

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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## CHAPTER III—Continued.

That night his comrades at the tavern had told him of this; they taunted him with it; they laughed at the girl. They did not like her—not one of them. Narrow natures dislike and distrust that which they cannot understand. Young Green also had aroused his fears. Green had an education; he had asked where the girl obtained her education, therefore she must have an education. To-night he was assured of this.

He kicked the book contemptuously, and muttered, under his breath, an oath against young Green. If ever he came there again it would be a sorry day for him.

Dolores said nothing. A sudden frenzy seized him. He stooped and snatched the book from the ground. It was an old astronomy. She had been reading the book, for she preferred it to any of her mother's books, and when young Green saw it the day he was there he was much surprised, and promised to take a volume on the subject the next time he went that way.

She thanked him, and it was the first time she had thanked any one since Betsy Glenn died. That was two weeks before, and he had not come again as he said he would, but she watched for him, feeling sure that he would keep his promise to her, feeling strangely glad when she thought of him. She had perfect faith in him.

Her father's face was lurid as he snatched the book from the ground. His small eyes, close set, were full of brute cruelty; the veins of his forehead were swollen. In his hands, used to wielding the heavy hammer, the book was a toy; his fingers closed over it, and in an instant it lay in shreds at her feet.

For a moment she did not comprehend what had been done; she looked from the book to him and back again. Then she arose; her face was white, and her eyes flashed. She looked at him, and he covered before her. She was tall and stately; he had never before appreciated her dignity. Now he appreciated it to the full. The book was the dearest thing in the world to her; he could have wounded her in no other way.

Mechanically he gathered up the scattered fragments and as she held out her hand for them he gave them to her without a word, without even glancing at her. For the time she was more than his daughter; her eyes were on his face, and her spirit ruled his. Then they strayed away to the mountain top veiled in haze.

The fire died out of her eyes; her hands, mechanically holding the torn leaves of her book, fell listlessly at her side; her shadow lay long and dark behind her.

There was a sense of mystery about her which her father could not understand; he shrank from it and from her, and passed away up the dark



More Listless Than Usual.

bank heavy with the shadows of the pines that swayed in the faint breeze, and again silence fell around her.

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Mare.

"I have come again," said young Green, laughing.

He stood in the doorway of the shop, holding the black mare by the bridle.

Johnson had been sitting on a bench outside of the shop, smoking a clay pipe. As the young man spoke he arose and advanced toward the mare.

"Another shoe so soon?" he queried, shortly.

"Yes," said the young man, lightly. "Her right shoe this time. Come, Bess; come, my girl!"

There was a sudden, sullen glow on Johnson's face as he took the bit and blew the fire into a fierce blaze. He laid the iron on the fire and raised the hammer.

Young Green began to talk. He spoke of the dry weather and the hard roads; he told the news of the town and of the trial that was to come off of a notorious horse thief who had been caught attempting to steal Bess. The blacksmith listened in sullen silence between the blows of the hammer.

## CHAPTER V.

### Whose Was the Deed?

Dolores was waiting for something to happen. A vague terror possessed her; she could not have defined it had she tried; she did not try. Young Green's face seemed to haunt her. She watched her father continually while he was in the house, for a sort of fascination was upon her, and she could not keep her eyes from his face. She could not explain the terror that possessed her, but her whole listless nature was aroused. She was different, and her life was somehow different, she knew not how.

The slow days passed, it seemed to her, with even more slowness than was their wont. Every morning the red sun arose out of a veil of haze from the mountain beyond the valley; every evening he sank behind the gray peaks in the west.

Nothing happened after all; life was stagnant; the sun arose and set; the haze hung more dense and thick over the mountain peaks. No rain fell; nothing happened. Nothing happened until—

One day the rumor floated across the mountain that young Green's mare, one of the choicest breed in the country, valued at what seemed to the simple villagers a fabulous sum, had gone lame. And this was discovered the morning after she was shod by Johnson.

To most of the villagers this fact meant nothing. That the one had anything to do with the other never entered their heads. They had no cause for suspicion. But to Dolores the rumor came like a blow. It seemed to her in a strange, far-away fashion that this was what she had been expecting. This was why the kindly blue eyes were always looking into hers, and the pleasant face was forever in her thoughts.

Her eyes were on her father when the news was told by one of the neighbors. A nail was driven into the mare's hoof and she was dead lame. The hostler had found it when he examined her hoof, which was not until the morning following the day Green was at the settlement. It was a hard blow to the young man, the speaker said, for he had thought as much of her as though she were a woman. Conjecture was rife as to who had done the deed. Suspicion rested particularly in one direction, and the suspicion was pretty well founded, but the young man would wait until there could be no doubt. And here the story ended.

Dolores had listened silently, as was her habit, no one noticing her. The memory of her father's words the other day returned to her with a force she could not account for.

Over and over, mingled with the memory of the black mare and her rider, the words were driven in dully, as though by the strokes of a hammer—even, distinct, deafening, most terrible to the girl in the darkness.

"Ef ever that young feller kems hyar agen et'll be a sorry day fer hem!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### A Neighborly Gift.

"Et hev been so dry I lowed mebbey ther gyarding hyar dedn't 'mount ter much, bein' as ye air up so high, so I bringed ye some straw'b'ries outen our gyarding, Dolores."

"Thank you; our garden didn't amount to much," Dolores said, gravely. She looked at her neighbor without a sign of interest in her face; she spoke in her usual listless manner; but under the listlessness and apparent carelessness was the consciousness like a sharp sword, that the gift was the forerunner of something to follow else than her pleasure. She emptied the berries out of the basket into a dish and stood regarding them. Mrs. Smith said afterward she looked as though she were trying



Dolores Watched Him.

to discover if they might be "tetch-ed." In reality the girl did not even see them.

She was wondering vaguely what the woman would say about the mare. That she had come for some purpose outside of bringing the fruit was clear to her. She waited with a sinking heart and strained ears for what the woman would say. She knew well that something must follow. That it was in regard to the mare of young Green she had not a doubt. Perhaps the suspicion in regard to the guilty party had become a fact. Perhaps this woman had come to tell her—perhaps—

(To be continued.)

## HABIT IN READING PAPERS.

### Almost Every Person Has One Part He Turns to First.

"Very old persons," said an observer, "nearly always, on unfolding their newspaper, turn to the column of 'Deaths.' This is because, in the first place, they are most likely to find news of their friends there than in the column of 'Marriages,' or any other part of the paper, and because, in the second place, they are interested in death—they have it much in their minds.

"Young girls turn first to the society news and weddings, and after that to the fashions. Young men of the healthy, open-air sort, turn first to the sporting news, while boys universally turn to this page first. The actor, of course, reads the dramatic columns, and the writer the book reviews, but neither of these departments, I fancy does any part of the disinterested public consult first of all.

"The elderly gentleman of a pompous appearance reads the editorials first, while his corpulent, cheerful wife reads the recipes on the 'household' page. Some clergymen read the wills of the dead, to see what charities have been remembered with bequests. There are many people who read the crimes, the scandals and the shocking accidents first. Poets, as a rule, will not read the newspapers at all."—Philadelphia Record.

### Advantages of Early Christians.

Bishop Potter is telling a story of a dear old lady who recently asked him how it was that Solomon was allowed to have so many wives—not to mention the other ladies.

He explained that the manners and customs of Solomon's days were different to those of the present era, whereupon she replied earnestly, "Oh, don't you think those early Christians enjoyed great privileges?"—New York Times.

### Admitted His Guilt.

"Do you not at times have soulful yearnings which you long to express in words but cannot?" asked the fair maid who had a leaning toward the sentimental.

"Yes, I was up against something like that once," admitted the youth with the noisy tie. "I wanted to telegraph home for money and didn't have the price of a Marconi."

### Strategy.

"It's lucky I'm a dentist," chuckled the tall student.

"Why so?" asked the friend.

"Well, last night every time I kissed Clara she screamed. When the old man came down I told him I was merely trying to pull a tooth."



UNCLE SAM STANDS PAT IN THE WORLD'S GAME.

## GAINS ALL ONESIDED

### CANADIAN IDEA OF A RECIPROCAL ARRANGEMENT.

It is to Limit the Bargain to the Free Interchange of National Products, Whereby the American Farmer Would Find Himself a Loser.

The millers of St. Paul and Minneapolis favor reciprocity so they can get their wheat cheaper, and we presume other interests affected would favor reciprocity for the same reason. While declaring that they wish reciprocity because it would be an advantage to this country, the fact is they want it because it would benefit themselves. Do they pretend that this cheaper Canadian wheat, if admitted free, would benefit the American wheat grower as well as the Minnesota millers? They have not the face to make such a declaration because they know it would be laughed at. They are after cheaper wheat, not dearer, and cheaper Canadian wheat means cheap American wheat.

This is also true of oats, barley, potatoes, poultry, eggs, cheese, butter, hogs, cattle, sheep, wool, vegetables and fruits. They are all much cheaper in Canada than in the United States, and their free entry into this country would most assuredly cut down prices now paid American farmers for those staples.

Let us look at the situation as it really is. The Canadians are trying by every means in their power to build up their country and develop its resources. This is right and proper, and altogether commendable. But they find that to attract people to the great Northwestern territory from the western shores of Lake Superior to the Pacific, markets must be assured for the products they would raise. Under present conditions their market is Liverpool, and thousands of miles must be traversed by railway before a shipping port is reached, which is certainly a great handicap to the settlers who may go there, and has prevented the rapid settlement of that big country. Now, if those settlers could market their grain and live stock across the border in the United States it would be of great advantage to them financially, and settlers would flock there by the thousands. Even as it is, a good many American farmers have moved to that country, and thousands more would take advantage of its cheap lands could a market for their products be assured over the border. The cost of transporting their products to the markets of Great Britain eats up all the profits and leaves nothing for the producer.

It is to give the farmers of the Dominion a better chance that reciprocity with the United States is desired by Canadians, not to help American producers. They know quite well that the staples produced in the Canadian provinces are those that can be produced in endless quantities in this country. They also know that the cheap lands and virgin soil of the Canadian Northwest could compete advantageously with the high priced lands in the older states, more or less denuded of their original fertility.

Reciprocity, therefore, would simply mean the development of the Canadian Northwest and older provinces at the expense of American producers, and with that development would come the milling industry and competing lines of transportation that would finally rob the Minnesota miller of the advantage he would enjoy for a few years. And he would be aiding all the time in the development of his finally successful competitor.

The Canadian Northwest is so immense a country that if fairly populated it could grow all the grain required by Great Britain and the importing countries of Europe. It would be suicidal for Americans to aid in putting that country in a position to do so.—Michigan Farmer.

### Of What Avail?

Senator Hanna's expression of fervid faith in a protective tariff as a means of promoting prosperity seems to have jarred upon the nerves of the New York Evening Post. No free-trader likes to hear or read that kind of talk. So the Evening Post sneeringly says:

"With his praise of Mr. Roosevelt, he mingled greater praise of the high tariff. It was a miraculously perfect thing. It was the cause of all our prosperity. Of what avail was it for the Creator to give us forests and mines, until the party of protection came along and offered Americans a tariff bounty to work them?"

To be perfectly frank with our free-trade neighbor, we don't mind saying that "until the party of protection came along" the people of this country were not realizing much out of the uncut timber and the unmined ores

with which the Creator had so plentifully endowed this favored land. It was after "the party of protection came along," and not before, that labor and capital began to find work and wealth in our forests and mines. That is a fact in history.

### OHIO IDEA OF THE TARIFF.

It is That Enemies of Protection Keep Hands Off.

Following the collapse of the "Iowa Idea" revision scheme, the Ohio idea of what should be done with the protective tariff system will be received with applause. The Ohio idea, as set forth with simplicity and force in the state platform of the Republican party, is to let well enough alone. In contrast with the Iowa idea of tinkering with the schedules, with the "reciprocity" idea of driving wedges into the pillars of protection and with the free trade idea of tearing down the whole splendid structure on which the national prosperity rests, the Ohio idea stands out in grateful relief:

"We oppose all attacks upon this policy (the protective tariff policy of the Republican party), whatever the pretext, as tending to bring back the disastrous days of Democratic tariff revision and free trade."

The Ohio idea, continued, is that "changing conditions and the possible benefits of reciprocity may call for timely readjustments of schedules, but protection as a principle and as a policy must be administered by the friends of American prosperity and must not be sacrificed." The position taken by the Ohio Republicans is in full harmony with that of all but a selfish or misguided fraction of their party in the nation. Their idea, too, is that no part of the prosperity structure should be touched by the hands of other workmen than those who build it. The country just now is satisfied with its strength and earning power. There is no call for its disturbance save from the importers and shipping interests and wreckers in "high finance" and the demagogues of both parties. When the country demands a readjustment of the tariff schedules the Republican party will listen to its request. But there is no sign yet that the country is dissatisfied with prosperity. And it will be a long time, we hope and we believe, before the country either will clamor for a modification of the tariff or intrust the care of the protective system to the Democratic party.

The Ohio Republican idea of "hands off the tariff" is the idea of the Republican party and the idea of a vast majority of this prosperous and contented nation.—New York Press.

### Why Eve Plucked the Apple.

Theodosia Garrison was dining out the other night, and the conversation turned upon various kinds of food. The gentleman who had taken her in to dinner, and who prided himself on knowing as much as a doctor about foodstuffs, declared that apples were excellent for the vitality of the brain because of the phosphoric acid which they contain in large quantities.

"Oh, then it is quite clear," said the poetess, "that Eve only plucked that apple to supply Adam with a few ideas."—New York Times.

### Corner in Soup Bones.

It is rather mean of the Democrats to blame Cleveland for the soup houses which were in fashion during his administration. Soup bones would be cornered, no matter what Democratic free-trader or visionary tariff revisionist was elected to the presidency. Mr. Cleveland "never meant to," he was only a sure enough Democrat.—Donaldsonville (La.) Chief.

### Protection Insures Prosperity.

The calamityites are peering through their pessimistic telescopes for the least sign in the break of prosperity, but in vain. Our present good times are based on a condition that is not affected by droughts, strikes or other temporary causes. So long as we are enabled by protection to do our own work, so long will we continue to be prosperous.

### Actual Results.

The protective tariff policy of the Republican party has made the United States the greatest industrial nation; has added vastly to our foreign commerce, greatly increased the prosperity of the farmer, and has advanced labor to the best scale of living ever attained.—From the Ohio Republican platform.

### Prices Still Declining.

Dun's index figure of prices, proportioned to consumption, was on May 1 98.561—lower than for 17 months with one exception. And yet wages are constantly advancing, much to the net advantage of the income earner who gains both ways under the splendid operation of the Dingley law.



## AGRICULTURE

### Summer Field Crops.

The Iowa Experiment Station is sending out some advice to farmers relative to the sowing of late field crops. In part the circular says: Unprecedented rains have prevented many farmers in Iowa from preparing and planting all their land intended for corn. In some sections floods have ruined the growing crop. It will be the middle of June before many can work their land, and the Experiment Station has had many inquiries about late crops to utilize the land. If possible to obtain the seed a ninety-day corn, like Farmer's Reliance, Pride of the North, or Early Longfellow Dent, can be planted as late as June 20th, with reasonable assurance of reaching maturity before the close of the growing season. Nothing can fully take the place of corn.

For corn hay for this season, select the earliest maturing variety of corn you can obtain in your locality. It can be sown broadcast, planted or drilled. Plant the hills as close together as you can with your corn planter, or if you use a corn drill place in drill rows 36 to 42 inches apart and kernels 2 to 4 inches apart in the rows, using from 20 to 25 pounds of seed to the acre. For roughage this corn hay is most excellent and it will probably give more rough feed of good quality per acre than we can now hope to get in any other way this late in the season. By using a corn harvester the crop is harvested quite easily. If sowed very thick a corn binder can often be used. Corn cannot be readily or easily cured if mowed and harvested as we do hay. When bound and placed in shocks that are not too large it usually cures out quite well. By planting sweet corn in rows similar to the plan just mentioned or drilling in rows 24 to 30 inches apart, a very fine quality of fodder can be obtained which is greatly relished by all kinds of farm stock.

Among other crops that can be put in at this time are sorghum, millet, kafir corn, soy beans and buckwheat.

### Break Up the Crust.

When rain falls on heavy soils, the water penetrates it only slowly, as the spaces between the soil particles are very small. After the rain, the sun and the wind begin their work, and the evaporation from the soil causes it to form a crust. This crust, while preventing the air from reaching the roots of the plants, serves as a medium through which the water in the soil may the more readily pass off, without going up through the plants. The latter, therefore, often seem at a standstill in their growth. The water must not be permitted to pass out of the soil except through the plants if we are able to prevent it, and we can to a large extent prevent this by breaking up the crusts as soon as they form. This generally occurs after a heavy rain. The heavier the rain the firmer the crust is likely to be.

We too often forget the great law of capillarity that is working in our soils. Those who have not given attention to this matter imagine that plants drink water in bulk. This is not true, at least for any length of time. When there is a down-pour a plant may take up water if it be thirsty for it, but it is probable that it takes up water only in a certain proportion to its food. It cannot gorge its cells with water minus food. Most of the water it takes is drawn up from the lower portions of the soil by capillary attraction, and the film of water is surrounded by a larger bulk of air and by these two the plant food in the soil is made available for the plant. Now, the hard-packed soil is a soil with great power of drawing up water. Some one has described the Lord to draw moisture out of the earth. The saying is largely true. But these pumps should be made by man to draw moisture out of the leaves of our plants, that growth may be accelerated.

### Weeds.

We sometimes see the term "noxious weeds," but we would inquire if all weeds are not "noxious" (harmful), considered from the agricultural standpoint. Whether weeds are noxious or not depends on time and place. If the land is not under cultivation, far better is it to have weeds than nothing. They prevent the ground from becoming baked and hard. Who has not seen a piece of baked, hard ground remaining for years without a covering? A weed is not noxious if it takes the ground after harvest and protects it from the sun and winds. The quality of noxiousness comes in when weeds are permitted to smother the crop that the farmer is trying to grow. They are especially noxious when they grow in a corn field during a period of wet weather, when the farmer cannot get onto the ground with his cultivator.

Weeds, if permitted to grow in any crop, sap its vitality by using up the plant food in the soil. If they succeed in attaining greater height than the crop they are among they further injure it by their shade. The best way to fight weeds is to keep the ground cultivated and not permit them to get a start. It is surprising how little time it takes to go over land that has been previously cultivated during the season. If done at the right time the cultivation will be effective in keeping down the weeds, and the labor will be far less than it would be were the weeds permitted to get a start.