GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Anthor of "At a Girl's Mercy," Bie.

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1800 by Street & Smith, In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XXI.-Continued.

remembered with stinging distinct luck thet-she-wa'n't a boy-

'What shall I do?" she cried, "what ing that"

quietly, and she did not question it. gently from the bedside over to the scarcely heard the more kindly name, though the horror somehow fell away wine from a glass on a stand near, from her heart and a silence and full and pressed it to her lips. despair mingled with an indefinite hope rested upon ber.

Not another word was uttered until they were standing at the door of the back of her chair, as though to shield hospital. Dolores asked brokenly as her from any more of life's strain, any she clung to his arm, unable to stand more of the sadness that had followed 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 al- herself seemed turning into ice with ways 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 John-

son. We will need you in the morning, but you can do nothing new 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. doze; should you see him now he 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, absolutely nothing about any other removed her things and induced her life, about anything beyond the days to lie down for a moment any way, and she slept until a light tapping on passed much alike to her until these

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 | Creator of all things, but farther than 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. d 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 wondews 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 unintellig-



"Father! Father!"

fble without opening his eyes, her voice seeming to reach him even in his stupor. Then suddenly he started up and opened wide his eyes-brilliant they were with a swift, talse lightand looked past the girl and those at the bedside, to where young Green was standing near the window away from the others.

"Ded ye get ther water?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Were ther gal thar?" Then he sank back muttering: "D'lores-D'lores? Why, she's jest D'lores-that's all."

Then, his voice rising above the hoarse, weak whisper, he called clearly with a new tone in it the name Dojores had never before heard from him-the name of her mother.

"I'm a rough ole feller, Mary," the weak, broken voice muttered faintly. "I dedn't mean ter make ye cry. I told ye I warn't good 'nough fer ye.'

Dr. Dunwiddie was standing beside Dolores, and unconsciously his eyes mere fastened upon her face, spellbound, as were the tender eyes of her friend at the window-as were the eyes of every one for the time in the room.

"Et's a gal!" he muttered, weakly, his voice falling. "I sed most likely been a boy, now. But ef ever thet tearful eyes to the face above her. Times.

young feller kems around hyar a-put-Dolores' heart was so sick, every- tin' notions inter her head-yes, she's thing was so dark for the moment she | purty 'nough, Mary, an' I don't blame could not see or think clearly, but she ye, so don't cry; only et's my cursed

The muttering ceased; the weak voice sank into silence; a faint gasp shall I do? If he should die-if he stirred the white lips, and the hollow should die before I have asked him to eyes opened for an instant, all the forgive me I cannot live-I could not light gone from them, and rested on live, I tell you, and let him die believ- the face above him; then a strange, half-livid pallor spread over his face "We will be in time, dear," he said, and Dr. Dunwiddie drew the girl open window. He poured out some

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

Young Green came and stood at the 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 no power of feeling or thought or wish. She seemed to herself in a strange half sense to have died when her father died.

CHAPTER XXII.

But Life Went On.

Her father was dead; she knew it; she accepted it in silence after the first wild return to the realization of what had come upon her. Only once, when she was alone with young Green. while they were making preparations to convey the body home, did she show any sign of emotion. She was Your father is quiet and in a half standing at the little window in their parlor looking out upon the busy would be too weak to talk to you, and street. Dora, who had come to her upon receiving the telegram of her uncle's death, was in the inner room with Mrs. Allen and the doctors and one or two of the attendants.

Her father was dead-dead. Neverbefore had she seen death. She knew that passed much alike to her-or had friends came into her life. Heaven was where the stars were; her astronomy told her of God, an infinite Being, all powerful, all merciful; the that she knew nothing.

Thought crowded upon thought, yet with a distinctness mingled with those strange half intelligible words When she entered No. 37. Dr. Dun- of the past, that was intense suffering on the lifted pallid face. "He is dead, widdle turned to her, as she approach- to her. She was in a half stupor, with and he does not know I am sorryher brain so active that it Was wearing away her very life. Dr. Dunwiddle said that she must be aroused; she must be brought out of this state; she must be moved to tears, or to derful self-control; the hollow face some utterance of her grief. She among the pillows was pallid with the | could not go on like this. For a year now she had been in this strained state of feeling. He turned to Dora in this time of need. She was not the pale girl who arrived at the mountain a year before; her face had filled out: her cheeks no longer bore the hectic flush, but held the soft color of advancing health, while her eyes had lost their strained look of suffering. Dr. Dunwiddie called her over to him by the window that morning and she went to him obediently.

> "Something must be done for your cousin," he said, gravely. "She is in such a state of half consciousness, her senses dulled by too much strain upon them that she is in danger of losing her mind. Go to her. You are a woman, and will know what to do."

> "But I don't know what to do," she said as gravely as he had spoken, "Dr. Dunwiddie, Lorie is so different from other girls, I don't know what to say when she is like that."

> "It sounds cruel," he said. "Miss Dora, but it is the only thing that can be done, and is true kindness.

"You are always kind," she softly, and the soft eyes lifted to his were womanly eyes, and the tender, drooping face was a sweet face to him. 'We will take her away from here as soon-as-all is over. We return to New York next week, Dr. Dunwiddie, There is so much there to take her mind from these things; the change will be good-better than anything else, will it not?'

"You are going-so soon?" he said. and the grave voice proved the inward control of the tumult in his heart. Dora-Dora, will you leave me with no promise, no word of kindness, no hope that I may see you again, have you-love you? You are very kind to every one. Dora Johnson, out of the pure sweetness of your neart—be kind to me and tell me of some kindly thought."

They had forgotten for the moment the girl in the other room. Dora's hands were close in his. Dora's tender face was lifted up to his with a half shy sweetness upon it. Dora's lips were whispering something, he scarcely knew what, only knew that Dora was giving to him the tender, sweet. womanly heart with its purity and truth-giving this into his keeping to be held, thank God, through all their lives as the sacred thing it was-a

woman's tender heart. Then, by and by-only a minute it might be, yet with a life's change to them-Dora drew away her soft. warm hands, and a new expression et'd be a gal. Jest my luck. Ef't hed was on the sweet face, lifted with its the could go there."-New

"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 eveneven now."

"Always my thoughtful, tender girl," he said, and the low spoker 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 cross ed 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 herevery thought save of the girl she had come to comfort, the brave, noble, true girl who had suffered so much and so long alone.

Young Green had just entered the room from the hall. There had been something in his manner lately that won Dora's deepest respect. The



"How can he know?"

jolly comrade had given place to a quiet humor that made him a charm ing companion. She had guessed, watching him, interested in him, loving Dolores as she loved her-she guessed of the thought he had for her, and she honored him loving such a girl as this grave cousin of hers, this girl so slightingly spoken of among her own neighbors because of her utter height above them, this girl whom her father had hated with his narrow hatred; this girl the personification of womanliness and truth and purity.

Dolores turned from the window at his approach, and a sudden sharp sense of everything that had gone, everything that must come in the future, struck her like a knife. She turned to him with a bitter cry, holding out her hands as though for help:

"He is dead!" she cried, and the watching girl in the doorway felt the hot tears rush to her eyes at sound of the agonizing voice and the agaony can never know

He took her hands in his, and held them close and warm in his strong clasp; his eyes were only full of a great tenderness and love and longing to comfort her; nis voice was tender as a woman's when he spoke.

"I think he does know, Dolores. I believe he does know. 'To whom much is given much shall be required.' Therefore, to whom less is given less shall be required. I believe he does know and has forgiven you-and me."

"How can he know?" she cried, and Dora's hand went out to the strong hand near her for strength, watching the lifted icy face before her, never thinking of her eavesdropping, forgetting everything but the agony of the "How can he know when he is dead? When he died before I could tell him-before he could forgive me? Don't you know that my father is dead?"

(To be continued.)

The Kaiser and Art.

The Kaiser's latest role is that of champion of the painters whose pictures have been rejected by the management of the annual German art exhibition. Out of 3,000 pictures offered only 600 have been accepted, and it is alleged that the selections are due to favoritism and improper influences. It is stated that the modern impressionist school is favored at the expense of the other styles.

The painters of the 2,400 rejected pictures laid their grievances before the Emperor, and it appears that their protest has been successful. A high official in the Ministry of Education, Privy Councilor Mueller, who is chiefly responsible for the management of the art exhibition, has quitted his post. It is understood the change is due directly to the Emperor's initiative. It is probable that next year the Emperor intends to participate personally in the selection of pictures, when the impressionists, whom he abhors, will secure less prominence.

She Could Have Her Way.

James Lane Allen tells the story of an old bachelor living in Kentucky, who, having determined to get married, sought the advice of a married friend on this serious step. He spoke of his farm and money and the material advantages of a union with the lady of his choice, but sentiment seemed to have no place in his consideration. After listening carefully to what he had to say on the subject, the married friend asked:

"What if your tastes differed great ly? Suppose, for instance, that she liked Tennyson, and you didn't?"

"Well," responded the bachelor, "un der those circumstances, I suppose York



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. One night, rather late, they passed a farm whose gatepost bore the sign. Milk for Sale."

Young Iselin said: "We'll have some fun with the milkman," and he entered the yard, busied himself mysteriously for a moment, and then pounded on the door.

A figure in white appeared at an upstairs window, and a bass voice said, "What's the matter down there?" "The matter is," piped the boy, 'that your best cow is choking. You

had better come down to her." The milkman dressed and burriedly descended, but of his informant he could find no trace. Neither could he it is safe to assume that the man who find any trace of a choking cow. There always used liquor and tobacco in modwas, however, a turnip stuck in his pump spout. With an oath he drew it out and returned to bed.

SCHEME WAS A DEEP ONE.

How Irishman Planned to Save Part of Reward.

Gen.A R. Chaffee, who commanded in the war game off Maine, was talking one afternoon to some reporters in Portland. The hypothetical loss of the fleet had been discussed, and this subject reminded Gen. Chaffee of a story. He said:

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

"'It's a fine Swiss watch,' he said, full jeweled, adjusted to three positions, and to heat and cold. It's worth \$325.

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

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

'What reward have you offered?' "'Four dollars.'

"'Four dollars! Why, man, that's not a fair reward for a gold watch worth \$325,' the friend exclaimed.

'Whisht,' said the Irishman, 'that's where I'm foolin' them. I'm advertisin' it as a silver watch.'

Not Contrary to Fact.

George Ade attended recently a finner of theatrical people in Boston. The stage folks sang songs and told stories, but Mr. Ade, who is very quiet and retiring, would neither sing nor speak. He was, he said, no good at anything of that kind.

Finally, though, the calls for Mr. Ade became too vehement. The young man had to yield. He rose and said: "I will tell you of an excellent trick in parlor magic. You take a tumbler and fill it two-thirds full of

filtered water. Then you insert in the water a lump of sugar and a spoon, and you begin to stir. In a few minutes the sugar will become in-

His Title to Fame.

"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 Sena-

tor 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. Inen they sent me, and they say I'm still worse, but they are afraid to take any more

USE OF LIQUOR AND TOBACCO. Physician Denies That They Are Com-

panion Vices. "The prevalent idea that drinking and smoking are companion vices is altogether wrong," said a physician, who has made a special study of dipsomania. "I find, on the contrary, that the habitual drunkard is not abnormally addicted to the use of tobacco. He may use the weed as a lesser stimulant when not strongly under the influence of alcohol, but when the drink gets firmly intrenched in his system he cares nothing for tobacco, for then it has lost its force and its influence

extreme cases. "On the other hand, it is a rather curious fact that in the case of the moderate drinker, who also smokes, the cutting off of his supply of tobacco will increase his appetite for al coholic beverages, and while at first the liquor will not affect him nearly so much as when he is smoking in the end it will do him up. Consequently, eration will, if he gives up to take more strongly to liquor. In fact, this is no assumption; it has been demonstrated on numerous occasions." scars on his face.

upon the nerves. Of course I mean in

SMILED AT FORTUNE'S BUFFETS.

Thought That Brought Comfort to Robert Louis Stevenson.

Comment of the second second

When the late William Ernest Henley was ditting "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. He used to like to quote Stevenson's whimsical sayings. He said one day: "Lewis and I (he always called Ste-

venson 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 werch, 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, that calls the factory hands early to the mill, that nerves the arm of the blacksmith working at his forge, that inspires the farmer at his plow and the merchant at his desk, that gives courage to the soldier and patience to the

Erskine was asked how he dared, as an unknown barrister, face a hostile court and insist on his right to be heard. "I felt my children," he replied, "tugging at my robe and saying, here is your chance, father, to get us bread." It is this vision of the children dependent on us that inspires us all in the battle of life.-Rev. Lyman Abbott in the September Atlantic.

Domestic Engineering.

Domestic engineering is the art of household management according to scientific principles. A school of technology confers the degree of "bachelor of science in domestic engineering" after a four-years' course in sanitary science, public hygiene, heating, ventilation, cookery, dietetics, sewing, embroidery, textiles, laundering, home economics and other subjects pertaining to the modern homethe most complicated institution of to

The question is: How many women will feel inclined to work for this degree, since no one asks them to show a diploma before taking charge of a home?

Quite So.

"Was that new-fangled safety razor

"Well, it was safe enough for the razor," replied the youth with four



Hickory Supply Nearly Exhausted.

An increasing quantity of hickory, one of our most valuable woods, is being used every year in the manufacture of buggles and all kinds of implement handles, for which no other timber seems so well suited, and the supply is becoming rapidly exhausted. During the last seven months the price of hickory products was advanced 100 per cent, and it is intimated that there will be a further advance. Under the circumstances it would seem a wise move for the farmers to set out groves of young hickory for future marketing.

His Absent Mindedness.

"You talk about people being absent minded!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego. "I do think my husband is the limit. He went out the other day to mail a letter, and as the weather was fine he put the baby in her carriage and took her along. He didn't come back as soon as I thought he ought to, and I sent the girl out to see what was the matter. And what do you think she found him doing? As sure as I'm sitting here he had laid the letter carefully in the perambulator and was trying to stuff the baby in the letter box!"