

THAT GIRL OF JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

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

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CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Dolores' heart was so sick, everything was so dark for the moment she could not see or think clearly, but she remembered with stinging distinctness.

"What shall I do?" she cried, "what shall I do? If he should die—if he should die before I have asked him to forgive me I cannot live—I could not live, I tell you, and let him die believing that."

"We will be in time, dear," he said, quietly, and she did not question it, scarcely heard the more kindly name, though the horror somehow fell away from her heart and a silence and full despair mingled with an indefinite hope rested upon her.

Not another word was uttered until they were standing at the door of the hospital. Dolores asked brokenly as she clung to his arm, unable to stand alone for the moment:

"You are sure—sure we are—in time?"

"Yes," said the young man gravely, and with steady assurance in his voice.

"Yes, Dolores. Be brave as you always are, and all will be well."

And as Dr. Dunwiddie held her hand for a moment, putting new strength into her fingers from his steady clasp, he said, cheerily:

"I am glad you are here, Miss Johnson. We will need you in the morning, but you can do nothing now and would only tire yourself to no use. We will call you when it is necessary."

"But I cannot sleep—I cannot rest until I have seen my father, Dr. Dunwiddie. May I not at least speak to him?"

"No, I must say no, Miss Johnson. Your father is quiet and in a half doze; should you see him now he would be too weak to talk to you, and it would be worse than useless."

Dolores did not think of resting or sleeping with the great weight of her injustice to her father upon her mind, but the woman who entered with them at the orders of the doctor to see that the girl should rest quietly, removed her things and induced her to lie down for a moment any way, and she slept until a light tapping on her door awoke her.

She answered the rap, a tremor in her voice, her thoughts confused and unable at first to comprehend where she was or why she was there, until the voice on the other side of the door told her to go to room 37 as soon as she was ready, and she realized what had come.

When she entered No. 37, Dr. Dunwiddie turned to her, as she approached with a quiet greeting.

"We think he wishes to see you, Miss Johnson," he said. "Speak to him, please."

She leaned over the bed with wonderful self-control; the hollow face among the pillows was pallid with the dews of death upon it; the coarse, scant hair, strayed on the pillow. Instinctively she touched it half timidly with her fingers, speaking faintly to him.

"Father," she said. "Father!"

He muttered something unintelligible.

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Young fellow kens around hyar a-puttin' notions inter her head—yes, she's purty nough, Mary, an' I don't blame ye, so don't cry; only et's my cursed luck that—she—wa'n't a boy—"

The muttering ceased; the weak voice sank into silence; a faint gasp stirred the white lips, and the hollow eyes opened for an instant, all the light gone from them, and rested on the face above him; then a strange, half-livid pallor spread over his face and Dr. Dunwiddie drew the girl gently from the bedside over to the open window. He poured out some wine from a glass on a stand near, and pressed it to her lips.

"Drink it," he said sternly, and she obeyed him mechanically.

Young Green came and stood at the back of her chair, as though to shield her from any more of life's strain, any more of the sadness that had followed her, nay, even to death. His friend, seeing the expression of his face, laid his hand gently on his arm in sudden comforting. But Dolores' hands lay in her lap like two hands of ice. She herself seemed turning into ice with no power of feeling or thought or wish. She seemed to herself in a strange half sense to have died when her father died.

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"I—I must go to Lorie—Harry," she whispered, and there was a tremor in her low voice born of her great happiness. "I must not forget Lorie even—even now."

"Always my thoughtful, tender girl," he said, and the low spoken words brought the deeper color to the smooth cheeks and a gleam of happy light in the lifted gray eyes.

She drew away from him and crossed the room to the door of the inner room, her heart beating rapturously in spite of the sadness that would come at thought of the sadness of the nobler girl in that still, empty room beyond. But in the doorway she paused and every thought left her—every thought save of the girl she had come to comfort, the brave, noble, true girl who had suffered so much and so long alone.

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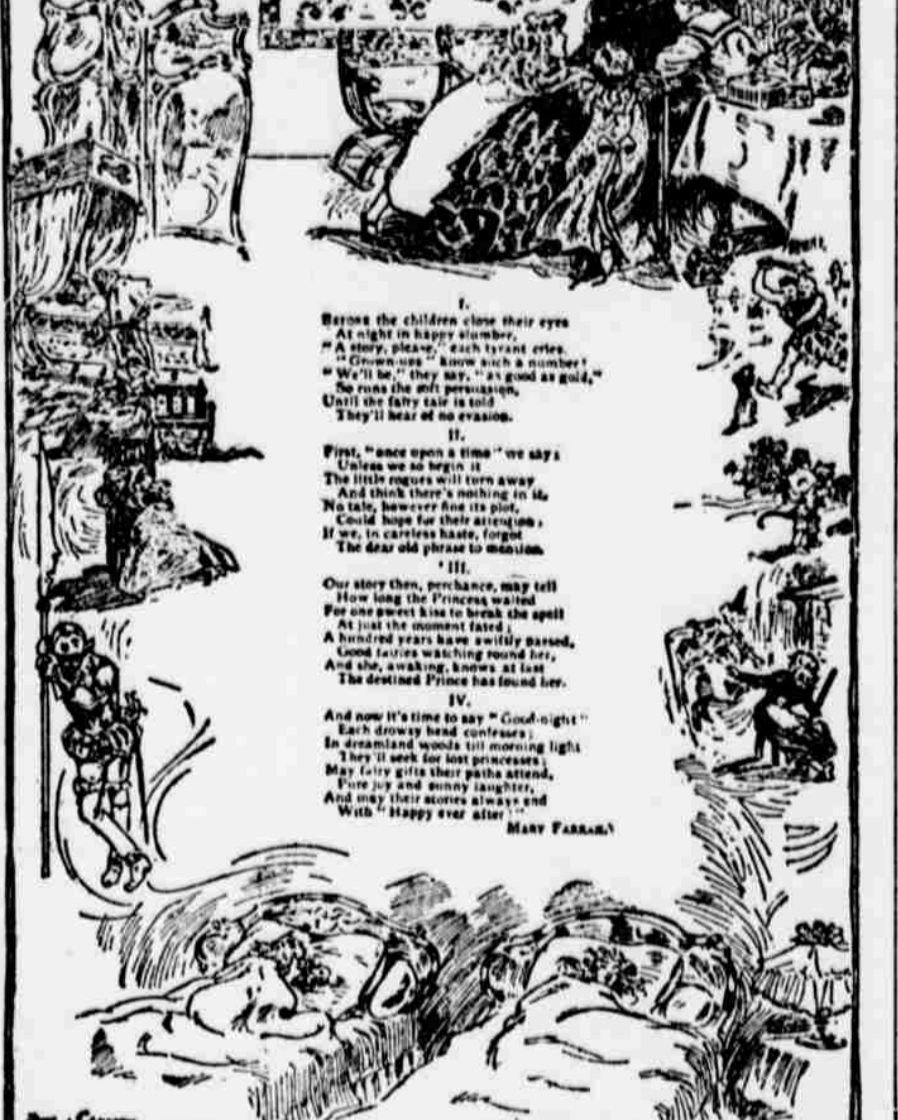
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WHEN THE CHILDREN SAY GOODNIGHT



MEAN JOKE ON MILKMAN.

Was More Than an Insinuation as to His Honesty.

Of the childhood of C. Oliver Iselin they tell many stories in New Rochelle, where Mr. Iselin has his country house, All View.

According to one of these stories, the boy and half a dozen other boys took a walking trip through the state of New York a number of years ago.

A figure in white appeared at an upstairs window, and a bass voice said, "What's the matter down there?"

The milkman dressed and hurriedly descended, but of his informant he could find no trace.

Gen. A. R. Chaffee, who commanded in the war game of Maine, was talking one afternoon to some reporters in Portland.

"Speaking of losses, there was an Ohio Irishman once who lost a gold watch. He told one of his friends about it.

"Well," says his friend, "I hope you get it back."

"Oh, I'm likely to get it back," said the Irishman, "for I've advertised it in the 'lost and found' columns of eleven papers."

Not Contrary to Fact.

Hickory Supply Nearly Exhausted.

His Absent Mindedness.

SMILED AT FORTUNE'S BUFFETS.

Thought That Brought Comfort to Robert Louis Stevenson.

When the late William Ernest Henley was sitting "London," he had no one on his staff of writers whom he valued so highly as the young Scot, then unknown and poor, who wrote for "London," the brilliant series of stories that are now called "The New Arabian Nights."

Mr. Henley used to like to talk of "London" and of his friend Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Lewis and I (he always called Stevenson Lewis) sat down one night to play the American game of poker. The luck from the start was with me. I won pot after pot. Lewis was lucky if in any deal he got a pair of treys."

"Disgusted, at last, with the turn the cards had taken, he threw up his arms and apostrophized fortune in this quaint way:

"Fortune, you fickle wench, it is true that you can make me lose; but you can never make me pay!"

LOVE IS THE MAINSPRING.

The Potent Force That Nerves the Workers of the World.

Political economists have told us that self-interest is the mainspring of industry. It is not true. Love is the mainspring of industry. It is love for the home and the wife and the children that keeps all the busy wheels of industry revolving.

Domestic Engineering.

Domestic engineering is the art of household management according to scientific principles.

Quite So.

"Was that new-fangled safety razor all right?"

"Well, it was safe enough for the razor," replied the youth with four scars on his face.

A FEMININE FRAUD

The Rhyme of an Elopement.

By Jessie Cox.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going out walking, papa," she said.
"But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
Though she always spoke the truth, you see!"

"Are you going alone, then, my pretty maid?"
"Certainly, dear papa," she said.
"But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
The day she came back alone, you see!"

"When did you meet with, my pretty maid?"
"An old schoolfellow, papa," she said.
"But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
One of her brother's she meant, you see!"

"What said that school-fellow, my pretty maid?"
"Little indeed, papa," she said.
"But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
Things may be said without words, you see!"

"You walk very often, my pretty maid?"
"It's good for me, dear papa," she said.
"But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
It was good for her schoolfellow too, you see!"

"You've dressed very smart, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to a wedding, papa," she said.
"But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
That wedding occurred her deputy, you see!"

"Do I know the couple, my pretty maid?"
"You know them not, papa," she said.
"But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
He knew one-half of that couple, you see!"

"Return not late, then, my pretty maid!"
"I certainly won't, papa," she said.
"But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
She never returned at all, you see!"

"What have you ever done to deserve the confidence of your fellow citizens?" asked the man of severe ideals.

"Not much, I'm afraid," said Senator Sorghum, remorsefully.

"Aren't you afraid of being displaced?"

"No. They sent a man to this position some time ago who failed to give satisfaction. Then they sent another who was worse. Then they sent me, and they say I'm still worse, but they are afraid to take any more chances."