

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

When the meal was over Dr. Dunwiddle 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. Dunwiddle entered the room. Vacant, hollow eyes they were, with a stare in them which startled Dolores.

Dr. Dunwiddle 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. Dunwiddle 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 sweetness:

"Drink this, father."

He obeyed like a child, and she fed him carefully according to the doctor's orders. Dr. Dunwiddle watched her movements wondering. 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-step 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 women had been near her, but the women 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



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—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 risk 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

hat as he stood before her, his hands behind his back.

"Be yer feyther gettin' on to'rable, D'loures? I kem up hyar from the tav'n ter hear. We 'lowed he orter be improvin', an' 'wes waitin' ter know."

"Who are waiting to know?" she asked, sharply. The tone was new to her, and the man was disconcerted by it. A vague fear had entered her mind in spite of Mrs. Allen's assurance that they would not come for her father until he was able to go to prove—

"Why, jes' we uns," Lodie replied, clumsily. "He were a good un' mong us, was yer feyther, D'loures, an' 'wes jest waitin' ter know ef he is improvin'."

"Thank you, Jim Lodie. You can tell those who wish to know that my father will get well."

A flash came into Lodie's eye, a deep red rushed to his sunburned face.

"I be powerful glad ter hev ye say



His face ghastly in its pallor. "An' thet, D'loures," he said, gravely. "An' ther rest of 'em'll be glad of et, 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. Dunwiddle 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—larnin' an' yer books. I swered 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—turnin' 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. Dunwiddle, 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.

## 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—no 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 shoved 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.



THEY ALWAYS GO TOGETHER.

## NOT ALL THE TRUTH

WHAT PRESIDENT M'KINLEY DID NOT SAY.

Improbable Story by a British Free-Trade That the Late President Had Reached the Conclusion That Tariff Must Be Reduced.

Americans familiar with the tariff legislation of this country will read with surprise the statement made by F. O. Schuster, the governor of the Union Bank of London, that in an interview which he had with the late President McKinley two years ago the latter said:

"My tariff bill has done its work. We have been able to build up many great industries in a short time and now gradually, but inevitably, our tariff must be reduced."

It hardly seems the proper thing to call into question the statement of so distinguished a person as the governor of an important London bank, but we are forced to observe that Mr. Schuster's assertion is in the highest degree improbable. It is inconceivable that the late Mr. McKinley should have used the expression, "My tariff bill has done its work," at the time mentioned, for in 1901 the McKinley bill was a memory of the past, and the good it had accomplished more than a decade earlier had been in a measure counteracted by the retroactive Gorman-Wilson bill. When Mr. Schuster had the honor of talking to the late President McKinley the Dingley act was in force, and he would not have committed the unpardonable act of assuming that its accomplishments reflected credit upon himself. As a matter of fact Mr. McKinley always expressed himself with great modesty in discussing his own work, and was never guilty of bragging.

But the main thing in Mr. Schuster's statement is the opinion he attributes to the late president that our tariff must be reduced. That we shall also take the liberty of discrediting, because it is at variance with Mr. McKinley's repeatedly expressed view that so long as the tariff performed the work it was cut out for—that is, of promoting domestic production—it conferred a national benefit. No protectionist was more firmly convinced than Mr. McKinley that the chief function of the policy was to preserve the home market for the domestic producer. He was strongly opposed to any relaxation of the tariff laws which would permit foreigners to successfully compete in American markets. In short, he planted himself squarely on the proposition that the world would be better off if external trade was limited to an exchange of non-competing products. He believed that there would be room for a great development of foreign commerce along these lines, but he took no stock in the free-trade idea that a people can be benefited by giving a chance to foreigners to undersell them in their home market.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## How Not to Mend Matters.

Being greatly moved to compassion for the unfortunate millionaire packers whose products are required to pay increased duties on entering the French market, the Chicago Tribune says:

"This would not have happened if the reciprocity treaty with France, negotiated a few years ago, had been ratified by the American senate. Many domestic producers would have secured tariff rates lower than those then in force, and would have been protected against an increase during the life of the treaty. The senate would not ratify it, and American trade suffers as a consequence.

"There is one way to mend matters. It has been hinted at by French officials. If the United States will make concessions on some French goods in a reciprocity treaty the French government will be quite pleased to make concessions on its side."

That is characteristic "reciprocity" doctrine. In order to swell the profits of the meat barons the Tribune would assassinate any number of other industries. But is there not another and a better way to mend matters? How would it do to clap double duties on all importations from France until such time as the French government

could see its way to treat American products as fairly as it treats the products of any or all other countries? We have a tariff that is the same for everybody. Why not compel other nations to be equally fair to us, or suffer the consequences? Why not? That wouldn't be "reciprocity," to be sure, but it would be fair play and common sense.

## WANT IT FOR THEMSELVES.

Canadians in No Hurry to Lose Control of Their Own Market.

The movement headed by Chamberlain in England to-day may be described as a movement for reciprocity with the colonies. At the same time a strong movement for reciprocity with Canada is being carried on in the United States. We published yesterday a circular issued by the Minnesota branch of the National Reciprocity League. Its officers are some of the most "solid men" of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth. The circular says that reciprocity with Canada will be more valuable than with any other country, and that there is a large market here for farm machinery and other articles used by a farming community. But unless a reciprocity treaty is soon arranged, Canadian tariffs will be raised, especially on American manufacturers.

American manufacturers are, therefore, urged to prepare for the international Joint High Commission. The work is to be done "quietly and without parading its efforts before the public." Unnecessary publicity is to be avoided. A fund of \$100,000 ought to be raised. The members of the commission "must be impressed with the conviction that the commission must make a treaty," then members of Congress must be pressed to support it. "A great market is growing up north of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and we should go after it."

We do not blame our American friends for "going after" our market, but that is all the more reason why we should strive to retain it for ourselves. Our tariff is much lower than that of the United States all along the line, and we buy from them twice as much as they from us. If they really want reciprocity, they can get a very large measure of it by simply reducing their own tariff, and this is the course suggested by the New York Sun. There is no doubt that the opening of the Canadian west creates a new situation in regard to trade. Although we have been accustomed to say that the international boundary is an imaginary line, the Great Lakes have been a real barrier to trade and communication. In the West we shall for the first time have to deal with an imaginary line of great length, with a large population on both sides.—Toronto World.

## True But Not Strange.

It is discouraging to New England reciprocity to find that among Canadians there is a growing coolness on the subject of preferential trade arrangements with this country. Not long ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the course of a speech in the house of commons, said that the best way for Canada to remain friendly with the United States was to be absolutely independent of it. Obviously he meant to convey the deduction that the surest way to get into hot water would be to enter into a reciprocity scheme. Evidences are increasing daily that Canada does not yearn for reciprocity. She wants to make more, not less, of the manufactured goods required for home consumption. And she is right. Sad as it may be for those who want to "control the Canadian market" from the south side of the boundary, it seems to be true that Canada prefers to control her own market.

## Invariable Results.

The Democrats are getting into a useless sweat over the tariff. When it needs reforming the people will let the Republicans have control of the job. The Democrats have been tried—with free soup, Coxey armies and such like results.—Valley Mills (Tex.) Protectionist.

## How to Pay the Debt.

If we owe any further debt or duty to Cuba it should be paid out of the national treasury and not taken from our sugar and tobacco growers.



## BOOKS and AUTHORS

The irrepressible Mary MacLane of Mostaza, "the 'beaut' from Butte," as she has been dubbed, again appears on "the flat surfaces of things," with her new book, "My Friend Annabel Lee." The public will accept this second volume in much the same spirit that was accorded Miss MacLane's initial effort, but we are hopeful that the publishers, Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, will not hazard a third assault, unless this western genius improves her craft. Nothing in the new volume is more interesting than the author's description of it. The following letter was sent to her publishers early in August:

"It is made up of reflections and impressions and sketches—but I hate the words—and my reflections are not reflections, and my impressions are not impressions, and my sketches aren't sketches in the least. The book is not quite a diary, for it has no dates, but it's all in the first person. It has a tinge of the first book, and it's a fascinating book, and yet—"



MARY MACLANE.

"It relates to my friend Annabel Lee and me. It is more Annabel Lee than me. I take the part of a foil to my friend Annabel Lee. I take the part well. It is particularly effective contrasted with the all-egotistic part I take in the other book. In this one, compared to Annabel Lee, I am the next thing to nothing. The very next thing to nothing. I do that well. 'Tis the best thing in the entire idea."

"The book is her conversation and some of mine. It is her ideas—mostly. She talks exquisitely well, times, and is even marvelous. I left my friend Annabel Lee in Boston—yet she follows me here. Not that she ever follows—no, but I travel frequently to Boston to find her. All the difficulty I have had in writing and cutting out, and pruning and inking over, is in that my poor, miserable pen cannot always do justice to my friend Annabel Lee."

"The names of some of the chapters are Boston, The Flat Surfaces of Things, The Young Books of Trowbridge, When I Went to the Butte High School, Minnie Maddern Fiske, To Fall in Love, Relative, A Lute With no Strings—only no one has the least idea what I may have written about them."

Annabel Lee referred to above, and after whom the book is named, is a terra cotta and white Japanese statue, but a clay statue is preferable to a "kind devil" in the hands of this "starved-hearted woman, young and all alone." The same general appearance characterizes the second book, which bears as its frontispiece a new portrait of the author. The volume is dedicated to "Lucy Gray, in Chicago," who is believed to be Miss Lucy Monroe, one of H. S. Stone & Co.'s readers, and to whom is credited the suggestion of publishing "The Story of Mary MacLane."

What is, in the opinion of the publishers, one of the most remarkable historical romances in recent years in English, has just been brought out by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. It is called "Gorgo," the name of the heroine, and is the work of Prof. Charles K. Gaines of St. Lawrence university, Canton, N. Y., who holds the chair of Greek in that institution. He has written a number of clever short stories, but in this romance of Athens, in the age of Pericles, when the "glory that was Greece" was at its height of splendor, he has produced a book of far greater significance. It gives, without a touch of pedantry or heaviness, a wonderfully vivid, attractive picture of a by-gone civilization and shows the causes underlying the downfall of Athens. Great figures like Alcibiades, Socrates and Pericles walk through it and the atmosphere of the time is caught so that the illusion of reality is perfect. There is an entrancing love story and plenty of intrigue and fighting told so as to stir the blood. "Gorgo" is in every way an exceptional work.

H. L. Wilson's novel, "The Lions of the Lord," was published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, in June. This is Mr. Wilson's second novel, his first story, "The Spenders," published a year ago, being in its fifty-fourth thousand and selling better than ever. In this new story which is described as a tale of the old West, with its center of action and interest in Salt Lake City, the author makes an entire departure from his earlier book and presents a graphic picture of the humor and tragedy of Mormon life.