement would have done the same.

"Mr. Green told us all about you," Dora continued, "and I wished so much to get at you, but you would not come to me, and I could not come to you, and then the rain—oh, the rain it raineth every day, and I began to think I would have to wait a week at least, and the things Mr. Green told me about you when he returned from here made me all the more restless and anxious to get at you, you poor dear."

"He saved my father," Dolores said, presently. She said it slowly, as though she were forced to say it.

Dora nodded.

"I know it," she said, "the man who came over for the doctors told us about it, but you saved him more than anyone else, Dolores, and you cannot deny it. They'd never have thought of going over there to look after the deputies gave up the search had it not been for you."

(To be continued.)

COLLECTING FARES IN CANADA.

Method is Practiced, But Hardly Up to Date.

"There are all kinds of ways for collecting fares on the street cars, but one that I saw recently in Canada was certainly unique if not particularly up to date," says G. M. P. Holt.

"I was taking a ride on the four-mile trolley road running between Sherbrook and Lennoxville, in Canada. The first thing that met my eye on entering the car was the sign, 'Nothing changed over \$2.' I don't see exactly why they were so particular about the matter, as it didn't strike me that the class of passengers they were carrying was that which makes a practice of carrying 10-dollar and 20-dollar bills only.

"But what tickled me the most was the fare-taking that occurred soon after. The conductor came down the aisle carrying in his hand a curious looking arrangement that resembled a large, square dark lantern. It had a handle attached which the conductor grasped, and when he showed it toward my face and said 'fare' I perceived that it had a glass front and a slit in the top where you dropped your nickel or ticket, and then you could see the same go down to the bottom."—Springfield, Mass. Union.

Pittsburg Industries.

The Pittsburg district has more industrial superlatives than any other similar area on earth. It has the greatest iron and steel works, the greatest electrical plants, the largest glass houses, firebrick yards, potteries and at the same time is the center of the world's greatest coal and coking fields.

SEEK ANIMAL KILLER

ENRAGED FARMERS ROUSED TO DESPERATION.

Fiend or Lunatic Is Poisoning Live Stock of Attleboro, Massachusetts, Agriculturists—Posses, Well Armed, Seek His Life.

Education, science and the general spread of knowledge have let in light on many a common darkness that existed even so late as fifty years ago. What nineteenth century thinking person but shudders at the recollection of the Salem witchcraft, that blot on America's pure pages of history?

Yet right at the very doorway of Boston, the center of advanced ideas and mind culture, there is one mind so steeped in darkness, some one so soul warped that for some unfathom-



able reason has wreaked vengeance on dumb animals.

Who is the fiend who has so relentlessly and persistently poisoned cows, cats and fowls?

This is a vital question with the people of Attleboro, who with blood in their eyes are on the qui vive for the miscreant.

It began a few weeks ago, when one night all was still on the Bon Accord farm, the home of Dr. George Mackie, who is an ardent nature lover, and who usually walks about his farm until midnight. On the night in question he went in the house rather earlier than usual, having first whistled to his pet peacock perched aloft in a massive elm and received in reply a full throated call from the bird. Out in the stable was comfortably housed his prize oxen and several valuable cows.

The next morning the doctor was horrified to find an ox dead and the other dying, the result of paris green poison, as an examination later proved.

A few days later the peacock was found dead, then came in rapid succession the deaths of two Angora cats, a pea fowl, and many cows belonging to a neighbor.

Many theories are rife as to what object any person could have in mind, if he possessed a mind, in perpetrating such a deed.

Some allege that the food of the animals may have been mixed with paris green, but this theory was disproven when on examination it was found the animals had been given a large quantity.

Others place the preposterous acts at the door of some person who had revenge as a motive.

It did not need many to look upon the death throes of the innocent victims, that writhed in agony and looked appealingly and wonderingly at the irate citizens, before vigilance committees were formed, and farmers armed nail and tooth posted themselves at unexpected places, on borders of fields and behind fences.

And the direct result of this furor of excitement is that Attleboro for the time being is transformed into scenes and actions similar to those of the



wild and woolly West, where lynch law prevailed and self-appointed sheriffs dealt out the law.

Private citizens have formed regular posses, which plan out their campaign of action and act accordingly.

Armed men patrol fields and roads from sunset to dawn, listening to every sound, suspecting every shadow, waiting to shoot the man or men who destroy their livestock.

Men suspected of wrong-doing, and knowing that the farmers are armed against them, leave the township, stealing away for fear they may become victims of the vigilantes.

One man, while crossing a lot, just why no one seems to know, it being one where no trespassing was allowed, was charged upon by an infuriated bull, who rushed at him full force, the man barely escaping through the bars in time, for the bull's horns struck the gate with such force that they stuck fast in the wood for a short time.

Old guns that have not been used since the war days have been brought out and new ones have been bought. Men whose business it is to reap and plow have been armed with clubs and every bush contains to-night its determined guardian, ready to hold up marauders who shall approach, and to get them if they can.

Scattered about the fields, hiding in

the shadow of barns and sheds, crouched behind hay mows, lying low beside stone walls are the men whose farms have been earned by the sweat of the field and garden. A more determined lot of men never met to guard their property in times of peace. They are awake and alert, and mean harm to any persons they can find about without a valid excuse.

Along the highways others are traveling. Many tramps have been stopped and asked to explain, and then ordered to leave the county by the shortest route. Wives are behind closed doors awaiting the return of their husbands and praying that any encounter they may have may bring no harm to them.

Still the search for the fiend incarnate, the Quixotic demon, or the odd fanatic, whichever it may be, continues ruthlessly and thoroughly without avail.

It may be that the surest proof that the work is that of a mentally deranged person is the fact that no particular person is singled out upon which the revenge has been practiced. Besides Dr. Mackie, there are many other citizens who have suffered a loss from the cruel work of the poisoner.

At night there has recently developed a superstition and fear among the inhabitants only equaled by believers in the occult.

The creak of a gun, the call of a sentinel sends a man home quicker than the cry of the Banshee would to a native of Ireland, or a raven to Frenchman, who would regard it as a sign of death in the family.

There are those who say that the result will be a superstitious fear handed down to the posterity of Attleboro as a result of this long, nightly watch and untiring efforts of the vigilance committee.

The citizens wonder whether the person is a stranger, or a native of the town, a sane being or a fanatic, a man or a woman? The ministers expound texts and theological reasons as to the cause of such behavior, the lawyers employ their cool-headed sagacity, their shrewdness, guises and wiles, the farmers exert their natural



long-headedness, calculations, and maybes, the village gossips add to each story and jump at conclusions, but all come to the same end, they "give it up in dismay."

Meantime Dr. Mackie and the posse search and the wholesale poisoning continues.—Boston Journal.

Engineer Earned Money.

When Engineer Warbo took the special train chartered by Mr. Lowe to take him to his daughter's bedside, the latter, in his anxiety to complete his wonderful journey, offered \$50 for every minute gained by the engineer over the schedule. The run from San Bernardino to Los Angeles is 60 miles, and Warbo covered the distance in 62 minutes, nine minutes ahead of the schedule. A great part of the run was at the rate of a mile for every 50 seconds.

Strange Chrysanthemums.

Chrysanthemums in Japan are trained into numerous quaint shapes. In Tokyo there are gardens filled with life-size figures made entirely of the flowers and leaves, the faces being masks, and these chrysanthemum figures accurately represent court ladies, warriors, children and animals, one of the favorite designs being a young lady with a fox's tail peeping from under her dress, and a mask which by the touch of a string turns into Reynard's head.

The First Repeating Rifle.

Dr. W. R. Tinker of South Manchester, Conn., has what he claims is the first repeating rifle ever made. It was patented by C. N. Spencer March 6, 1860. The rifle is the model on which the patent was granted and came into the doctor's possession as a gift from his father-in-law, John Sault. It was given to Mr. Sault by the inventor.



Oldest Horse in New England.

A black stallion named Dexter, owned by Marion Monson of Fort Fairfield, Me., was 38 years old last December, and he is believed to be the oldest horse in New England.

Immense Field of Cabbage.

Horace Booth of New Britain, Conn., has a cabbage field said to contain 15,000 plants.

PREACH A NEW RELIGION.

Persian Missionaries Seek Converts in New England.

It will doubtless startle many people to learn that Persians, descendants of Mohammedans, are at work in New England trying to make converts. And the religious movement which they represent is not only purely Eastern but Persian, and in a sense Mohammedan, since it originated in a reform movement of Mohammedans.

New England has certainly reached an interesting period in its history when Persian monks of a religion that did not exist when the Mayflower came to anchor there are not only preaching but making converts.

The new religion is represented by Mirza Abul Fazl, an eminent orientalist scholar, formerly a distinguished professor in the leading college of philosophy and theology of Teheran.



Persia, and Mirza Ali Kull Kahn of the Royal College, Teheran, a scholarly young Persian who is also educated in English, and who acts as interpreter to Mirza Fazl.

The spirit of tolerance, the cry for economic and social adjustment, the efforts toward peace and unity which are abroad in the world at the present time are said to be due directly to the presence of the great prophets of this faith, who have been "manifested" in Persia during the past sixty years. Since the advent of Jesus the western world has been prone to brush aside all such claims as unworthy of notice.

Cake Walk Genesis.

According to a foreign journal, the cakewalk is of French origin. "Like football," it says, "which is an old French game, the cakewalk was invented in France. At first it was known by another name, and the story goes that in the seventeenth century it was imported to Louisiana by persons whom the Chief of Police had sent to the new Colony, thinking it well to rid Paris of them. Captivated by the bolterous dance, the negroes quickly learned and appropriated it, and now, after two centuries, they give it back to us with all its crudities removed, and various new charms added to it."

Tailor Bird's Nest.



These East Indian birds are noted for their skill in sewing leaves together for their nests.

Wonderful Memorizing.

Rev. David Rosenfield of Musk, Russia, who is now in Seattle, has so memorized a book of twenty volumes that he can instantly tell you the first word on any page you may name, can repeat exactly all the words in any particular line on any page, can repeat the whole book from beginning to end, or take any chapter at random and do the same.

No Employee Use Tobacco.

In the twenty years during which the First national bank has been doing business at Concordia, Kan., has never had an employe who used tobacco in any form. No restrictions were ever placed on the employes, and the use of the weed was never considered in selecting officers or employes. It just happened so.

Mule Stronger Than Horse.

After quarrelling over the respective strength of a horse and a mule two farmers at Segovia, Spain, decided to settle the matter by a tug-of-war. The animals were harnessed, one at each end of a cart. After a desperate struggle the mule triumphed, pulling the horse off its legs and galloping away with it.

Some Phonetic Spelling.

Assessors in Kutztown, Penn., in their recent report introduced the following persons and diseases: "Hart faler," "Berta," "diphatheria," "krupe," "Rybecks," "braine fever," "rumaticism," "Willum," "Isick," and "Fillip."

Large Potato Sprout.

G. W. Hawver of Williamstown, Mass., exhibited a potato sprout the other evening that measured more than seven feet. The sprout grew on a small potato about an eighth of an inch in diameter in his cellar.

Dolores crossed to the bedside. Other women. But Dora would come, she thought, with sudden brightness in her heart—Dora and her uncle, and young Green as well, until—until the truth were known. Then, what would they think or say—Dora and her uncle, who were honorable people, the nurse said, and young Green who had been so kind to them—so kind? Did he not—ask his life for her father? Yet even then he must have known about the mare and by whom the deed was done. Did he not tell her himself that the man who had committed such a dastardly deed should suffer the full penalty of the law? And the law had a terrible significance to her.

Lodie came slouching up the path, tall, gaunt, angular, in the full glory of the sunlight. He removed his rusty