

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Instinctively she glanced down toward the shop. The doors were open, but no one was there. The hens pecking around the doors were the only visible signs of life to her anxious eyes. Unconsciously she began hulling the strawberries with mechanical but steady fingers.

"Times is dull 'nough, 'pears to me," the woman proceeded. "First kem there want o' rain with ther yardin' a-dryin' up spite o' the care we giv' et; then as though ther warn't nough, hyar kem ther acc'dint ter ther mare o' ther judge's son, an' any o' us likely to be ketch'd of 'twarn't thet s'picion rests in one direction special."

It was coming. Dolores waited with bated breath. A heavy sense of guilt fell upon her; she could not meet the gaze of the eyes bent upon her, and she went on hulling the berries—waiting in silence for what she knew must come.

"An' them as knows says thyar's a great feelin' ower in ther town yander 'bout ther mare," the woman's voice struck in on the girl's thoughts, "an' says et 'pears she were worth a deal o' money, an' now nobody'd gev a copper fer her, an' they's workin' stiddy to fin' out who done ther deed, an' gettin' every one they's ken ter prove ther s'picion c'rect o' a certain person."

Dolores was waiting. It was coming now, she felt certain. She crushed some of the berries in her hand in a sudden frenzy.

"They's holdin' court a'most every day, an' workin' as though 'twere some great thing that a critter's gone lame. But they's won't do nothin' with ther s'picioned feller tell thar's mo' ground, as they's call it, though young Green do feel pretty sartin who is ther guilty one. But they's got consid'able proof, an' there's ter be a great time ter-morrow, an' they's wants yer feyther ter go ter prov' thar s'picion c'rect."

It was out at last. Dolores seemed turned to stone; she neither moved nor spoke; she dared not lift her eyes from the red berries with which her fingers were dyed. Her head was whirling; there was a din in her ears as though a legion of spirits repeated and shouted in wild horror:

"They's wants yer feyther ter go ter prove—they's wants yer feyther ter go—they's wants yer feyther—yer feyther—"

Her eyes were like those of a hunted animal, half hidden beneath their long lashes; her mind was filled with a great longing to go—to get away from the tiny room out on the mountain under the quiet heavens where the winds were free from the watching eyes.

The woman at the other side of the table arose with an injured air. She had received scarcely a word of thanks for her berries, scarcely even a show of interest in her story.

"Thyars them as takes an int'rest in thyar feller critters, an' thyars them as don't," she said, tartly; "an' thyars them as has thyar s'picion o' things."

Dolores watched the woman's tall, gaunt figure go down the worn path, her purple print dress brushing the scant grass with an indignant sweep, the cape of her sunbonnet flimp and flapping over her shoulders. When she disappeared from view behind the shrubbery of the road-side Dolores put away the dish of berries and put on her gray sunbonnet to go out.

It was early afternoon. The rocky road, like a yellow thread, wound in



Waiting in Silence.

and out among the scrubby bushes and tall pines that murmured in the breeze. To the ears of the girl they kept up their monotonous sobbing about her father as though they were living things.

She was listless no longer; she walked as one who had a purpose, as one who had far to go. Her eyes looked straight before her, her lips were set in a straight, stern line.

She met no one on her way; there was little travel on the mountain; the thriving town over on the other side had connection with the world in another direction.

In all the twenty years of her life Dolores had never been over the mountain; what lay beyond it she did not know except from the rumors that drifted into them from the men who had been there—men who had strayed

in hunting, going around to the opposite mountain and returning across the town.

Sometimes when the atmosphere was heavy and the wind in the right direction, the smoke from the tall factory chimneys drifted around to the settlement and tangled in the pines like gray specters waving their shadowy banners above the scattered houses down toward the valley. Many a time Dolores had watched these smoke wreaths, and her mind had gone to the place from whence they came, and she wove from them fantastic shadows born of dreams, and she clothed them in garments of the living, and they brought her many many fancies of the life pulsing just beyond the pine peaks.

Now her mind was filled with the one subject so much discussed; she turned it over and over, viewing it on all sides; now reasoning with herself as to this or that possibility, this or that decision, but eventually returning to the first conclusion which was to her so convincing that it sent her over the mountain to the town to discover if possible the truth, and at the court was the place to learn what she wished to know—if there were any place to learn it ere the whole world should know.

As she passed over the mountain and down on the other side the town lay out before her; a thriving town; smoke arose black from the towering chimneys, the whirl of machinery, the rattle of wagons and din on every-day life were borne up to her as sounds of a strange land. The knowledge began to grow in her mind that the life in the slow little settlement beyond the mountain was too narrow, too shut into itself, too lacking in energy and growth.

But this was a new world to her and she shrank from it, not from any foolish feeling of inferiority; such a thought could hold no room in her mind, but as a wild animal instinctively shrinks back to its natural world. Then the feeling left her; the old thought drove every fear, every other feeling away; she had come for a purpose and as yet it was not accomplished.

She passed steadily down the road looking neither to right nor left. The court house was at the farther end of the town; she had heard them say so. A long, low, white building with wide steps and a bell in the tower.

At length she came to it; she knew she was right; a long, low, white building with wide steps and a bell in the tower.

She walked up the steps and turned the handle of the door, but could not open it. This ending of her journey had not entered her head. For a moment she stood in doubt what to do. People passing on the street looked curiously at her. A boy who was sitting astride of the fence called to her that the door was locked; but if she wanted the lockup it was down around the corner.

She did not know he was laughing at her; she walked down the steps and spoke to him. She asked him where she could find the judge. She was looking at him with her straight, level glance, and he was disconcerted. The judge, he said, lived in the house on the hill; if she came down the main street she must have passed it. Not a bit of her resolution was gone as she retraced her steps, but she walked swiftly, for it was growing late. She found it without trouble; she mounted the steps and knocked at the big door. She did not know she should ring the bell. No one came. She knocked again and louder, then again she waited. No one came. If the judge were gone where should she find him?

A step sounded on the gravel at the side of the house; she turned and faced the new-comer.

"Dolores!" exclaimed young Green, in astonishment.

A red flush crept in her face. "I want to see the judge," she said, gravely, and there was a wistfulness in the large, dark eyes raised to his for an instant that caused his heart to throb strangely while a flush also arose in his own face.

"My father? He is not at home. When the court adjourned at three he took the train to N—. If you wish to see him I am sorry. Will not I do instead? Come in, Miss Johnson; my mother would be pleased to meet you."

She was unused to being called "Miss Johnson," and scarcely heard the unfamiliar name.

He opened the door, waiting for her to pass in.

"I won't stay," she said. "The judge is not at home. I came to see the judge."

She turned down the steps, and he closed the door, following her.

"If you will not go inside, may I walk with you, Miss Johnson?"

She bowed her head, and they passed up the street together in silence. That the people they passed, and whom her companion greeted, turned and looked curiously after them she did not know; had she known it would have affected her little. She came on an errand, and could not accomplish it; that thought was uppermost in her mind, blended as it always was in thinking of it, with the face and eyes of the young man beside her.

"Dolores," he said at last, when they were climbing the rough road beyond the town, unconsciously using

the name. "Dolores, why did you wish to see my father to-day? It must be something special or you would not have come. Could not I do as well?"

Some way his kindly heart was aching for her with the remembrance of that swift, wistful glance of the brown eyes into his own, and he would comfort her if he could.

She did not look at him; her gaze was fixed on the pines away on the mountain behind which the sun was setting. But he knew she heard and would answer presently.

"I came to see about the mare," she said, slowly, her eyes still fastened on the pines upon the height. Then suddenly, with a swiftness that startled him, she added:

"You know who did it? You have known from the first? Everybody knows who did it. It will be proved to-morrow beyond a doubt."

He looked at her, amazed at her vehemence.

"We hope to prove it to-morrow,"



Dolores watched the woman.

he said. "We have had our suspicions from the first, and now we think them well founded. We are depending a good deal on your father; we have considerable evidence, but his will be conclusive."

She knew nothing of law or its terms; the words held a terrible meaning for her.

"It was a dastardly deed," he went on, his face darkening. "The fellow shall suffer the full penalty of the law for it. My beautiful mare that was almost human in intelligence."

Her hands were clasped fiercely, her eyes burning when she turned toward him to make reply, and for the moment he forgot all else but her face.

"And it is right!" she cried; "it is right! What if his people do suffer for it? That the name will cling to them forever? It is only right that he should suffer. It is just. It was a dastardly deed. Only—only don't come with me any farther. I—had—rather go alone."

He obeyed; but followed at a distance. The road was lonely; there were no houses till she reached the settlement below. The sun had set; in the east above the opposite mountain, the full moon rode. A soft haze arose from the valley far beneath, floated and wavered noiselessly up toward the moonlight.

Up on the heights the young man stood motionless watching the girl passing from him in the moonlight. The light was full in his face. It was an earnest face and good; one to be trusted; never to prove treacherous. He watched until the girl, dimly discerned down among the shadows, paused a moment on the threshold of the bare little house, and then entered. And to him as he turned away, his thoughts in a tumult, the mysterious mist and the moonlight seemed to have swallowed her up.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS MAKE THEIR CHOICE.

Countries Where the Gentle Sex Does Its Share of Wooing.

In England, leap year is supposed to confer upon the fair sex the privilege of choosing life partners for better or for worse, but the custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The gypsies, especially in Hungary, enjoy and make a very extensive use of the right at all times, in accordance with an ancient custom. Thus a marriageable young gypsy girl in the land of the Magyars, as soon as her heart is smitten, takes good care that the smiter shall hear of the havoc he has wrought and have a chance of consoling her. With this praiseworthy object in view, she has a love letter indited, places a coin in a piece of dough, bakes it, and throws the cake and the billet doux during the night into the bedchamber of her bridegroom-elect. Then she possesses her soul in patience and awaits developments. The Burmese maiden begins her marriage campaign at a much earlier stage. In order to get together a goodly gathering of young men from whom to choose, she places a lamp in her window at night—it is known as "the lamp of love"—and entices all those youths who are candidates for the order of benedict. In sunny Andalusia, the peasant girl, whose heart has been stolen by a stalwart young husbandman, prepares a tasty pumpkin cake and sends it to his home. If he eats it—and the Andalusian girls take good care to make it highly edible—the pair are forthwith betrothed.—London Telegraph.

One factory has marketed 60,000 electrical flatirons this season.

LEAVE TARIFF ALONE

REPUBLICANS CAN WELL AFFORD TO REST CONTENT.

If Business is to Be Injured and Prosperity Checked by Needless Tariff Tinkering, Let the Democrats Take All the Responsibility.

The Republican convention of Ohio followed the lead of Senator Hanna in declaring for a policy of "hands off" the tariff. There is sound wisdom in this, however much it may discomfort the swarm of inveterate tariff tinkers, always seeking to reopen this question.

The sense of the country has been tested on the question of protection against free trade several times, and there is no question that the Republican policy has the indorsement of the American people. Even those who are at the bottom of their hearts believers in absolute free trade recognize that the country wants none of it; therefore they call themselves tariff reformers now. No matter what the tariff may be, in their opinion it always will need reforming so long as there is protection in it.

In all of the talk of the necessity for tariff reform, there is yet lacking a specific and distinct utterance as to the particulars in which it needs to be reformed. The present law is admitted, even by the tariff reformers, to be a good working instrument. They claim in general terms that it has defects; but when it comes from generalities to particulars, there is no agreement among them.

The prosperity of the country is based upon the protective tariff. Every suggestion for tariff reform is a suggestion for the withdrawal of protection in some degree from some industry. Every reopening or threatened reopening of the tariff question is a disturbance to business. There is no particular and specific change or reform in the present law for which any large number of people are clamoring. There is no industry or interest which can point to any considerable injury resulting to it

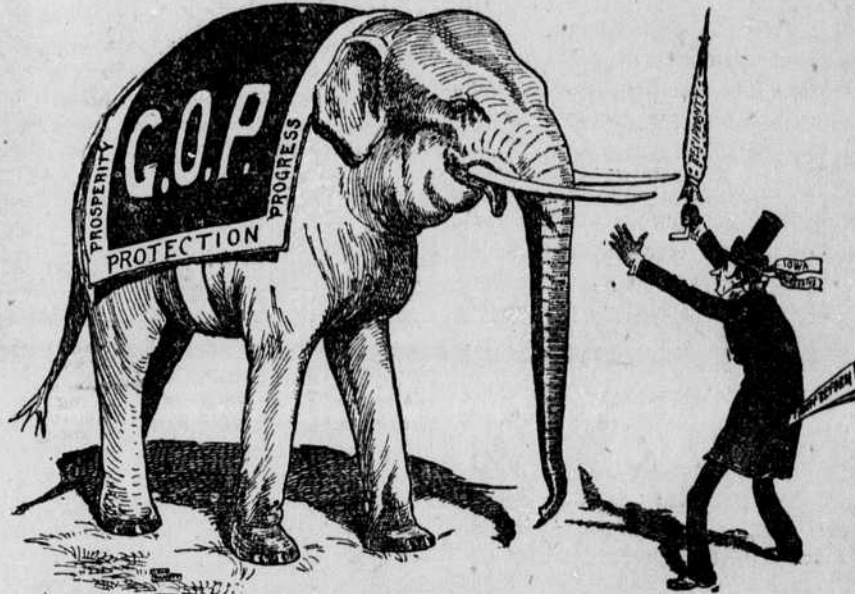
is sore to say that he knows less about this same subject than any other. Bombastic demagogues of both parties have lied so much concerning the tariff, and their lies have been so faithfully stereotyped, printed and circulated from ocean to ocean and from border to gulf that it is with difficulty one discerns the truth. Yet above the mass of contradicting statements and statistics the one fact stands out prominent and unchallenged that this country has enjoyed its most abundant prosperity when protective duties have been the most rigorously maintained and that any actual or proposed "tinkering" with existing tariff rates, with a view to abolish or lower the same, has invariably brought about financial depression with its ever accompanying and consequent hardships for the laboring class. The easiest way to bring about a panic is to remove the foundation of our prosperity—protection. Reciprocity advocates, no matter what political party appellation they lay claim to, are, in the main, merely free traders disguised. And the free trade pill, though coated with reciprocity, will, if taken, have the same bad effect as if such coating were not there. This reciprocity covering which the free trade theory has assumed makes an excellent showing, but we should not forget the fact that it merely hides a skeleton.—Minnesota (Minn.) Mascot.

How Canada Suffers.

A free trade journal attributes the prosperity of this country chiefly to the freedom of trade between all of its parts, but it does not explain why that prosperity was not maintained under the last Democratic administration with its Wilson tariff bill. The object of that statement was to encourage free trade with Canada, as the journal goes on to say: "The same effect would be produced on a still larger scale if there were no commercial barrier on our northern frontier; if it could be obliterated altogether the result would be increased prosperity for both."

If the word "both" were stricken out and "Canada" inserted the statement would be correct. It would be

A PROPHET OF EVIL.



Iowa Progressive—"Beware, misguided animal, ere it is too late. Your headlong career of extravagance can only lead the country to everlasting destruction."

from any particular clause, paragraph or schedule of the present law. What clear and understandable reasons do the tariff reformers give why the business of the country should be disturbed by the reopening of this question? Certainly none has yet been given. There has been much phrase-mongering about the "tariff sheltering monopolies" and the like, but this is all.

The Ohio idea of "hands off," otherwise given as "stand pat," is as good a policy for the country to follow in connection with the tariff as can readily be conceived. It is the policy which has the warm approval of the business interests of the country; and by the business interests is meant every one whose income is drawn directly or indirectly from the production, manufacture or sale of American products, whether of the factory or the farm. We know times are good now. We know that to "monkey" with the tariff is the readiest, simplest and most certain method of disturbing business, limiting production and postponing contemplated improvements. There is no particular advantage to be obtained by reopening the tariff question, to compensate for these certain disadvantages.

The law certainly does not need to be changed on account of any necessity of the government itself; for the present law is nicely adjusted to meet the government's needs. The demand for change is put forward purely from political sources and for the sole purpose of raising a political issue. Republicans are urged to raise the cry merely to forestall the action of the Democrats, who are certain to raise it. Let them do so. Republicans may well be content to be judged by the results accomplished under the tariff law for which they are responsible, rather than to join with their enemies in discrediting their own good work.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

It Hides a Skeleton.

There is little doubt but what the tariff will be the main issue in the coming campaign. It is the old standby, the ever remaining difference when all others have been adjusted. The average citizen of this country has heard more about the tariff than any other topic which has engrossed the public mind and yet it

HORTICULTURE



Drains in Orchards.

It is surprising to find so large a number of orchards practically without drainage of any kind. Too often holes are dug in the sod and trees stuck into them, the planter hoping that kind Nature will make up for his shortcomings. Sometimes she does, but often she does not. The lack of drainage at the time of setting out the trees often results in the almost complete failure of the orchard if it be on heavy land, and such land is preferable for orchards if it be well drained. In the putting out of orchards the drainage of the land should have the first consideration. This will be all the more necessary if the land be level and with small fall. Water then will run off very slowly even with good drains. Without such drains water will remain about the roots of the trees for days, sometimes for weeks, preventing the approach of air to the roots.

There are thousands of full-grown orchards that it would pay to drain now, though the drains might have to be put closer together than would have been the case had they been put in in the first place, for the reason that it will be difficult to pulverize the soil immediately around and under the trees. The orchard that is drained gets to growing earlier in the spring than otherwise, and this time of growth counts for much when a dry season follows it. If a tree has water logged roots it cannot grow till that condition is changed. If that change comes late in the spring, the work of growth is shortened, especially if a long dry time follows it. The results may be very apparent in both wood and fruit, though the grower may not realize the cause.

Strawberry Beds.

It is a very good plan for the farmer, or the farmer's wife, to see that a new strawberry bed is planted each year. This is by all means the surest way of getting a good strawberry crop each year. A number of beds will then be in existence at the same time, and from some of them at least a good supply of berries will be secured. The old beds can be kept productive for several years, but the farmer is very likely to let them go to weeds, or, what is just as bad, get too thick. When the old bed only is to be retained, it should receive attention immediately after fruiting time. The hoe should be put into use and the rows narrowed up to a foot, and some advise six inches. The space between the rows should be turned over and pulverized. The plants themselves should be thinned, to permit the development of a comparatively few plants. It will also pay to put on some manure each year if the plants do not show an inclination to grow rank. Of course, too much manure will produce great plants at the expense of berries.

Get Ready to Cover Plants.

In the summer is the time to get ready to cover the plants in the fall. The strawberries will need covering in the more northerly of the latitudes in which they are grown. If the matter is given no consideration till the ground freezes, the culturist may not be able to obtain the necessary covering except at considerable expense. There is much marsh grass growing in localities where it is of no value, which can be mowed if taken at the right season for mowing and curing. After it is beaten down by the winds and rain or the trampling of cattle, it is practically out of the reach of the farmer. Straw is fairly good for this purpose, but may as well be placed where it will be easily available at the time it is wanted. Besides the strawberries there are many other plants that will need protection—the blackberry bushes, grape vines, raspberry canes, rose bushes, and so forth.

Raising Chicks in Brooders.

From Farmers' Review: In our management of brooders in raising our young Orpington stock after we have gotten the young chicks from our incubators and hens to our brooders, we run them at a uniform heat of 95 degrees, keeping it thus for the first two or three days, gradually lowering it a degree a day until 90 degrees is reached, and then keeping heat so the chicks will not crowd. We feed nothing for first seventy-two hours, then we feed Chamberlain's chick feed—fed exclusively every two hours for the first week, then four times daily until a month old, and after that three times a day. After the first few days we vary the feed by giving rolled oats, cracked corn, wheat and green ground bone, keeping cut clover to scratch in. Fresh water is always before them. We get an early growth of lettuce for the little fellows, and, as soon as possible, let them out of doors, keeping them scratching and moving continually. We dust them frequently with lice powder. It goes without saying we clean our brooders daily. At two months of age we place our youngsters in colony houses and leave them free to run on the range, feeding morning and night cracked corn varied by wheat and oats.—J. W. Eastes, Knox County, Illinois.

Only a small portion of all the buds formed on a tree grow the second year. The rest remain dormant or latent for years, and are made to grow and produce shoots only when the others are destroyed.